

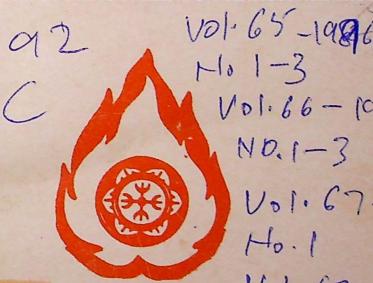
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## INDIA'S LITERARY AND CULTURAL QUARTERLY

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# INDIA'S LITERARY AND CULTURAL QUARTERLY

**VOLUME 67** 

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# **ONE SOLITARY LIFE**

He was born in an obscure village, the child of a peasant woman.

He grew up in still another village, where he worked in a carpenter shop until he was thirty. Then for three years he was an itinerant preacher.

He never wrote a book. He never held an office. He never had a family or owned a house. He didn't go to college. He never visited a big city. He never traveled two hundred miles from the place where he was born. He did none of the things one usually associates with greatness.

He had no credentials but himself.

He was only thirty-three when the tide of public opinion turned against him. His friends ran away, he was turned over to his enemies and went through the mockery of a trial. He was nailed to a cross between two thieves. While he was dying, his executioners gambled for his clothing, the only property he had on earth. When he was dead, he was laid in a borrowed grave through the pity of a friend.

Nineteen centuries have come and gone, and today he is the central figure of the human race and the leader of mankind's progress. All the armies that ever marched, all the navies that ever sailed, all the parliaments that ever sat, all the kings that ever reigned, put together, have not affected the life of man on this earth as much as that

# **ONE SOLITARY LIFE**

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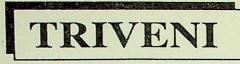
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# TRIPLE STREAM Editorial

# THE EDUCATIONAL SCENE NIAGARA OF REPORTS AND SAHARA OF ACTION

Whenever there is a change of Government or Ministry at the Centre or the States, new policies are formulated and pronouncements made by the authorities imbued with a new zeal. Commissions and Committees are appointed to introduce reforms and remedy the defects in the education system. This process goes on and on to the end of the book.

Everyone says that the standards have fallen and are still falling. When were the standards admitted to be high? Commissions after commission made adverse comments on the existing system. Before Independence the Report of the Indian Education Committee of 1882 referred to the steep decline in standards. It commented: "Neither the reform of the curriculam nor the passage of time produced the academic standards." Even after a few decades, things did not change because of which we find stringent criticism by Pedler, the then Director of Public Instruction of Bengal. He said, "It is my considered opinion that the quality of higher education had progressiverly deteriorated". After the Sadler Commission Report (1904), Lord Curzon introduced some reforms. In his speech justifying the reforms he made a carping comment on "the state into which University education had fallen in India". He made pointed reference to "the rush of immature striplings to our Indian Universities not to learn but to

earn", multiplicity of colleges without regard to any criterion "either of necessity or of merit" and "the curse of examination". He added "India had been bartering her intellectual heritage for the proverbial mess of pottage". Is it diagnosis or prognosis?

Those were the days when Universities and Colleges lengthened shadows of their vicechancellors and principals who stood head and shoulders above their colleagues in scholarship. Asutosh Mukherji, Madan Mohan Malaviya, Dr. Radha Krishnan, Sir C.R. Reddy, Dr. Lakshmana Swamy Mudaliar, Sir R. Venkataratnam Naidu were some of the distinguished educationists. Even among the college principals there were outstanding men - a Wilson, a Miller and a Rudra who were intellectually and ethically on par with Vicechancellors. Today we have of course a happy-go-lucky new brood of vicechancellors who soar above the heads of their seniors and superiors through political leverage. These are the position leaders who are readily received by the public and hailed by the media as eminent educationists. Even in those good old days, there was an outcry against falling standards! Sir Asutosh Mukherji himself lamented: "The ebbtide of higher education has been reached". In 1928 Hartog Committee observed" The command of English language is still weakening", which meant that it has already declined earlier!

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After the advent of Independence the Government of India appointed the Radhakrishnan Commission (1947-48) consisting of eminent educationists (national and inter-national) to make improvements to suit present and future requirements of the country. The Commission redefined and vivified the aims and objects of University education and made very useful recomendations of all-time applicability. One who reads the Report will not fail to recognise its practical nature. There is nothing in the Reports of the subsequent Commissions that is not already present in that Report. The Report even stated "Our Universities must be released from the control of politics."

It is an open secret that the rumpus on the campuses of universities today is due to politicisation of the centres of learning. Thereby hangs a tale. That can wait. The Report prescribed the qualifications of the teachers, discussed their role and explained the paramount importance of their professional development in the fields of teaching as well as research.

In 1968, the Government thought it necessary to appoint another high profile Commission under the Chairmanship of Dr. D.S. Kothari. Its comment was "The present system of education which was designed to meet the needs of an imperial administration set up by a feudal and traditional society will need radical changes, if it is to meet the purposes of modernising a democratic and socialistic society (Chapter I, 17)". Does it not imply that during the last 16 years after

Independence, little was done to change the so-called feudal character of the system.

The Kothari Commission, however, was good enough to say "Many of the things we say here have been said before, notably by the University Education Commission of 1948-49. The real need is action." Manifestly, it is a complaint that the Government took no action to implement the previous recommendations.

Then came the National Education Policy Document of 1986, which admits that the recommendations of the Kothari Commission were included in the 1968 policy but "did not get translated into a detailed strategy of implementation". In other words, what was lacking all along was implementation.

The New Education Policy Document contains an over-view of the status of education and points to the direction of future initiatives". The New Education Policy commented. "A preponderant majority are coming out of the educational institutions with very little capacity of self-study, poor language and communication skill, a highly limited world view and hardly basic range of social and national responsibility". "Teacher training is not planned and organised to develop the spirit of enquiry, initiative, and linguistic skills for effective speaking and learning". Obviously, education is still at the cross roads because of "resource constraints", resistance to institutional change and lack of political will.

## NIAGARA OF REPORTS AND SAHARA OF ACTION

Again when there was a change in Government at the Centre, Acharya Ramamurthy committee was appointed in 1990 to present its own Report. It was a sort of mid-course review of the New Education Policy. The Report made a significant observation:

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of to "It has been clearly within the perception of the Committee that much of what is contained in its Report has already been dealt with by Commissions and Committees which were called upon to go into educational policy from time to time from the 19th century onward." Implementation was the only problem. Therefore the Ramamurthy Committee decided to suggest "possible alternative modalities of implementation". But the same fate of the earlier Reports has

overtaken these alternative modalities!

As there was again a change of Government, another Committee was appointed under the chairmanship of Sri N. Janardhana Reddy, a chief minister. Thus during these 48 years of independence, the country has witnessed a bumper crop of Commissions and Committees which have produced voluminous reports which are gathering dust in the lockers of the bureacrats. It is clearly a case of Niagara of reports on educational reforms and Sahara of action.

I.V. Chalapati Rao

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# MODELS OF DEVOTION: ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI AND SRI RAMAKRISHNA OF DAKSHINESWAR

B. Arogya Reddy

Devotion, whatever the definitions and descriptions held by different religions, is one of the most significant of all attitudes to God. It has been through the centuries a pervasive mode of spiritual sadhana or inner quest. Moreover, since it involves prayer and verbal homage, it has also meant the enriching of the linguistic resources of a nation. Whether it is Thomas A. Kempis in The Limitation of Christ or St. Francis in his Canticles or Brother Lawrence in The Practice of the Presence of God or the Hindu saint-poets such as Kabir and Surdas in dohas, Mirabai in bhajans, Tulsidas in his devotional poems the summit of which is the Ramacharitamanas and many others their outpourings in the form of meditations and hymns and prayers brought about a renaissance of languages and literatures. Therefore, any critical study of such figures not only means a strengthening of the religious and historic traditions of mankind but also a reassessment of their linguistic heritage.

The tradition of devotion or prayer and supplication of the Lord, of grace and self-effort, of surrender is a common phenomenon found in almost all the major world religions. In the ethos steeped in materialism the context is right for the concerted attempts that

are afoot to recover the wisdom traditions of the world. It is perceived that this attempt will provide the necessary corrective to the nihilistic, atheistic tendencies and the godless secularism of the false modernity. Also, since the present is a time which favours inter-religious and inter-cultural dialogue, it is significant to take up comparative, studies of different religions in order to show the similarity in the enduring core which can be found at the centre of all religious discourse.

In this context of enveloping unity of different religions, the words of John Paul II are worth noting. His Holiness puts it inimitably by saying that:

From the beginning, Christian Revelation has viewed the spiritual history of man as including in some way, all religions, thereby demonstrating the unity of humankind with regard to the eternal and ultimate destiny of man. (1994:78)

Devotion can be seen as one of the paths leading to this ultimate destiny of man, a dimension that has been emphasised in all religions.

What exactly constitutes this quality of devotion? Many are the descriptions of this attitude of an aspirant towards the

# MODELS OF DEVOTION : ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI AND SRI RAMAKRISHNA OF DAKSHINESWAR

divine. For instance, a contemporary expounder of perennial philosophy, Sri Chinmoy, has given us a definition of devotion in these words:

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s of the Devotion is the complete submission of the individual will to the Will divine. Devotion is adoration. Adoration is the spontaneous delight that springs from the heart. Who can be the object of our adoration? God. How can we adore Him? Through our self-surrender." (1988-424)

This more or less an exact paraphrase of the classic aphorism of Narada, the sage whose exposition of devotion is found in the classic *Bhakti-sutras*. Talking about this seminal document on devotion Swami Prahbayananda wrote:

Bhakti (devotion, is the intense love of God (1972:13)

The Christian spirit of devotion and love is ably expressed by Thomas A. Kempis in the words:

In a spirit of faith and of love for God's will, let religions show obedience to their superiors in accord with the norms of love," (177)

Similarly, the way of devotion and its culmination in mysticism is the core of almost all religious experience. It is true that there are apparently divergent forms of manifestation of devotion and mysticism but there is a common core running through all this diversity unifying it at some level or the other.

As a great authority on mysticism, William Johnston has pointed out after a lifetime spent in pursuing and portraying the different paths of mysticism:

everywhere we need conversion, Everywhere we need total commitment to peace. It is a question of survival. And this total conversion and radical commitment will not come from an enlightened assessment of the military potential of the superpowers ... the crucial thing is a radical, foolish, and mystical love for the gospel. (1973:198)

Since the word "gospel" means the word of God, the religions of the world and their mystical core is God's word through different realised human personalities in different linguistic modes, at different parts of historic time and geographic space. These mystical traditions deserve study for a better global future.

Against this background the two saints chosen as m. lels for devotion are St Francis of Assisi and Sri Ramakrishns of Dakshineswar. St. Francis lived in the far off West during the years 1181 to 1226 while Sri Ramakrishna belonged to a part of rural India and lived between 1836 and 1886. These two figures have been chosen as models of devotion because in their respective religions they appear as the most outstanding examples of incarnate spirituality.

St. Francis is the patron saint not only of Italy but a repository of the spiritua

tradition invaluable to Christianity as well as to the entire humanity. He was called the "Seraphic saint". Indeed, in a recent homage, Pope John Paul II, citing Dante, says, that with the birth of St. Francis "a sun was born to the world". Identifying the invaluable spiritual heritage of St. Francis, the Pope says:

St. Francis! We all know what the birth of the great Saint of Assisi has meant for mankind!

There are many reasons why he exerted and goes on exerting a marked fascination in the Church, and outside her as well: his was an optimistic vision of the whole creation as the epiphany of God and the homeland of Christ, whom he celebrated in his well known "Canticle of Creatures", he chose poverty as the expression of his whole life, and called it "My Lady-Madonna, "the term used by knights to their ladies and by Christian to the Mother of God (1994:348-49)

Though more than six centuries separate him from St. Francis, Sri Ramakrishna has many points of comparison with the saint of Assisi. Sri Ramakrishna is today hailed as the greatest incarnation of divinity that India has produced in the recorded history. Eminent thinkers from all parts of the world - Max Muller, Rolland, Christopher Isherwood, Aldous Huxley among others regarded him as a exemplification of perennial philosophy. Though he lived in a remote corner of colonial Calcutta in India,

Ramakrishna's words of wisdom have penetrated into the spiritual corners of several parts of the globe. Recorded with stenographic accuracy by a disciple who prefers anonymity in the name M. in Bengali, the book has been translated into numerous languages including English under the title *The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna*, placing it in the tradition of the Christian gospels.

Both these figures represented and emphasised the unique path of devotion. A study of the devotional paths of both the saints shows several areas of similarity as also contrast reflecting the structural peculiarities of their respective religions which have an underlying unity.

For instance, both these mystics show surprising likenesses in spite of their birth being separated by many centuries; the first of these is the ethos into which each of them was born: it was during the periods in the history of their motherland which needed such an advent. In Italy of the twelfth century as in the India of the nineteenth century the demon of materialism was rampant. Stories about the protest of these two saints to this evil are legendary. St. Francis quarrelled with his father and left all material possessions behind. Sri Ramakrishna told his brother in no uncertain terms that he had no use for an education which was merely for earning money. After this wealth was an anathema for both; it had no more value than the sand below their feet.

Therefore, the prevalent decadence of the two countries in which these two sp re. th wa un th wh

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# MODELS OF DEVOTION: ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI AND SRI RAMAKRISHNA OF DAKSHINESWAR

exceptional persons came needed a spiritual, cultural and literary renaissance to avert chaos. They began their spiritual journey also in similar ways: they are both famed for their total, unswerving commitment to the Lord. In the case of St. Francis it was Christ while in Sri Ramakrishna's case in was Mother Kali. As a devoted scholar has put it -

Probably no one in history has ever set himself so seriously as did Francis to imitate the life of Christ and to carry out so literally Christ's work in Christ's own way.

In the same manner, describing Ramakrishna's fervour, Professor Guiseppe Tucci says:

He wants that the statue of the Goddess - to whom he addresses his daily prayers - should come to life and appear in all Her glory before his worshipping eyes ... Many will be surprised in learning that the 'mother' whom he called with all the bitterness of a forsaken child, is that very same Kali whom tradition represents under terrifying aspects (1986:376)

Both St. Francis and Sri Ramakrishna extolled and lived the life of utter, total and holy poverty, humility, chastity and charity. For Sri Ramakrishna the renunciation of money was total and St. Francis gave up even the piece of cloth he was wearing when his father objected to his generosity to the poor. Both adopted voluntary poverty, poverty by choice and therefore transmitted the ideal of renunciation.

The emphasis on prayer and devotion as the only paths for final redemption is one more point of contact between the two saints. They both venerated nature as the living, vibrant image of God. Ramakrishna's first ecstasy when he was hardly a boy of seven was induced by the unique harmony of nature when a group of white cranes flew over a dark cloud. Francis has been described as having a living relationship with birds and beasts which formed a part of his cosmic sadhana. Both felt that the best is a pitfall, leading to vanity, pride, ambition and vulgarity of thought. What they were implicitly emphasising was spiritual education.

In their attitude to sin the two savants were conditioned by the precepts of their respective religions. Both brought a peculiarly modern outlook to the problem of sin. Sin is redemptive through prayer, penitence and repentance for Francis; for Ramakrishna there is no sin except the sin of egoism. In the contemporary theological debate this perspective of sin has interesting implications.

Meditation as a powerful mode of selfactualisation is the common core of both the saints. St. Francis says:

Meditate as much while on this journey as if you were shut up in a hermitage or in your cell, for whatever we are, wherever we go, we carry our call with us. Brother, body is our cell, the soul is the hermit who dwells in it, there to proy to the Lord and to meditate.

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# **MEDITATION**

# Braja Kishore Das

I feel enthralled, euphoric thrill Heart becomes full with rhapsodic Zeal I ascend Supreme Consciousness hill I enjoy God's mellifious touch Divine march in temple of heart Ascend from earthen to Supernatural Transcend from mental to Supramental When I meditate Swim and Sink

My deep meditation makes me tranquil. In the fountain of unbounded peace I forget my finite being Merging with infinite Spiritual Spring My Soul evolves overwhelming With Unfathomable enlightened will I attend innermost emanciptation I invent within eternal Heaven.

# (Continued from prepage)

Ramakrishna Similarly Sri recommended meditative awareness in whatever way we can focus. His famous aphorism was mane, vane and kone, that is, to meditate in the mind, a corner of a room or forest, all being fit places for meditation.

Above all, both based their lives on the authentic and direct experience in a transcendental state which may be called ecstasy or samadhi. They affirmed that contemplation was their mode and being the model devotee their goal. Thus they belong to the category of saviours and are not mere religious reformers.

A study of the recorded sayings of these two saints also indicate many points of similarity. Their words structure universal truths which are imperishable, for all times and climes. They use linguistic modes and stylistic virtuosity to express the ineffable, inexpressible mystery of experiencing the divine. The

insights gained from such a study has invaluable and crucial significance for humanity which stands on the precarious brink of annihilation.

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### SISTERS OF FATE AND PIPPAL TREE

Dr. R. S. Tiwary

#### A

Three Sisters of Fate preside
Over the destiny of man
In Greek mythology,
From birth to death ....
Man a tool in their hands.
Clotho, the youngest
Governs the moment of
His birth, holding
A distaff in her hands
Lachesis, the middle,
Spins out events and actions
Of his life, and Atropos,
Cuts the thread of his life
With her shears, closing all.
Their decrees are unalterable

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'Shruti' declares
Man is "amrita-putra".
The son of the Immortal
A living sparkfrom
The fiery body of "Brahman".
Thus possessed of heat
And energy, baffling the unseen.
His life therefore is no
Velvety sheet liable
To yield to the shears.

Even by gods.

Man grows a Pippal Tree Of his actions and deeds Whose roots strike deep Into the womb of the earth, The shears becoming edgeless And blunted, man living His life full and glorious Departing at last for His Divine Home, he leaves Behind him the "Ashwattha" Of his glories whose sweet Fruits are eaten by The family of birds Under the supervision of The "Hiranmaya Purusha", The Golden Being. The Three Sisters of Fate Keep looking helplessly On man's enjoyment of The festival of life ... Their plan of playing Havoc with man Gets frustrated Mesmerises the common citizen Of the august Indian Republic Merit, integrity thrown To the four winds, · Whither is drifting Our national odyssey?

#### References

'Pippal' is a tree, commonly known as Peepal in popular parlance. This is often mentioned in the 'Upanishads' carrying holy associations.

The 'Mundak opanishad' speaks of a Pippal tree, also known as 'Ashwattha' in Sanskrit, on which two birds of the same family are sitting .... the one ("Jeeva") eating of its sweet fruits and the other ("Paramatman') keeps looking on. He is called "Hiranmaya Purusha", the Golden Being.

# THE VALUE OF PHILOSOPHY

Dr. B. Sambasiva Prasad

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Is Philosophy worthwhile? What is the relevance of Philosophical study for the present day? Has philosophy a value? These are some of the questions that people pose in the study of Philosophy. The present essay is an attempt to answer these questions.

There was a time when Philosophy was looked upon as the Queen of all sciences. But with the advancement of experimental sciences, Philosophy was dethroned and gradually pushed to the back seat. However, philosophy has not lost its value. It has a specific role to play in the present scientific age too.

Under the impact of science philosophy is looked upon at times as an unproductive enterprise. But this is only a misconception. When men will be well off and when poverty and disease had been reduced to their lowest levels, society needs something in addition to becoming ethical and valuable. This something is provided by philosophy.

Man is a complex of body and mind. Consequently the goods of man are of two kinds - goods of the body and goods of the mind. While science provides goods of the body, philosophy provides goods of the mind.

The Nature of Philosophical questions: Philosophical questions are not uncommon. They will be raised by many of us on one occasion or the other. Is there God? What is matter? What is

mind? What is life? Is death the end of life? What is the purpose of life? Should we live for wealth, fame and position only? Are there any higher values than these? If so what are they? When we look at this world, I see some objects which are beautiful and some that are ugly. What is beauty as such? When do we call a man good? How do we define goodness? We observe that people strive for justice. What is justice in itself? These are some of the core questions of philosophy. Philosophical questions are not unusual or those that are removed from our life. They are related to our life. They are the results of our encounters with situations of life. To raise these questions, to reflect upon them, a study of them in a scientific way and trying to answer them, is philosophy.

The Uncertainty in Philosophy: One of the criticisms of philosophy is that it does not provide any certain information and knowledge. Mathematicians, historians etc., have got definite body of truths but it is not so in respect of philosophers. But the fact is that uncertainty in philosophy is only apparent and not real. All the sciences were once included in philosophy. But when once they acquired definite body of truths they were separated from philosophy and formed into independent branches of science. Thus Astronomy and Psychology were once parts of philosophy. Newton's masterly was called 'The Mathematical principles ad

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of Natural Philosophy'. Thus the questions which are capable of definite answers go into the fold of sciences and those to which definite answers cannot be given remain to form the residue, and it is called 'Philosophy'.

Though Philosophy is unable to tell us with definiteness the true answers to the doubts which it raises, it does suggest multiple possibilities that will enlarge our thoughts and increase our knowledge. Philosophic contemplation enlarges the objects of our thoughts, actions and affections. It makes us the citizens of the universe where in consists man's true freedom and liberation. Bertrand Russell opines "Philosophy is to be studied, not for the sake of any definite answers to its questions, since no definite answers can. as a rule, be known to be true, but rather for the sake of the questions themselves; because these questions enlarge our conception of what is possible, enrich our intellectual imagination and diminish the dogmatic assurance which closes the mind against speculation; but above all because, through the greatness of the universe which philosophy contemplates, the mind also is rendered great, and becomes capable of that union with the universe which constitutes its highest good". 1

Philosophy and values: Philosophy is concerned with the values of life. We live in an age of uncertainty and chance. In such a situation we have to think of the values of life and such a thinking is provided by philosophy. We feel a physical discomfort when we are in the midst of material disorder, and a moral

discomfort when we are faced with guilt. So also we will be confronted with mental discomfort when we are in the presence of fragmentary and confused views of the world. We need then a wholeness and unity of outlook and response and this is provided by philosophical approach.

Great value has accrued because Socrates spent time on the street corners and Spinoza took time off from his grinding of lenses to comtemplate the universe. So also with all the great artists like Dante, Leonardo, Goethe, Milton and Shakespeare. These men were beyond the food and shelter needs. They faced life, death, courage, love, hatred and frustration. In poetry, drama, science and philosophy, man has emerged from mere animalhood.

Philosophy and Science: Though it is helpful for material progress science does not attempt to answer the questions about values, life and conduct which constitute the subject matter of philosophy. Science can tell everything about air, sea and land, about the stars, rocks, atoms and lightwaves, about plants and animals and our own bodies. But beyond the physical realm there are the questions of values, life and conduct on which science cannot offer any answers.

While each of the sciences attempts to specialise in its own field. philosophy attempts to grasp the comprehensive picture of the whole. While the sciences try to analyse things. philosophy attempts at synthesis of things. Philosophy has been defined as wisdom. Wisdom is different from

knowledge. Sciences give us "knowledge". Thus Botany gives us the knowledge of plants, Zoology gives us knowledge of animal organism and so on. On the otherhand philosophy gives us wisdom. It offers a synthetic and comparative view of all the knowledge of the sciences put together.

Science is the complete and consistent description of the facts of experience in the simplest possible terms. While science describes facts, philosophy interprets them. While science classifies, formulates and describes the world, philosophy interprets it. Prof. C.D. Broad writes, the object of philosophy "is to take over the results of the various sciences, to add to them the results of the religious and ethical experience of mankind, and then to reflect upon the whole. The hope is that, by this means, we may be able to reach some general conclusions as to the nature of the Universe, and as to our position and prospects in it". 2

Philosophy has two tasks both of which differ from the work of science. The first is the conscious reflection upon the world as a totality, especially as to its meaning, purpose and value. The second is the critical evaluation of the concepts of science and common sense. The first has been called speculative philosophy and the second critical philosophy.

In contrast to the scientific inquiry, philosophical inquiry raises the very basic questions. The mechanic may tell us the meaning of every part of the machine, but what is the meaning of a

machine itself? The Botanist may tell us the meaning of root, branch, leaf and stem of the tree and he may also tell us the meaning of the tree itself in the economy of plant life. But the question is what is the meaning of life itself. Halife any meaning? Has the world and meaning? An answer to these question could be reached only after reflective inquiry and such an inquiry would be philosophy.

Science does not explain wh things act as they do, only how they ac When we study the behaviour of atom science explains how they behave by not why they behave as such. For instance when one atom of carbo combines with two atoms of oxygen; form one molecule of carbondioxide, th scientist simply records information but he does not raise th question: Why do the atoms of carbo and oxygen combine so? One may st that it is 'affinity' between the atoms carbon and oxygen that bring the together. But the word 'affinity' derived from human analogy and scientist should take shelter under Hence a scientist should be content recording the observed uniformities.

Though science and philosoph study the problems of space, time energy, matter, mind and cause the scientific and philosophical approach to these problems are different. Whis cience studies these problems raising the question of how, philosoph studies these issues through questioning why? Therefore there is need of supplementing science when philosophy.

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Who are you in the bosom of Mary:

Rulers as they hear tremble with

Who are you that lie in the manger;

The cattle dance at your gracious glance?

Who are you in such squalor born

Amidst the beasts in the Bethlehem byre?

Who are you, O Holy Infant!

The star so bright pervades its light? Who are you that smile at the shepherds

As they see your visage and pay you homage?

· Who are you; the Oriental wise men

Their offerings bring befitting a king?.

Who are you, O Sweetest King!

Sounds of celestial trumpets echo? Who are you, Embodiment of Love!

The heaven rejoices with angelic voices?

(Original in Telugu 'KREESTHU' written by Padmabhushan G. JOSHUA. Translated by B. THEODORE)

#### (Continued from prepage) THE VALUE OF PHILOSOPHY

Science by its technical advances cures dreadful diseases, reduces the rate of mortality, makes us to travel thousands of miles in a few hours, makes our life more comfortable by means of its inventions like telegraph, telephones, automobiles and television. However the same science by its techniques invents such war mechanism to destroy our life and civilization in minutes. By science we have acquired excessive wealth and material progress but not enough wisdom. Hence students of philosophy, need not feel sorry for the meager fruits of philosophy in contrast to the richer fruits of science. If by philosophy we mean the search for wisdom, the appraisement of values and the careful logical analysis of concepts, it is what the world needs now. Will Durant writes

: "Science tells us how to heal and how to kill: it reduces the death rate in retail and then kills us wholesale in war; but only wisdom .... can tell us when to heal and when to kill. To observe processes and to construct means is science; to criticize and co-ordinate ends is philosophy; ..... Science without philosophy, facts without perspective and valuation, cannot save us from havoc and despair. Science gives us knowledge. Philosophy can give us wisdom. 3

#### NOTES

- 1) Bertrand Russell, The Problems of Philosophy; p. 161.
  - 2) C.D.Broad, Sscientific Thought, p. 20

3). Will Durant, The Story of Philosophy, p. xxvii.

# THE SIVA LINGA, CONCEPTUAL, ICONOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENTS

Dr. I.K. Sharma

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The essentials of Siva worship are the symbolic Linga and Pitha and the structure housing the above. Each of them had disparate beginings but came to be associated with the worship of Siva at various stages and periods. Linga like objects and ring stones were found at Mohen jodaro and Harappa in 3rd millenium B.C. Ithyphallic Siva-Pasupati worship appears to be popular at the Sarasvati-Sindhu sites as numerous seals indicate Linga worship appears long before the image in human form began to be conceptualised.

Terracotta miniature Linga, besides humped bull, Naga figures with painted pottery, trisula representations from the Chalcolithic levels (1500 B.C.) at Chirand (Dt. Saran), Bihar, point to the origins of the cult in the remote North Eastern India.

earliest documented Sivasthala was unearthed within the late historic Parasuramesvara temple complex at Gudimallam (Chittoor Dist. of A.P.). The form of the God was carved in three-fourth relief over a standing Linga, of almost life-size, It is a figure of Rudra on the frontal facet without . the Yainopavita and the third eye. The God has a goat (Yajnapasu) in the right hand and an ajya patra in the left hand with a danda-parasu. This protopuranic form of Siva over a linga virtually illustrated Vedic Rudra Yajamana concept. The archaeological data unearthed here makes it a hypaetheral Sila Vedika Linga Sthana in open, datable to 3rd century B.C.

Such simple open-air Silapata shrines are well known from the coin depictions from north-west India. Almost coeval to this, is the unique Chaturmukha linga found in the temple, called Pingalesvara Mahadeva at the entry of Panchakroshiyatra, 12 km eastward of Ujjaini. The Rudrabhaga of this linga is pronouncedly massive and cylindrical with nut separated from the glans, like the top of the Gudimallam linga. A massive standing Bull, like the one on the Asokan column of Rampurva, attests to the Mauryan date of the Linga and the bull.

Gopinath Rao compared Gudimallam Linga to the manusha Linga of Bhita dated to 2nd century B.C. Mathura linga with Siva are later manifestations. Siva appears as Mukhalinga or Purushalinga, fullbodied, as a two-handed standing deity on a Linga in a Vyaktarupa. Several linga types are known from Bhita and Mathura regions. An Eka Mukhalinga of the Sunga period is found from Mathura. A figure of Siva against a pillar of the pre-Kushana phase is now in the Philadelphia Museum. R.C. Agrawal reported a similar linga from Gamri (Bharatpur, Rajasthan). These attest to the popularity of the linga worhsip in Mathura, Ujjaini and Madhyadesa. Lingas on raised brick platforms (arghapithas) with no pranala arrangement indicate that abhishekha ritual has not yet come to vogue. The Linga pithas under

# THE SIVA LINGA, CONCEPTUAL, ICONOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENTS

(Sthalavriksha or Yaksha Sadam) and in open were found vividly among the sculptural depictions dated to Kushana and post Kushana periods in Mathura, Taxila, and Ujjain. Linga pithas in a row on the Kisaragutta (near Hyderabad) hill clearly point out the early mode of offer only, not abhishekas in 5th century A.D.

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Brahmanical temples of brick with linga-pithas are found in the various Satavahana sites of Deccan (2nd-4th centuries A.D.) Ter in Maharastra, Aihole in Karnataka and more extensively at Nagarjunakonda.

The Kshatrapas were devout worshippers of Siva and Lakulisa pandita. Several linga shrines at the famous Kayavarohana (Karvan in Gujarat) and Saurashtra mark the growing Suddha Saiva cult. Square temples with Linga-pithas of pre-Chalukyan period were found at Veerapuram caused by the Maharathi rulers (1st-2nd century A.D). The Mukhalinga worship was known as grihya ritual. A tiny Chaturmukha Linga of lime stone from Amaravati, though a solitary example, is proof of the Sadasiva worship and connected rituals. Amaravati in Guntur district appears as an early Saivitic centre too. Ardhanarisvara depictions on the frontal facet of the Linga from Mathura and far away at the Anandesvara temple at Peddakonduru, Tenali Tq, (Guntur Dt.) provide a new aspect in Siva worship in 2nd-4th century A.D. itself. The spirit of Lakulisa pasupatism in the Kalinga zone is known by the sculpture of a linga with seated Lakutapani on the frontal from Mukhalingam, Srikakulam dated 5th century A.D.

Linga shrines of the royal patron's-Rajasimhesvara, Mahendravarmesvara, Atyantakama-Pallavesvara etc. and even right over the king's mortal remains as seen from the sepulchral temple (Kodandaramesvara) Tondamanadu village, near Kalahasti. Shrines called Guruvayatanas with lingas Kapilesvara and Upamitesvara were founded commemorating the Pasupata teacher Uditacharya. Andhra is regarded as Trilingadesa because of the Lingakshetras on its boundaries are Bhimesvara temple. Draksharama (East), Kaleswara (North), and Srisaila Mallikarjuna (South). The Panchabhuta concept is linked to the Lingas representing the natural elements - Prithvi Linga (Kanchipuram), Apa (Tiruvanaikkaval), Tejo-Linga (Tiruvannamalai), Vayu Linga (Kalahasti) and Akasa Linga (Chidambaram). The linga representing the formless being was worshipped even by Siva Himself and in later sculptures (Ellora, Aihole, Badami, Pattadakal, Yelleswaram and Kanchi) we find Siva or Parvati carrying Linga on their shoulders. The practice of Bhara Siva Nagas of Padmavati (Pawaya in M.P.) who carried heavy lingas on the shoulders (amsabhara Sannivesita Siva Lingodvaham Siva Paritushta). Siva resided in the linga in a hidden form as the Adilinga going by the name of Avimuktesvara in Benaras. The Association of the Lingas with plants (Sthala Vrikshas) led to the naming of Lingas as Bilesvara, Vatesvara, Kadambesvara, Ekambarisvara, and Mallikarjuna (Srisailam) between 7-12th centuries A.D. and these sacred sthanas are continued to be revered from several centuries.

# WANTED A REPEAT PERFORMANCE

Dr. R. Janardana Rao

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The ever-living strong, fearless God Hanuman!

Hit hard on the heads of mafia musclemen

Give the brutes, a treat of thy wielding club

And the Shameless kidnappers of evil designs, a smash.

While we remain weak, helpless complacent spectators, Rapists, arsonists still swell, all over in full sway

To the cruel perpetrators of custodial deaths,

Torturers, mercenaries and countless goons of streets,

Reveal thy prowess, thy punch, their noses to bleed.

Teach them Lord, the lesson in their tongue Heavenly Boxer, the scenario, warrants thy hardest hits Knock them down and down, to the pleasure of all.

Thy tail too is said to be versatile in warlike actions
In grouping the demons tied and thrown into sea
Once thy tail, burnt the evil in great frolic
The selfsame revellers of evil be treated the same trick.

By thy hops and jumps oceans were traversed

Helping find the sole truth in sighing desolation

A reenactment of such display of singular power

Thy club, thy jump, thy punch and thy wit

Are value practical and not the Sundarakanda recital.

Take us to fearless heights of truth, and make us great.

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### JOSHUA'S ELEGY ON A GRAVEYARD

(English translation of Joshua's Poem in Telugu)

130482

Dr. C. Jacob

Though millions of years have rolled on, No hapless soul in this graveyard asleep Gets up, alas, from his grave alive: How long does this motionless sleep prolong?

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What mothers have sorrowed over their lost sons:

Drowned in tears, stones indeed have backed up here:

The sky is filled with darkest clouds, Owls and devils are rambling free; The ravens around are screaming wild, My heart does shudder at the awful scene,

But not a trace of leaf is found stirring. How much does pleasure playfully enjoy hers:

What noble poet's mellifluous pen Has in the embers been melted off here: What royal seals of emperors great Have come to a close and ended here: What teen-aged wife's glossy blackbeads

Have merged in the river Ganges, here:

What skilful brush of a renowned painter Has on the burning pyre perished here! This is the theatrical stage On which the Lord of Death, Joining with demons, Rings his anklet bells

And dances on:
This is the throne of ashes
From which does reign
The regent of death
With fierce looks.

Behold that flickering light over the shrubs

On the recent grave drowned in darkness deep

Looking like a glowworm; its flame is not dying,

Though oil exhausted: call we this a lamp?

No, it is the heart of a hapless mother Who has laid it for her lost son there and gone.

The pens of poets, the dulcet throats of songsters

Must one day tread the threshold of graveyard:

Lo, how the mortal frames of Kalidas And Bharavi of remote past have turned Into minute particles by nature's law And mixed in the clay on a potter's wheel:

Our hearts do melt if we begin to think: What graces of tender cheeks and lovely lads

Have ended here and slept in those tiny tombs:

What mother's womb alas with burning flames is alive?

What skills of learning yet to flourish on earth

Nipped in the bud, are still groaning?

For untouchability to perambulate here This is no place, for it is the place Where in the cosmic game duality is

And brought in together the tiger and the lamb

And lulled to rest and are comforted The thought of oneness and justice prevails here.

That corpse rolling in tattered clothes, Besides the marbled tomb of a man of riches untold,

Belongs perhaps to a poor man consumed by hunger,

Cried for food, sobbed, sighed and died: But not a man is there to think of him, The graveyard too cares not to cover the corpse.

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# DREAMS IN THE RAMAYANA: A STUDY

C. Sitaramamurti

The phenomenon of Dreams is a subject of absorbing interest. Scientists, Physiologists and psychologists have made elaborate studies on the origin, nature and contents of dreams and established their connection with the physical and psychic conditions of the dreamers. It is believed that sound sleep gives no quarter to dreams. Only those whose minds are disturbed be desires, ambitions or fears usually provide congenial climate for dreams to slide in. In such situations, the pictures that appear in the dreams may raise hopes of fulfilment or presage failure and frustration. The scenes that the dreamer visions are assessed as good or bad, according to their association with the features which attend on them. Some features are considered auspicious and they yield good results; while others are deemed inauspicious and they forebode. Sastras and tradition, and experience stretched over epochs, have defined which elements in the dreams signify beneficial results and which others presage evil effects. Similarly, natural occurrences, sounds made by animals and notes of birds, sudden twitches in the limbs or organs of the human bodies are invested with auspicious or inauspicious import. Poets have lavishly drawn upon the hoary tradition of beliefs of their times to enliven and vivify the situations and deepen their significance. Valmiki, who takes primacy among poets, has made use of this popular lore with telling effect.

Valmiki has given, in picturesque detail, dreams of Bharata and Trijata and the dream, or more precisely the recollection, of Dasaratha about his youthful misadventure resulting in the blind anchorite's curse. An attempt is made, in the following pages, to analyse their contents and indicate their import.

Dasaratha's Dream Recollection) Rama leaves for the woods (with Sita and Lakshmana, who volunteer to accompany him) to preserve and enhance his father's reputation for strict abidance in truth. There is no demeanour in his disappointment, much less of distress, for the sudden reversal in his fortunethe day fixed for his installation as Crown-Prince and Heir-apparent turns out to be the day on which he departs from the city as an exile into the woods. Dasaratha is shattered with intense grief; he stands dazed : he stares in the direction in which the chariot carrying its precious burden moves, till it goes out of sight. Guilt of his hasty acquiescence in the demands of Kaika, without ascertaining, in advance, their nature and contents, smites him hard. He curses his infatuation for a woman whose beautiful features successfully concealed a vile mind and a venomous heart. Remorse for making himself, under Kaika's strangle-grip, a stranger to Kausalya, the Queen Eminent, and Sumitra, the senior queen, makes him acutely miserable. A sudden rush of harrowing sensations, owing to this lapses in the past, take an agonising ed far Ka too Th his wi

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edge with the departure of Rama, his most-beloved son and universal favourite; and he collapses to the ground. Kausalya and Sumitra raise him; Kaika, too, attempts to lend her hand of support. The king denounces her. He renounces his association with her, as she has wickedness. He forbids her touch: he announces that, by separating him from Rama, she has hastened his death; for without him, he cannot live. He bitterly declares that now that her wish is fulfilled, she may rule over the kingdom as a widow. He even goes to the extent of expressing his wish that if Bharata acts in tune with his mother's conduct he should not perform his obsequies. A pall of gloom and mourning spreads over the city of Ayodhya; it is the darkest day in its history.

Dasaratha frets and raves in agony and wishes to be taken to Kausalya's mansion, where he hopes to get some relief and consolation from the touch of the mother, whose hands have fondled Rama with love and solicitude. Kausalya's affliction on parting from her son is no less severe than her husband's; despite Sumitra's assurance that no evil dare approach Rama who is the Supreme, under whose command all the elements and the entire Universe function, the mother's grief does not abate a bit. Sumantra returns from the woods with the empty chariot and gives a factual account of what has happened there. The report accentuates the mother's grief; and forgetting for the nonce her obligations as a virtuous woman and loyal wife, she makes a scathing attack on the king for his vulnerability to the blandishments of

Kaika, a venomous serpent at heart, who has brought ruin, at one stroke, to him, to her, to the royal house, to the kingdom and people of Kosala, by her machinations, resulting in Rama's exile. And the king should thank himself for this grand achievement!

hatyam tvayaa raajyamidam saraashtram hatastathaattaa saha mantribhischa hataassaputraasmi hataascha pauraassutascha bhaaryaa cha tavaprahrishthau

This avalanche of bitterness, emerging from an unexpected quarter, reduces Dasaratha, who is passing through the fiery ordeal of repentance, to the position of a humble supplicant for her gracious forgiveness and considerate treatment.

dahyamaanassa sokaabhyaam Kousalyaamaaha bhoopatih vepamaanaamjalim Kritvaa prasaadaartha mavaanjmukhah Prasaadaya tvaam Kousalya ravitoyam mayaanjalih

The presence of her husband, shorn of his kingly majesty and beseeching comfort at her hands, wrings her heart; grief has carried her too far and made her oblivious to her obligations to her husband. She makes ample amends for her misconduct and puts forth earnest efforts to console and comfort him, with the observation that he is not at fault as he has no alternative to his committal to truth-abidance and therefore no blame attaches to him.

jaanaamidharmam dharmajna tvaamjaane satyavaadinam

putrasokaartayaa tattu mayaa kimapi bhaashitah

Kausalya's atonement serves only to aggravate the poignance of his guilt as the cause of all this misery; he feels thoroughly exhausted and drops unaware into sleep. So does Kausalya.

Dasaratha's Dream (?) Recollection: Six days have passed since Rama left Ayodhya; these six days appear to be six epochs of excruciating agony. Dasaratha is suddenly roused from sleep at midnight as a strong premonition of impending death flashes across his mind. Could this be due to a dream of his past misadventure as a youthful Crown Prince, an unwitting crime of murder of the only son and prop of blind anchorite-parents with the curse that it has brought upon him? Or could it be due to a resurging contrition for guilt committed and the curse earned as consequential penalty? In whichever way it is taken, it accentuates his dejection and restlessness. He can find some relief by disburdening his heart to one whose anguish is as intense as his; and so he awakens Kousalya and recounts the episode to her in vivid detail.

Dasaratha is known to be an expert marksman; he is a master of **Sadbavedhi Vidya**; he could shoot at unseen targets aiming at them by the sounds they produce. Rainy season provokes passion and swagger: Praavridaanupraaptsa mada Kaama vivardhance: Clouds and night contribute to blinding darkness. Dasaratha feels enthusiastic to go a hunting; he exercises his expertise and

succeeds in hitting two wild beasts by releasing his arrows in the directions from which he has heard their sounds Success goes to his head; he hears bubbling sound of water and believes that a wild elephant has come to the river to quench its thirst and is sucking water with its trunk. A pitcher, dipped in water to fill it in, also produces similar sound. But without waiting to verify the source, he lets fly an unerrine arrow at the unseen target and hits it He discovers, to his consternation, that the object hit is a human being, an anchorite, come to collect water in his jug. And the Prince hears his wail complaining that he who lives on roots and fruits, who has given offence to none has been struck. With one arrow the hunter has killed not only him but als both is blind parents by cutting off their prop.

Ekenakhalubanena marmanyabhi hat mayi dvavandhau nihataa vriddha maataajanayitaachame

"Dasaratha feels stunned at the sight of the youth rolling in blood and writhing in pain. The youth tells the Prince who he is and how his blin parents are in dire need of water quench their thirst and desires him ! pluck out the piercing arrow from the painful wound and hasten to them an report what has happened. Any delay his part will involve him and his lineas (vamsa) in utter ruin from their curst Accordingly, Dasaratha hastens to the blind happening. He craves for the pardon for his unwitting committal of grave crime. The parents are consideral because of his frank confession all sts by ctions unds. ars a lieves to the cking lipped ices a ing to erring nits it 1, that ig, an in his wail

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desire him to lead them to their dead son. They touch his body and set up a heart-rending wail and tell their son to wait for their company, as they have no wish to stay behind even for a moment Turning to Dasaratha, the father has urged him to put them to death. But as the Prince keeps mum, trembling, he tells him that the gift of sorrow for his son, that he has given him in his old age, will not go in vain; and that the Prince will suffer a similar fate and die of grief, parted from his son, in his old age.

putra vyvsanajam duhkham yedetan mama saampratam evamtvam putrasokena Raajan Kaalam Karishyasi

Then the blind anchorites fling themselves into the blazing funeral pyre of their son and end their lives.

This unfortunate misadventure of Dasaratha in his youth may have unrolled itself in his dream on that fateful night-the night that turns out to be the last in his life! The picture of the blind old anchorite, pronouncing the curse that climaxes the dream, shocks the king and he wakes up with a start. Separation from Rama has broken his heart; and he now feels that the time has come for the anchorite's curse to take effect. Or, it may be that Dasaratha's sudden recollection, in a flash, of this long-forgotten guilt and the resulting curse, has abruptly shaken him now from sleep; it begins to haunt him like a nightmare. Restlessness holds him in its grip; and contrition and remorse, couples with premonition of impending death, drive desperation. He declares that to him alone belongs the credit of a father

banishing his son for no fault of his and that to Rama alone redounds the glory of a son quietly acquiescing in his father's unjust wish. Dasarahta feels the acute agony of separation from such a virtuous and noble-hearted son; his heart beats faintly; his spirits droop; his breath flickers; his lips utter the name of Rama; he longs for his embrace; failing to realise his wish, he faints unconscious and falls into deep sleep-Kausalya and Sumitra, smitten as they are with grief unfathomable, slide exhausted into rest. In the dread silence of midnight, the king's soul takes its flight; and none is aware of its departure!

Bharata's Dream: Bharata is at Girivrajapuram with Satrughna keeping him company He is blissfully, nay, more precisely woefully, unware of the tragic developments at home in Ayodhya. Mithila and Kekaya are deliberately kept in the dark, for tactical reasons, about the proposed installation of Rama as Crown Prince and Heir - apparent. This proposal does not materialise. Manthara designs a clever scheme, and Kaika executes it with tenacious pugnacity, to thwart the celebration; Kaika succeeds in securing the throne for her son, Bharata, and in sending Rama into exile. Dasaratha, unable to bear separation from his beloved son, collapses and dies. Vasishtha sends messengers of known integrity, loyalty, tact and competence, to fetch Bharata to Ayodhya. They are specifically instructed not to disclose the tragic happenings at Ayodhya to any one; they are to convey to Bharata that the preceptor desires his immediate presence at home. They make all and reach their destination after three days of strenuous journey.

Bharata has had a dream, full of illimport, the night previous to the arrival of the messengers. He is very much depressed in spirit. The attempts of friends and courtiers to cheer him up prove futile. The terrible dream has turned the gay youth into a brooding, melancholy person. What he has seen in his dream has abruptly upset him and with good reason. In it, he sees his father fall precipitously from a mountainsummit into a stinking pit of cow-dung. Then Dasaratha appears eating plums of rice mixed with sesame (ginglellyseed); he drinks palmfuls of oil with avidity and laughs and makes merry, all the while floating on filth-Quite a horrid sight, indeed !

Svapne pitara madraaksham malinam muktamoorthajam

Patanta madri sikharaat Kalushe gomayahrade

plavamaanascha me drishta ssa tasmin gomayahrade

pibannanjali naa tailam hasannapi muhurmuhuhuh

Bharata then witnesses a violent cataclysm in nature: Earth shakes and cracks; mountains crash into shreds; trees shed their leaves, fade and die; seas dry up; the moon suffers an inglorious fall; blazing fire suddenly gets extinguished; a thick shroud of grim darkness spreads, in a trice, over the entire world.

Svapnepi saagaram sushkam chandram cha patitam bhivi uparuddhaam cha jagateem tamaseva samaavritaam

avateernaam cha prithiveem sushkaamshca vividhaan drumaan

aham, pasyaami vidhvastaan sadhoomaamchaapi parvataan

The dream reaches the climax, the king presents himself, clad in dark robes, and drives in a chariot, yoked to donkeys, heading south. A ghastly demoness in red garments sprouts from nowhere, breaks into ghoulish laugh, snatches the king and knocks him down against the earth.

tvaramaanascha dharmaatmaa raktamaalyannulepanah rathena kharayuktena prayaato dakshinaamukhah prahasamteeva Raajaanam pramadaa raktavaasinee prakarshantee mayaa drishtaa raakshasee vikritaananaa

This terrible dream sends a chill shiver along his spine. Bharata, who knows no fear, is dreadfully shaken; he feels petrified at his shocking spectacle. It takes sometime for him to recover his poise and to realise that he has just passed through a dream. But he is very much disturbed in mind; for such inauspicious dreams presage grave disasters.

The Import of the Dream: The convulsions in nature, affecting planets, elements and living creatures, signify that some great disaster has happened with a malevolent impact on the entire world. Could this not be construed as indicating the intense grief, shared by all elements and living creatures, in Ayodhya and its environs, when the universal favourite, Rama, leaves to lead an anchorite-life in the woods? But what depresses Bharata most is the

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series of spectacles concerning his father. Dasaratha's fall from a lofty mountain into a deep filthy pit suggests the loss of his majesty and power; his blind and thoughtless acquiescence in Kaika's demands leads him into the trap laid by the crafty Manthara; once caught in it, he loses dignity and command, and is reduced to the position of a servile petitioner; and his impotent threats and humble entreaties alike fail to impress Kaika or change her mind. The pleasure he derives from eating rice mixed with sesame (gingelly-seed) and from indulging in bouts of oil-draughts, all the time lolling in filth, indicates how he has lost all sensitiveness and become a stranger to decorum and decency. Does this not suggest that when the king finds no alternative to his committal to satisfy Kaika's demands, the dismal prospect of Rama's exile unhinges his mind and helpless wrath makes him mad? This marks a further stage in his degradation. His drive on donkey-yoked chariot proceeding south, the domain of Yama, presages the course of his last journey. Recollection, in a flash, of his youthful misadventure, ending as it were in an unwitting triple murder of the blind anchorites and their son, and incurring, as a result, the curse of death from separation from Rama breaks the king's heart and ends his misery ... and life. An attempt is here made to link up the various phases in Bharata's dream to the course of events which have lately happened in Ayodhya.

The Dream comes true: Back to the story. The more Bharata thinks of his father, who is far away at Ayodhya, the more he trembles, fearing about his safety. It is at this juncture that the messengers from Ayodhya arrive at

Kekaya's court. They take care to observe the usual royal courtesies, pay their respects to the king and his son, deliver the gifts they have brought for them from Ayodhya, hint at the urgency of their mission, and then meet Bharata and convey the message of the Preceptor Vasishtha and the ministers that his immediate presence is required at Avodhya. They merely impress upon him the urgency of the summons and the need for expeditious return, without giving any hint of the tragic happenings at home. Deeply distressed as Bharata is with a strong premonition of grave disaster, he eagerly enquires about the welfare of his loving father, noble brothers, Queens Kousalya and Sumitra whom he esteems for their abidance in righteousness and lastly his mother for whose impulsiveness he expresses real concern. The messengers return a tactical evasive answer; "how can those happiness he so fondly cherishes e otherwise"? They even declare that good fortune attends on him: Could this be an enigmatic reference to his impending installation as King? But Bharata finds no comfort; his anxiety is not allayed; he takes leave of his grandfather and uncle and makes haste to reach home. Finding that the large retinue of attendants and caravan, burdened with heavy and lavish gifts, have impeded quick movement, Bharata leaves the entourage in Satrughna's charge and proceeds alone, in advance, with utmost speed.

A desolate scenario greets him as he approaches his capital. The verdant gardens are bereft of their glory; the twittering birds have lost their sweet voice; the sonorous Vedic chants seem to have become frozen; the streets appear deserted; gaiety and cheer have disappeared; the whole city is shrouded in death-like silence. Inauspicious sights and dolorous sounds abound everywhere. Bharata is perplexed, he is very much upset; his heart beats fast. How woeful it will be, if his dream has projected real happenings! The pall of gloom that has stifled Ayodhya.

Bharata is shocked: His dream has shown his father involved in perilous situations. He must make sure that he is safe; he must seek him and make his obeisances. He rushes into his father's mansion but does not find him there; the king then must be in Kaika's company; he repairs to his mother's chambers; but he is not there, either; where then could he be? That he will learn from his mother, who advances towards him to welcome him. He prostrates before her: she raises him, embraces him, seats him on her lap, enquires about the welfare of her father and brother. He briefly answers her and questions, with a palpitating heart, about the wherabouts of his father. Greed has infected Kaika and has driven out from her sensitiveness, decency, decorum, righteousness, considerateness, clemency and other virtues. Her reply, to her son's enquiry reveals her callousness and indifference. She tells him that Dasaratha has gone the way of all living creatures and reached his destination; he is dead. Bharata receives the first shock; his. dream has come true; his father is no more. He wails for the tragic loss of an extremely loving father; he regrets that he is denied the privilege of attending on him in his last days. Kaika counsels him not to make himself miserable, as death is inevitable and unavoidable for all living creatures. And this consolation

comes from the queen to whom Dasaratha has given the privilege of monopolising his love and attention! This casualness in his mother's attitude must have dealt a severer blow to Bharata than that the loss of his father did! From now on, Bharata is to receive unexpected shocks in quick succession. In her mood of exhibitaration for her success in accomplishing her wish of making her son king, Kaika makes use of all her ingenuity in leading her son, step by step, to the climax of her achievement.

Uttishotishtha kim seshe Rajan natra mahaayasah

She addresses him as 'Raja' thus administering, unwittingly, another shock to her son. He declines the title as it rightly belongs to Rama, the eldest of the sons of Dasaratha; and it will be his pleasant duty to render him loyal service. He enquires whether the dying king has left any message for him. Kaika reports with utter fidelity that Dasaratha has wailed, in a groan, that he is not fortunate to extend welcome to Rama, Sita and Lakshmana when they return to Ayodhya from the woods.

Raameti Raajaa vilapan haaseete Lakshaneticha namahaatma paramlokam gatogati mataamvarah

This is the third shock which unnerves Bharata. He expresses bewilderment as to why such models of virtue and righteousness are made to undergo penal penance in exile. Kaika assures her son that Rama has not strayed from Dharma even a whit. In her womanly vanity, Kaika commits a mistake in thinking that her son will be pleased with ther efforts to secure for

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#### DREAMS IN THE RAMAYANA: A STUDY

him an uncontested crown; and she gives a forthright account of how she has manoeuvred to upset Rama's instant installation as Crown Prince by the clever device of wresting from his father a solemn pledge to redeem the two boons granted to her years ago. After his committal, she advances her demands to crown Bharata and to send Rama into exile for fourteen years. As one who abides by truth, the king has had no alternative to conceding her wishes. Sita and Lakshmana volunteer to accompany Rama. This news paralyses Bharata. The disclosures reach the climax when Kaika reports that separation from Rama has become unbearable for the king and resulted in his death.

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Raamascha saha Soumitri preshita Sseetayaa saha

tamapasyan priyam putram maheepaalo mahaa yasaah

putrasoka paridyunah panchatva mupasedivaan

Kaika urges her son not to grieve but boldly accept what has come his way without his seeking or working for itthe undisputed sovereignty over Kosala. It is now clear to Bharata that his mother is the root-cause of the entire tragedy. Inordinate greed has expelled from her heart all higher impulses and nobler sentiments and has completely erased her fond attachment to her husband and her deep affection for Rama. Every detail of his dream seems to have received full

reflection in the grim sequence of dreadful happenings at Ayodhya. Bharata knows his mother well enough as a vain, vengeful, haughty and irascible lady : aatma kaamaa sadaa chandee krodhanaa prajanamaninee. But he has never imagined that she could be mean, guileful, callous, treacherous and wicked. The simmering Bharata's heart, grief in accentuated by bitter resentment at his mother's monstrous conduct, explodes like a volcano in a scathing, merciless attack on Kaika. He declares his innocence; he is unware of the conspiracy brewing in his mother's chambers; and he denounces his mother for her reprehensible machinations, and he refuses to profit by them. He takes a solemn vow to undo the mischief wrought by her and clear himself of the ill-repute brought on him by her. The main purpose of her strategy is to instal her son on the throne. Rama's exile is secondary; his absence from Ayodhya is meant to facilitate establishment of Bharata's hold on the kingdom and the subjects. It is sheer irony that she succeeds in sending Rama to the woods and fails ignominiously in achieving her primary objective. The castle she has built in the air goes up in smoke. The very person for whose benefit she has worked so hard and taken unflinchingly, in her stride, universal condemnation and execration for her cruel and stubborn conduct, now turns against her and administers a violent shock. She collapses on the floor and weeps. The hour of her triumph now turns out to be the hour of her discomfiture and degradation.

# A POLITICAL STORY

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I don't understand as to what mistake I committed. I can say I wouldn't be so angry if it's in my hands to stop, or to change it.

How I co-operated with my husband when he had suffered from the same problem, How I consoled him, How I hid him in my heart; I remember that evening. It's still alive in my memory.

It was one year since we were married. I was stitching buttons on his shirts thinking of the past.

For the first time, I heard his name from my uncle. It was my uncle who arranged this match. The name, Madhusudan Rao sounded so beautiful so sweet and so soothing to the mind. That name kept on resounding in my mind again and again. From that moment on I considered my own house, in which I was born and brought up as something alien.

Having gradually come to know that I was going to have a separate house to arrange things in my own way, I started to look forward going to that house. At last, after learning that the house is in Hyderabad, I found no words to describe my happiness. I used to blush whenever my younger sister derisively told me as to how my thought of those two names, Hyderabad and Madhusudan - created a smile on my life.

I told my friends that my parents had agreed to give Madhusudan a dowry of fifty thousand rupees. There always used to be discussions among my friends about my marriage-proposal. Perhaps I was first among my friends to get married and I felt proud about this. Some of my friends felt that the dowry was rather excessive while others felt otherwise. One of my friends remarked that the dowry was not necessary for the kind of life of service and slavery that awaited me. She felt that the husband should pay dowry to the wife. But I differed from her and defended the convention of dowry payment.

She left in a huff saying that I would understand things better after the marriage.

But I did not understand anything after the marriage. The marriage took place happily. I could never forget the sweet memories of my first glance at him during the marriage ceremony. He more handsome photograph. I felt that my entire life with him would be sweet. I completed every formality of the marriage in the most sacred manner. I hid the Tali in my heart. Being his partner in life I decided to share his happiness as well as suffering. During those days I learnt a lot about wifely duties and mutual love conjugal characterises relationship. I used to sing since childhood.

"Woman's life is like the jasmin creeper. It keeps on creeping confidently if it finds a cool arbour".

What else is more important, that the satisfaction that I was entwining Madhusudan like a creeper.

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But all this didn't take place so easily. I struggled a lot to keep up to the sacred emotions of the wedding day. His habits were quite contrary to mine. He was not tidy but I liked cleanliness. It took six months for me to get adjusted to him.

He used to look after me with love. What's the measurement of love? If it's only bringing flowers, taking me for films and outings, there's no dearth of love for me. But if I wore gold-coloured flowers in my hair, or if I proposed for a Hindi film, he used to dislike me. However, since I promised on the day of my marriage that I would not irritate him. we used to be very affectionate towards each other. My in-laws too are good. They never harassed me nor did they demand extra dowry and other articles except what was given in the marriage. Since they are living away in a different village, I didn't have the usual harassment of the in-laws. Everything was going on well.

It was our very first wedding anniversary. The needle with which I was stitching the buttons pierced my index finger as I recapitulated those happy days. There was a big tumult in front of my house. As I ran out I saw a big crowd around autorickshaw. Some persons got out of the scooters. Four of them carried my husband out of the auto making their way through the crowd. I broke down seeing my husband's condition.

An elderly man helped Madhusudan reach the bed saying,

happened. We're all lucky", It was then

that I saw a big bandage with stains on his right hand. I fainted.

"What happened to him', will he be alright?"

I sobbed as I uttered these words. They all told me what had happened. They told me about the machine that he used to operate everyday; about the kind of workmanship required for operating it; about his workmanship for the last seven years; about how, inspite of his experience, the machine cut his fingers off. They told me that it was not an accident, that the required treatment had been given, and still to be continued. They left some money in my hands for expenses saying that Madhusudan needed rest and nutritious food.

They're my husband's colleagues. Looking into Madhusudan's eyes I wiped off the tears courageously, and served coffee to them. When they had left, I felt that they could've stayed back through out the day; that they came to help me with brotherly love and sympathy. I couldn't imagine what would have happened had they not instilled courage in me. It's on that day that I experienced the feeling of having helping hands to rescue me from trouble.

After they left, I felt miserable. But, I did not cry. When I entered the room I found him cry and sob looking at his mutilated hand. I wiped his tears and comforted him with words of encouragement. I told him that it's my responsibility to see that the loss of his fingers would not affect his future. When he expressed his fear that the loss of his fingers would make me indifferent towards him I gently reprimanded.

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han, ning I caressed with my lips gently and with love his blood and medicine-ridden hand. But he was preoccupied with the thought of how to carry on with his job without fingers. What would happen if he lost his job? Would any one offer him employment! He was not freed from these worries inspite of my encouragement. I gave him sleeping pills and kept awake through out the night.

Having come to know about the accident, my in-laws arrived the following day. Crying in the house started once again. Office bearers of the union visited and asked him to take care of his health forgetting all the worries about his job and assured him that their union would take up the problem of compensation and the security of the job. Madhusudan asked me to touch the feet of the union leader, and I did so. The leader had explained how the union and the worker movement was helpful during the last 125 years in safe guarding the interests of the workers from the exploiting factory owners. I listened to him attentively for, I had felt he was speaking honestly. I understood from his talk that my husband or anyone. embarked on a problem, need not feel alone, and that there's the union to rescue them. This provided me and my husband immense relief.

My husband recovered in a month. It's true that I was startled when his mutilated hand touched my body in the first night after unbandaging his hand, but soon I could convert that shock into a bliss. I caressed his mutilated hand out of the emotion of love. Because of the pursuance of the unionists, he was given an assistant for help and an amount of

ten thousand rupees as compensation. They did not give more than this for, the job remained the same. He was satisfied. We felt that our old life was restored within four months. At that time I thought that I was in the family way, and got it, medically confirmed after a month. I consulted a doctor, got the weight checked up, and was given a prescription. He took care of me most affectionately in the following two months by fetching me all that's required, by asking me again and again to consume milk and fruit.

It had been three months since I conceived. After a headbath, I was wiping my hair on that evening. All of a sudden I felt a severe pain in my stomach. I didn't know what to do. I tried to control myself. The pain was intense, I remember vaguely that I shouted for my neighbour, unable to bear the pain. I don't remember her arrival, as well as what I told her, how I told her. I fainted. Opening my eyes I found myself in the hospital surrounded by my people including my father and mother. I was being injected with saline into one hand and blood into the other. The stomach was like a raw wound. After some time my mother told me that my child had not grown inside the uterus but in the tube before the uterus. I could not understand what exactly had happened, but I knew that some thing undesirable had happened. I was told that the growing foetus had burst filling the stomach with blood, and that the doctors took six hours for the surgical operation. I was told that there could be no chance of giving birth to children. Having heard this I felt dejected.

#### A POLITICAL STORY

"Eh, there's no point in weeping. This is our fate", said he curtly. I thought that he would be agitated seeing my calamity; that he would caress my head; that he would wipe off my tears; that he would say holding my hand, "I am with you, why do you worry?" contrarily, not expressing all these, I didn't understand why there was a feeling of hatred in his eyes.

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I didn't understand why Madhusudan behaved in the manner he did until my mother said the following day:

"Your mother-in-law is angry with you that you will be a barren woman and cannot give birth to children", I was frightened after having understood that.

"Mummy. What can I do?", said I with fear.

"What'll you do? What a wretched life?, You arenot fortunate enough to have a child. There's nothing else except bearing with whatever they say", reproached my mother crying helplessly.

I was scared so much that there are no tears. What I understood from that fear is that I was alone; that there's no one ready to share my sorrow in those troubled times. All of them were worried about my handicap in becoming a mother but not about my physical condition. My mother too is worried about the unborn child and the prospect of not having any in the future. No one is interested in nor cared for my problem.

When a nurse in the hospital said,
"What a great escape",
My mother-in-law murmured,

If she cannot raise children she is like a stump of a tree."

Madhusudan's ordeal increased because of me so much that I could not remember my own feelings that it's an ordeal for me too, a deficiency in me too. He'd be childless. His generation, surname, property-all these would be fruitless. I was under the treatment, but everything is happening mechanically. They are treating me like a useless machine; getting irritated at me as they do at an abandoned sewing machine lying in the house.

I came home from the hospital. My parents left the place to attend to their work. They seemed to be afraid of taking me along with them. I didn't understand as to why. My mother-in-law reproached me for my parent's not taking me along with them. In this entire issue my husband's behaviour hurt me a lot. How could he think I was useless for all purposes? Was it singly for begetting children that he had married me? Don't friendship, love companionship have any meaning? During all those days didn't I accompany him for films and outings; providing all that he required, giving him rest and comfort? What is it that is objectionable ?Can't a childless woman perform all this? Don't their husbands love them? I remembered a childless woman known to me. I thought at once of my aunt, Rukmini who did not have children. Efforts for the offspring went on until she reached forty years. There was not a single doctor who was not consulted, and God not prayed to. Her entire life is preoccupied with prayers and treatment. Everyone used to pity her. At last, my uncle adopted his

nephew after having confirmed her inability to beget children. Then, is it for begetting children that a woman is born and brought up ? Without children is woman useless? No woman known to me seems to be happy. I could be married by giving dowry, but some of my friends remained unmarried because of their inability to give dowry. They are struggling a lot to bear with when looked down because of their unmarried status. Unable to bear, Nirmala and Saroja committed suicide when the in-laws had demanded for more dowry. Kamala was murdered by her husband. My neighbour is facing torture for giving birth to two female-kids. All these days why was I blind at these things? How could I dream of an affectionate companionship of a house filled with love when the entire country is resounding with the wailing of women? With such dreams, how lakhs of innocents like me are sacrificing their blood for a non-existent love? Why is it happening like that? These questions are haunting me.

Thus days are passing by. One day my mother-in-law attacked me all of a sudden. She said that her son was losing peace, becoming lean, and crumbling down with sorrow. This is a big lie. He is as usual except that he is being reticent with me. His health is good. Work in the factory decreased. He did put on weight to some extent. In fact it is I who is getting lean and emaciated. It is not known why my mother-in-law started this attack on me. Gradually the neighbouring women too started to sympathise with my mother-in-law. I was alone. Suffering all alone. One day my mother-in-law told me unequivocally

that she would arrange another marriage for my husband. I trembled with fear. By sending me out of my house, another woman would be brought for begetting children for him. When I had asked my husband about this he said, "Mother desires to have grand-children, what can I do?"

But I understood from his attitude that it was he who instigated his mother. When I asked, "What will happen?", he said that he would get married again after giving me divorce. What had started casually turned out to be serious. I was threatened. I shivered when told about the methods they wanted to employ for giving me divorce if I refused voluntarily.

My parents were called in. When asked to take me along with them, they could not do any thing except bending down their heads helplessly. My in-laws told me that it is not my house, that I should go out of the house, that the house belonged to those who begot children for him, that the sacred words said at the marriage bear meaning only when his progeny has increased. This is a job bought by bribing fifty thousand rupees. Is this the real meaning of marriage for a woman? Is it not cheating? If it is a job they would demand rights, remuneration, and bonus; if it is a wedlock, with fidelity and motherhood, it would be otherwise. Without asking anything, they would be satisfied with what is given.

The more I understood this the more I was enraged. I felt like shouting at the top of my voice that it would be an injustice. The wonder of all is that why

is there no one to bother about my lonelines, to be with me, and to share my problem? Why is it that my travail is not understood by my fellow women too ? How many unionists had accompanied Madhusudan that day when his fingers were cut off? They gave him courage; got money from the management for medical treatment; they said, they were with him; asked, "Wouldn't you come if we were in trouble?"; said, "We are all one" that they would fight for the job to continue: pursued for the compensation; and instilled courage in me too. How nice ! How his sorrow and travail vanished just in a day. How many concessions had the hand that is involved in production got for the mutilation. What a cooperation that blossomed around that hand? What a history behind it. How many struggles and movements are there behind it?

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re he an Why then is this loneliness for my meeting with an unexpected accident when I was about to beget a child? Perhaps, it's he who was responsible for the accident. An important part had been cut off from my body. I've been blamed for being barren. All this happened in the process of begetting a child; in the process of begetting a child who in future would 've been useful to the society by operating machines, writing accounts

in a bank, building projects, rendering medical service. It happened in the process of producing off spring. Yet there have been no concessions for me, no compensation. I was dismissed from my job. There is none to console me, to encourage me. I am alone. Why? Why? Why? How was the conspiracy for my loneliness started? Why are all the women not united? Why are they divided into the mothers, the daughters, the mother-in-law, the daughters-in-law? Who was it that divided them? Why are they deceiving us in the name of motherhood and wedlock? Whom and what does this deception benefit? This is to be discovered. It is to be discovered as to why the women are separated like the mutilated hands instead of being a tightened fist ? Today I have resolved firmly that it's the aim of my life to meet those wronged women. The fulfillment of my life is not in the knot of my marriage; not in the service of my husband; not in the offspring that I couldn't beget. It is in joining hands with all my fellow-women in similar predicament.

(Translated from Telugu by K. Purushotham, University P.G. Centre, Nirmal (Adilabad District)

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### **POEMS**

### K.V. Raghupathi

With no secret whisperings of wind and dilly-dallyings of nimbus clouds rain-fed nature is now calm and serene. Sun in the dissipated clouds hobnobbing man's despair. The only hope for man is like this thin yellow transparent light on the portruding swollen hill that soon vanishes in the dusk.

Flames under the neem tree in the fading yellow light leaping and licking the empty space As men of sorrow tumbled in furrows to break their long unbroken tedium, as the just-born evening stars glistened in smiles it is the black-bellied drongo flitting

over the lamp-post.

that said to me in all jeers:

"Your life is brief - like an evening short walk."

#### III

Deep down in the bottom sea water is still and serene. While seagulls flash over the restless

waves and tides,

We are like the fish unaware of chean death on the land.

While the sea shudders in the strong

the moon remains poised and elegant in the dark sky.

What a contrast:

#### IV

Now the Eastern sky has no validity. nothing

in the fast waning dusk,

So is the Western sky in the fast rising dawn.

Between the two points of time all our sensual wishes

are like the slapping tides on a rock.

Clouded hills stand still like the moored ships

While the two black coucals make series of deep resonant music in an uneven duet

men in these bustling streets move like the scarred ants with no concern and love for one another.

# RELIGIOUS FRENZY

# M.G. Narasimha Murthy

As golden sunbeams stream from the sky,
Towering temples, steeples bright,
dazzling minarets in splendour rise.
Sacred precincts the pious throng,
Chant sonorous hymns,
Sing soulful songs,
Recite prayers, day after day,
And crave for peace and harmony,

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While scheming leaders
And their evil gangs
Have other aims and sinister plans:
Play treacherous politics
With devilish tricks,
Abuse tenets of true religion
And sow seeds of hate and suspicion,

Poison innocent minds
And destroy love and compassion.

Villains hired and criminals lured
Loot, burn, rape and kill.
Gruesome sights of broken heads,
Streams of blood and bodies dead
Fill the hearts with horror and dread.
While helpless victims shudder and scream,

Heartless fanatics sneer and grin.

The sinking sun glaring red, Hides behind burning clouds And darkness covers the gory scene.

## TWO SIDES

Dr. J. Bapu Reddy, IAS (Rtd.)

Birth is one side death is the other in the leaf of human life

Day is one side

night is the other
in the falling leaf of time.

Space is one side time is the other in the infinite leaf of creation

Dream is one side reality is the other for the human eye that can perceive

There is no leaf with only one side there is no river with only one bank there is indeed nothing alone everything is dual even God is not alone.

# SPIRITUAL PRACTICE

Dr. A. R. Rao

MIND - That's Noble and Magnanimous: Kind and HEART That's Compassionate:

FACE - That Smiles and Cheers;

TONGUE - That speaks Sweet and Pleasant:

HANDS - That Help and Serve; And above all:

EYES - That Behold -

GOD - The Omnipresent -

In Every Living Being -

Virtues -par excellence - Are all these -Cultivate them - Nurture them - Nourish them.

Be Humble and Simple; Speak Truth always; Hate none - Hurt none;

Love all - As they are, and not as you '

wish them to be:

Be Good - Do Good:

Serve all - Without Discrimination;

Share what'ver you have - With others who do not have.

Human Values - These are all. Imbibe them - Practice them - Live them

Live and let Live is good - but not enough

Live and Help Live is better;

Remember not the Harm done to you. Nor the help You rendered others: Seek Joy in Giving Rather than in Receiving: Remember! Hands that Serve are Holier than Hands that Worship;

Seek not for faults in Others -

A faultless man, Find You can never.

A few Valuable Ideals and Principles -These are:

Adhere to them - Follow them - In your daily life.

Spiritual Practice - This is - True and Real:

Basic Philosophy of Life and Living -This is;

Such a Life alone - Steers you through To achieve your Coveted goal in Life -"SPIRITUAL EVOLUTION"

### CONTRIBUTORS! PLEASE NOTE!

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I.V. Chalapati Rao

Editor HIG II B4/F10, Bagh Lingampally Hyderabad - 500 044.

# JONATHAN SWIFT AS A POET

G. Somaseshu

To most of the readers Jonathan Swift (1667-1745) is known as one of the greatest English Prose Satirists, notably as the author of "Gulliver's Travels" (1726). His pessimistic, down-to-earth attitude with his straight-forward simple style and skillful irony overshadowed his role as a poet, As a man of literary excellence, action and thought. Swift participated fully in the affairs of . the eighteenth century England. Hence it is not out of place to know about his ideas and attitudes in the realm of poetry. The Augustan age (1660-1745) well-known for classic restraint, use of reason and satire, was a favourable ground for growth of prose fiction rather than that of poetic imagination. Even in poems we find the urbane realistic and satirical attitude mixed with humour and irony. The contemporary themes, especially political, found a congenial vehicle of expression through the deft use of heroic rhymed couplet. So Swift, influenced by the poets like Pope and Gay, wrote in the same characteristic vein, of course, adding his own views and ironic approach.

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Swift's poems reflect the religious and politial state of affairs and his bold defence of the Irish struggle for liberty. Though he had close relations with ladies (Stella and Vanessa) he did not burst into lyrics of ecstasy like Romantics. Rather like his contemporaries, he satirically ridiculed the vanity and flippant nature of ladies who cared more for their outward appearance than for their innate qualities. Just like his prose

writings, Swift's poetry places, perfect rhyme, smooth cadence and humour. Though Dryden remarked (perhaps in a jocular way) "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet," one wishes he could have written a few more poems since satire in poetry becomes more pointed and impressive than in sprawling prose. As Ricardo Quintana said "No one has claimed for Swift the status of a major poet. He is, however, a first-rate minor one, one of the foremost, in an age distinguished beyond most others for the remarkable quality of its minor poetry". The octosyllabic couplet, previously used by Samuel Butler in "Hudibras" for mock-heroic purpose was skilfully manipulated by swift with a quick light movement for satirical thrusts and witty remarks.

"A DESCRIPTION OF THE MORNING" published in THE TATLER in 1709 brings before our eyes a realistic and faithful picture of the Augustan England without exaggeration - the deep cadenced voice of the coal-man mingled with shrill notes of chimney-sweep, and sweeping sounds of the youth interrupted by those of hackney coach. Under the surface of realism, satire shows the creeping corruption and dishonesy.

"The turnkey now his flock returning sees

Duly let out a night to steal for fees."
"Now Betty from her Master's bed had
flown

And softly stole to discompose her own."

'THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY' is "a brutal exposure of what lies concealed behind a false front". The poem written in Octosyllabic quatrains reveals Swit's sneering and antiromantic approach towards the artificial, gaudy manners of the 18th century aristocratic ladies who cared more for their skin-deep beauty than for wisdom and virtues. The poem, to some extent, resembles Pope's characteristic satire in his wellknown mock-epic "The Rape of the lock" (1714). Of course Swift dwells more on the ugly aspects beneath the veneer of painted beauty. Swift draws a close comparison between the moon and Celia, both of whom are unsteady and changing in their appearance. Celia's real face with "crackt lips, foul teeth and gummy eves" with dyed hair "a mingled mass of dirt and sweat" appears quite repelling and unromantic. Like Belinda of Pope's mock-epic, after four hours of decoration, Celia "with the help of pencil, paint and brush' becomes 'the wonder of her sex". The white lead gifted by Venus to female sex repairs "Two brightest, brittlest earthly things/A lady's face and China ware". The poet admonishes that artificial beauty like starry Venus is only at night when bright light does not expose their painted faces too much. But artificial beauty like the waning moon falls bit by bit. In the long run artificial embellishments cannot be a substitute for real, natural beauty. Hence the poet implores the powers of love to send new nymphs if they wish since 'mortal beauties drop so soon".

In "Helter-skelter" written in octosyllabic couplets in trochaic metre, Swift draws an amusing picture of the

dissolute young judges who travel from village to village to settle disputes. Dressed in borrowed immaculate clothes, with powdered wigs and hats, they fleece the innocent folk enjoying everything freely and indulging in riotous pleasures.

"Through Town and through village All to plunder, all to pillage".
'Some to cuckold Farmers spouses And make merry in their houses Some to tumble country wenches On their rushy beds and benches".

the poem 'The Judgement" composed in 1731, Swift directs his satirical weapon against the sham religious authorities who encourage actions and mislead the common people. On the judgement day, Jove appears "armed with terrors". "The world stands trembling at his throne". The Almighty Lord sneeringly says that the common people went out of the right path due to frailty but did not fall through pride. So he left who are not worth his punishment. He directs his anger against those blockheads who fomented trouble and factions. "I damn such fools - go, go you're bit".

"Death and Daphne' written in 1730 exposes in a mockheroic way the flirting nature of the ladies by a visionary projection of the matrimonial link between Death and Daphne. The descriptive and narrative powers of the poet enhance the ironical twist and tone of the poem. Pluto, king of the underworld, dissatisied with the achievements of Death, advises him to marry and multiply his race. The decoration of death sounds mock-heroic

suggesting the heroic arming of Achilles before going to the battle.

The lines

"The owl, the Raven and the Bat

clubber for a feather to his hat"

remind use of the lines describing the beautification of Belinda in Pope's "The Rape of the lock'.

"The tortoise, hare and elephant unite

Transformed to Combs, the speckled and white".

Daphne's enquiries about the underworld sports and love affairs remind one of the fashionable pleasure-seeking ladies of the Augustan England. As Swift exclaims

"What pride a female heart enflames

How endless are Ambition's aims?.

The conclusion is emphatically satirical, almost a crushing blow at the vanities of the ladies. Even Death fled away by the leaden cold touch of Daphne!

Epistle to a Lady" was finished by Swift in 1733. The author used dialogue form to express his views on functions of satire, which is better suited than heroic style to deal with common themes of the society. In his reply to a lady, who entreated the poet to speak of her virtues in heroic style, Swift says that the behaviour of ladies - who spend most of their time in gambling and pleasure - seeking activities - is ill - suited for treatment in sublime heroic style. The lady ascribes her idle way of life to her upbringing and at this stage is helpless

to mend her ways even if the pret attempts to teach her how to be wise. She asks the poet to have pity on her and praise her in sublime style instead of ridiculing her in witty rhyme. She speaks of her polished manners, courteous and kind behaviour, though her preoccupation with cards is only an excuse to idle away time just as men pass their time by drinking. The poet answers that this natural way of thinking is satirical to laugh at the vices of the court

"All their madness makes me merry Like the watermen of Thames I row by and call them names Like the ever-laughing sage In a jest I spend my rage".

As Horace said, ridicule has greater power to reform the world than bitter abuse. Satire gives scope for imagination and brings in reason and invention to make the society realise its follies. His method is like the movement of a rocket which soars harmless and breaks into sparkles over the heads of people just not enough to singe (burn) their hair and make them active. Thus the author concludes with the advice.

"Learn to relish truth and reason',

"I to laugh and you grow wise".

This epistle is one of the finest epistles expressing the views of Swift about satire and its reforming power. The style is clear, compact and conversational.

"On the death of Dr. Swift" is one of the most remarkable poems comprising self-characterization as well as self-mockery. It portrays ironically

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The roic the views of the so-called friends after the death of Swift. The poet begins on a satirical note, revealing the self-centred, jealous nature of friends.

"In all distresses of our friends We first consult our private ends".

A poet would wish "his rivals all in hell". The poet says that all his friends turned his rivals due to envy and self-interest. His gift for irony and writing good prose made others look at him with jealousy. The poet visualises what would happen beore his death. Friends talk about his failing faculties, sinking health and fussy nature of his outdated jokes.

"For poetry he's past his prime He takes an hour to find a rime". "His fire is out, his wit decayed His fancy sunk, his muse a jade".

In this exaggerating vein, they predict his death much earlier instead of wishing him a speedy recovery. So Swift hits the nail in one line "No enemy can match a friend". The poet suggests that men find secret pleasures in others sufferings. Afterh the poet's death, people inquire to whom he bequeathed his property. When they came to know that he gave away all his wealth to public, they would complain whether he had no worthy friend or relation in the whole world and what the public had done for him.

The newspapers would be full of elegies and curses, written by poets of rival groups. The doctors, to save their reputation, accuse the dead poet of not following their advice which would have given him a lease of life for twenty years

more. The poet ironically refers to the pleasure felt by Mrs. Howard, countess of Suffolk, and the queen who forgot their promises given to Swift.

"He's dead you say: Why let him rot I'm glad the medals were forgot'.

After hearing the death of Swift, Walpole would say that he would be happier if Boling broke or William pultney (Who opposed Walpole's measure) were dead instead of this wretch. Mr. Curl, the most infamous publisher of spurious books and forged letters, would bring out three volumes of Swift revised by the notorious writers such as Tibald, Jemmy Moore and Cibber, all ridiculed by Pope in his "Dunciad". Friends would regret over the poet's death for a few days.

Card-playing women would say

"His time was come, he ran his race we hope he's in a better place."

After one year, the poet will be no more remembered and his books will become outdated. On enquiry from anybody, Bernard Lintat, a book seller in London, would say

"His way of writing now is past The tow hath got a better taste."

The book-seller would give a list of modern writers such as Colley cibber, Stephen Duck and clergymen like Henley and Wolston who opposed the established church.

Lastly the poet gives the portrait of his real character through another friend. The poet was given due respect at the court. He wrote to reform the society.

His satirical writings were fruits of his own mind, but not borrowed from any other person.

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er ct 1e "His vein, ironically grave Exposed the fool and lashed the Knave." "To steal a hind was never known But what he writ was all his own.

He never aspired to move with men of high cadre. He did not behave with pride or arrogance. He sought the company of the wise and the good. He behaved with decorum before royal authorities., and followed David's advice "In princes never put thy trust." He championed the cause of liberty and criticised the Irish Senate. The letters written anonymously (The Drapier's letters) made even the royal power set a price (600 pounds) for discovering the real author. But none betrayed him. He was not after power and pelf. He wrote letters exhorting the Irish to wear clothes made in Ireland only, Whitshed, Chief Justice tried his best to heap vengeance but swift came out unscathed, due to God's grace and support extended by his friends. Swift spent his last years in Ireland far from the company of spiritual and temporal lords.

Lastly Swift expresses his views about the use and aim of satire in his writings. Though "he lashed the vice, but spared the name." "malice never was his aim."

He led a peaceful life and behaved with Charity towards the poor.

'He gave the little wealth he had To build a house for fools and mad."

In 1742, Swift who suffered from recurrent attacks of mental depression was declared to be mentally unsound. He passed away on October 19, 1745.

Thus the poem seems to be a poetic autobiography in a nutshell, portraying his ownself and the responses of his friends and enemies. This poem also shows Swift's mastery of the octosyllabic with perfect rhyme. conversational ease and lucid style. After reading these poems we feel Swift was not only a master of satirical prose but also of satirical verse too, with characteristic Augustan features of realism, restraint, clarity and reason. We do also have a direct glimpse into his heart and know about the tender sentiments hidden behind the hard exterior of the satirist.

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### A POEM

Dr. C. Narayana Reddy

Meet a drop of water to see the depth of the sky
Meet a piece of stone to know the quality of the jewel
Does not an Atom reveal what cosmos is
Meet a mass of ice too see a silent sculpture
Meet a lump of earth to know the root of the Man.

Which runs after you like a Shadow. Is a true repute
Which humbles the embrace of Death, Is an everlasting repute
Do not care for the acclaim which, Drums and money get for you
Clean repute is that which blossoms, Out of deep mud
Pure repute is that which emerges, Out of fire

How can the candle emit light, unless it melts

How does a stone give birth to a sculpture unless it is chiselled,
Result comes out of a radical change alone

How does a cloud form, unless the water evaporates

How does a dance appeal, unless the foot strains.

Hope is a rain drop on the surface of desert blowing hot winds Hope is a blade of grass over the tomb with hovering death World gets suffocated if hope does not exist Hope is the pole star to the eye of the sky with light lose Hope is a wing to the body grieving with sides broken.

He, who knows the mind, is an enlightened one He, who knows himself, is a Philosopher Where are the limits for perfect knowledge He, who disclaims knowledge whatsoever, is a sage He, who claims complete knowledge, is a trifler.

(Translated from Telugu by : G. Ramakrishna Rao)

Poetry

### SILENCED STRAINS

### Annapurna Poduri

Feet pace past faces.

The Calvin Kleins ignore sidewalk spit and the

Warning fires in "DON'T WALK" signs blinking on midnight-blue dusk Wind-flapped azure coat Matches the setting sky.

Winter-breath whistles out a Bach prelude cloud that Disappears Into the stack smoke behind unused fire escape ladders.

Kidless fingers chafe-anticipation, Not only for him,

But for the Mozart#39 that sings in her sixteenth-floor apartment. She passes the lamp post supported by his nonchalant leaning The post blue to match draping coat, Black to match a lazy smile.

She refuses to notice, to embrace it. Feet beat time to a Beethoven and the warm pulse under a

soft, tasseled scarf as blue as -He wears her blue but swatched with of another colour

An innocent white that cries Irony.

She has forgotten the flute at Juliard He has remembered his cached instrument.

Guided by my white, penetrating stare, By his own,

Callous laughter escapes his blue pocket.

She raises her chin and soft curls
to trace a distant V of honking
geese flight, and
Shots of laughter silence the pulse,
Obliterate her music.

I watch but cannot watch, Look but cannot see, as I Taste a kiss that is bitter In a silent world.

### POET'S TRUTH

Prof. R.K. Singh

The darkening clouds and shapes of jungle animals won't disappear with rains but stay in my eyes with icy night waving tails in dreams or blazing time.

The whimpering sun with diamond tides won't burn the sea nor obscure miracles round evening when tired

of sand trapped between the toes I prick the vacuum in soul.

I can see through strange tales winds spin across chessboard whether playing or watching myths of victory weigh heavy it's better I keep quiet lest the earth mourn poet's truth

# THE INFLUENCE OF THE WESTERN MOVEMENTS ON TAMIL FICTION

Dr. V. Ayothi

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Towards the end of the nineteenth century, the novel form became quite popular in India as a result of English education. First, some Indians started writing novels in English imitating the English writers. Some others, while rejecting the English language for literary expression adopted the literary types and techniques studied through English and wrote in their own tongues, initiating a renaissance in Indian Languages. Foremost among such writers was Bankim Chandra Chatterji (1833 - 1894).

Mayuram Vedanayakam Pillai published the first Tamil Novel Prathaba Mudaliar Sarithiram in 1879, Following him Rajam Iver published his novel Kamalambal Sarithiram in 1896 and Madavayya brought out his novel Padmavathi Sarithiram in 1898. These novels are mostly imitations of the works of English writers like Walter Scott, Charles Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot and Henry Fielding. The western influence which began thus in the later part of the 19th century continued. Tamil writers came under the influence of writers like Bernard Shaw, G.K. Chesterton, Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling and George Meredit's after the First World War and under the influence of American novelists like John Steinbeck, Hemingway, Sinclair Lewis and Upton Sinclair during the post-Second War period. Tamil novels of the last two decades have recorded the influence of writers like D.H. Lawrence. .

James Joyce, Kafka, Sartre and Camus, psycho-analysts like Freud and Yung and great radical thinkers like Karl Marx and Lenin.

After the introduction of Comparative Literature as an academic discipline in the universities, Influence Study has attracted the attention of researchers and a good progress has been made in this direction. Systematic and serious attempts have already been made to investigate the influence of foreign writers on some Tamil novelists including Kalki, Sandilyan and Jeyakandan.

In this article an attempt is made to trace to some extent, the influence of some major literary movements of the West on Tamil fiction. An elaborate influence study analysing the influence of each of the movements could be attempted in a book form. However, this paper would initiate interest in comparatists who are interested in this area of Comparative Literature

Freudism: The Philosophy of Sigmund Freud includes a detailed analysis of several aspects of human nature including man-woman relationship and the vitality of the sex instinct. D.H. Lawrence is considered as a pioneer of the psysco-analytical fiction in England. His Sons and Lovers may be considered as the first psycho-analytical novel in English because it is in it that for the first time a novelist has particularly examined a

# THE INFLUENCE OF THE WESTERN MOVEMENTS ON TAMIL FICTION 47

psychological theory - the 'Oedipus Complex' or mother-fixation theory of Freud.

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Tamil novelists like Jeyakanthan. Janakiraman, and Parthasarathy have based many of their novels on Freudism either through direct influence of Freudian philosophy or through novels of D.H. Lawrence. Sex looms large in these novels in all its biological, psychological metaphysical relations. Jeyakandan is most modern in his treatment of sex in his novels like Cila Nerankalil Cila Manitharkal, Oru Natikai Natakam Parkiral, Rishimulam and Oru Veedu oru Manithan oru Ulakam. The heroine of the first novel, Ganga, leads a detached, lonely and abnormal life characterised by conflicts and soulstorms of sex. The Hero of the second novel, Ranga, considers sex as a temporary relief. He is of the opinion that there can not be any intellectual involvement between a husband and a wife. Love and sex have much to do with emotions than with intellect and therefore he says, "I need a married life only for an emotional relaxation." The Heroine of the same novel, Kalyani expresses almost a similar attitude and thinks that the subject of love is fit only to be a theme in a story and not in real life. She is not ashamed of her promiscuous behaviour because she willingly chooses that sort of life. The frank and free treatment of love and sex in these novels reminds one of D.H. Lawrence's The Rainbow and Lady Chatterley's Lover. Ganga and Ranga and their creator Jeyakandan seem to endorse the statement made by

Lawrence in one of his letters to his friend Earnest Collins; "My great religion is a belief in the blood, the fiesh as being wise than the intellect ...... All I want is to answer to my blood, direct without fribbling intervention of mind or moral or what not."

Rishimulam and Indra Parthasarathy's Manakuhai and Veshangal are based on Freud's theory of 'oedipus complex'. The sons in Rishimulam and Veshangal and the father in Manakuhai are full of abnormal sentiments. The sons love their mothers almost like lovers. The father is unable to move out without the company of his 25-year-old daughter. He feels that he can live a life without his aged wife but not without his daughter.

T. Janakiraman's true-to-life' treatment of the theme of man-woman relationship in his novels is highly commendable. The women in his Amma Vanthal, Uyirthen and Marappasu want to enjoy full liberty (legally or illegally) in their sex life. Their do-asyou please way of behaviour offends the puritan-minded people. Gertrude's marriage with Walter Morel in Sons and Lovers and Alangarathammal's mariage with Dandapani in Amma Vandal are good examples of mismatched marriages. Both the women ae disatisfied with their husbands. Unable to find fulfillment in an uneducated, unsophisticated drunkard-husband, Mrs. Morel starts 'loving' her son Paul Morel. Being dissatisfied with her pious, wellbehaved, well-informed but sexually less potent husband, Alangarathammal starts loving another man Sivasu.

Stream of Consciousness: In the beginning of the 20th century, Western novelists came under the influence of psychologists and as years advanced, the psychological tendency became more pronounced in English fiction. A new technique was developed in the psychological fiction which cultivated in all its complexity by writers Dorathy James, William like Richardson, James Joice and Virginia Woolf. In this new technique of stream of consciousness', extreme emphasis is laid on subjectivism.

La. Sa. Ramamirtham, Neela Padmanaban, and Puthumai Pitthan have introduced this technique in Tamil novels. As in their western models, in their novels also, transitions are sudden; past in mixed up with the present and retrospect intrudes upon prospect. Characters themselves reveal their inner thoughts, moods and feelings, however inconsequent and fragmentary and fleeting these might be.

Ambi, the hero of La. Sa. Ra's Abitha (1970), after several years of his marriage comes to his native village where he lived before his marriage. His wife also accompanies him. During the train journey, he starts' reliving' in the past. He is haunted by the violent feelings roused by the surroundings of the village which were once the scenes of his love making, bringing back to his mind several lively images of his head lady-love. His emotional involvement in the past is intensifed further by the present rift between his wife and himself. The fictional reunion with his former lady-love almost becomes a present reality and he finally leaves the village with the satisfaction of having 're-lived' with her.

Neela Padmanaban's Uravuhal begins with a letter received by the hero informing him of his father's serious illness. This information throws him back into his past life and enables him to 'relive' his boyhood days reflecting upon his relationship with his father grand father, grand mother and several others. He helps his ailing father for a period of ten days. During this period his physical journey between the home and the hospital signifies the journey of his mind from the present to the past and vice versa. We feel that to understand the reaction of a character to any present situation, we must be told of entire truth about all that happened to him. We also understand that the past always exists in the present colouring and determining the nature of the present response.

These Tamil novels have successfully developed a kind of narrative texture that moves backward and forward with a new freedom to try to capture the sense of time as it actually operates in the human awareness of it. They emphasize the individual human being, the individual sensibility and the individual reaction.

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Naturalism: Naturalism emerged in the Western fiction of the last decades of the nineteenth century as a literary technique reflecting a deterministic view of human nature and attempting a non-idealistic, detailed quasi-scientific observation of events. It is a technique of rendering an artistic subject so as to reproduce its natural appearance in detail. The works of Emile Zola and Theodre Dreiser embodied the principle of Naturalism. The Naturalists show how the external forces control and guide the destiny of mankind. According to

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#### LIFE

#### Dr. M. Siva Prasad

That something is there somewhere deluding, wandering in the night, at the end even to know what is where in the search itself
Life is coming to an end!!
Starting the journey in the evening proceeding till midnight by the sunrise-time, at the end arriving at the starting place itself is life!!!
If the sun rises in the midnight, it is revolution

if the sun sets in the morning, it is destruction if the full moon blooms in the evening, it is culture if the sun and the moon bloom simultaneously beyond time it is self-manifestation!!

Even hundred years of human life is a blink in eternal time-ocean!

In the direction of flow humanity with no beginning and no end for the Lord's life itself is one permanent great experience

(Translated from Telugu by Dr. Usha K. Srinivas)

#### (Continued from prepage)

them every character is to be studied with relation to its heredity and environment.

Dr. mu. Varatharajan introduced naturalism into Tamil fiction. His novels Akal Vilakku, Karithundu, Alli, Malarvizhi, Vada Malar and Mankudisai show how the principal characters become victims of the social milieu and how they are finally led astray. These characters do not anticipate or attempt at amelioration of the existing social conditions. They either bear with them or alienate themselves from the society. The novels of Akilan and Na. Parthasarathy also contain several aspects of Naturalism.

Existentialism: The existential philosophy influened at least two major Tamil novelists, Ka. Na. Subramanian and Indra parthasarthy. Ka. Na. Subramanian's Paci can be taken here as an example. The hero of the novel

Saminathan after completing his higher education in Kumbakonam College comes to his village Sathanoor. He decides to marry his classmate Raji, a widow. But she refuses to accept the offer of marriage and requests him to marry. In the meantime Saminathan comes to know that he has failed in his examination. Now he chooses to become a writer and gets married to Kamala. Saminathan comes before us as a typical representative of existentialism. To him the past is already dead; the future is a mere fantasy; only the present is realistic. He decides to marry Raji but the next moment he changes his decision. He enjoys enormous freedom in choosing.

The impact of other movements like Symbolism, Surrealism, Marxism and Humanism could also be traced in the same manner. An extension of this influence study to other genres of Tamil Literature would also be more revealing and rewarding.

## ROLE OF JAPANESE WOMEN IN A COMPETITIVE WORLD

B.N. Murthy

Japan, an ancient land of islands with an ancient, highly refined culture, is conversely a dynamically modern, innovative and future oriented society. From ancient times, the land and the people of Japan have met in the morning sun to create a rich and varied culture with their vibrant life styles and fascinating history.

Japan today is a society composed of traditions and customs that is both hundreds of years old and as new as the Microchips in a personal computer.

Japan's long history of independent development off the coast of East Asia fostered a culture that constitutes one of the greatest civilizations of the world. Early, though limited, contact with Korea and China gave significant stimulus to the existing indigenous culture and was soon assimilated, adopted and refined into something uniquely Japanese.

Many customs that are singular to Japan arose to enhance the smooth workings of society, where harmony and cooperation are preferered to confrontation and self-assertion. Great effort is extended to achieve as much of a consensus as possible, again to reach the goal of harmony and cooperation.

Japan today is regarded the world over as a unique and great country. In one word, it is an economic miracle. But, surely, it has not become so overnight. Japan's miraculous economic growth is due to very effective national planning,

intense but healthy competition in all spheres, national cohesion and rightful pride, teamwork, positive attitude of the people, solidarity for set national goals and above all, that irrepressible urge of the Japanese to achieve perfection in their work.

All this prelude brings us face to face to an amazing fact that successive generations of Japanese have been born and prepared to a life style which is uniform throughout the country and consistent with the traditions, cultural heritage and national history of Japan.

Applying the famous saying, "Behind every successful man there is a woman", in the case of japan, behind the phenomenal success of Japan as a country, there are the Japanese women, who have made this possible through the birth of succesive generations of this unique race known to the mankind in reent history of our times.

Historical Perspective - The Past: The position of women in Japanese society is one of the major differences between it and many other developed countries. One important characteristic of early Japan was a definitely matriarchial substratum in society. The Mythical ancestor of the imperial line was a sun goddess. Chinese texts tell us that feminine leadership was common in the third century and there were ruling empresses as late as the eighth. Women had great freedom in Heian courtlife and dominated much of its

literature. Even in early feudal days women could inherit property and have a role in the feudal system.

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Subsequently however Confucian philosophy and the long feudal experience combined to restrict the freedom of women and force them into complete subordination to men. Women. in the age of swordsmanship were obviously less capable of fighting than men, were gradually pushed out of the feudal structure and into a peripheral and supplementary role to men. Confucianism, which was the product of a patriarchal and strongly male dominated society in china, saw women as important for bearing children and perpetuating the family more than as helpmates or objects of love. Confucianism tended to be puritanical. Most of the features of this social system of late feudal days still persist even in a . fast changing Japan.

Before world war II most of the Japanese lived in an extended family of three or more generations. Family relationships were governed by a rigid hierarchical system, and parental authority was strong. Fathers commanded respect and obedience from their children and in turn offered the same to their own parents. Married women were expected to faithfully obey their husbands and parents-in-law. The process of democratization after the war, However, transformed every aspect of Japanese family life. Rapid economic growth has had a large impact on family life too. One of the most conspicuous changes has been the increasing number of people who live in nuclear families of parents and children only, a trend which

has been strengthened by urbanization and technological developments.

The present: The status of women in Japanese society improved enormously after world war II. Article 14 of the constitution, which was promulgated in 1946, states "All of the people are equal under the law and there shall be no discrimination in political, economic or social relations because of race, creed, sex, social, status or family origin." Especially important was the revision of the civil code in 1947, which gave women equal legal status with men in all phases of life, thereby abolishing the old patriarchial character of the family. Thus, the civil code and laws pertaining to elections, education and labour were subsequently revised in accordance with the principle of sexual equality.

By and large, Japanese women today have achieved legal equality with men. This does not mean however that discrimination against women no longer exists in a poll conducted by the prime minister's office, more than half of the respondents felt that women had not achieved equality in the workplace or in the realm of social attitudes. Many laws also have been enacted to give equal status to women legally reducing the scope for misuse.

Be it as it may, the role of present day women in Japan is someting unique. It is impossible to visualise a Japanese home without the all pervading presence of the lady of the house. The women in Japan assume different roles at different stages of their lives but the central role remains the same. She is the mother, who takes care of the house and upbringing of the children. How well the women of Japan have performed their roles is for the whole world to see. They have brought up a nation of people who have no parallel in recent world history. It may be difficult to admit and digest the truth for the world but the fact remains that the women of Japan have brought up successive generations of children who have not only made a nation proud and great but prepared it throughly for the changing times in competitive world.

Supreme Sacrifice: The women in Japan are in a very peculiar position. They will complete the high school or the university study and have few years for a job till they marry. Once, they are married, they have to perform the role mother with devotion. of determination, dedication and above all a spirit of competition to bring the best out of their children. After their role as the mother in the formative years and upto theschool/university stage, the women will have a chance to return to employment again. But with the existing job situation in the industry in Japan, the women will not have the necessary exposure, experience and opportunity to compete with men on equal footing because of the gap in the years of Naturally, employment. opportunities or growth in the organization will be limited for them at that age.

Thus the women in Japan are making an unparalelled sacrifice of their careers, Youth, fun and frolic for the sake of their children and the nation as a whole. Japan as a nation should be

grateful for this sacriice and introduce measures immediately affording an opportunity to the women to enjoy the best of both the worlds.

The 1947 labour standards law marked an important step forward by introducing the principle of equal pay for equal work. Nevertheless, many companies have continued to implement separate hiring policies for men and women, with different systems for promotion and salary increases. In reality, women have yet to attain true equality, government must take immediate steps to set right such anomalies to enable the women to get their legitimate status in the society. The government is also doing its utmost to improve work opportunities for women by encouraging companies to introduce childcare leave and other systems that enable women to return to work.

Bright future: The status and role of women in Japan have changed greatly for the better during the past century, especially since world war II and it will obviously continue to change. The provisions of the 1947 constitution which is quite explicit about the equality of the sexes, Tip thescales quite definitively toward increased quality and greater prestige for them.

"There shall be no discrimination in political economic or social relations because of sex. Marriage shall be maintained through mutual cooperation with the equal rights of husband and wife as a basis. With regard to choice of spouse, peoperty rights, inheritance, choice of domicile, divorce and other matters pertaining to marriage and the

## ROLE OF JAPANESE WOMEN IN A COMPETITIVE WORLD

family, laws shall be enacted from the standpoint of individual dignity and the essential equality of the sexes."

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Government should enact suitable legislation to extent suitable leave in employment, pay rise and pay protection and opportunities on par to compete with men. The Japanese women have shown to the world at large what they are capable of and it is for the government of Japan to realise their potential fully and afford all opportunities to put them on equal footing with men in this competitive world. The Japanese government has implemented various measures to improve the situation of working women.

The laws now give women full legal equality. These factors, combined with the postwar legal gains and sweeping social changes, have given women much wider opportunities, which expanding steadily. The Japanese women must realise that they dominate the home and tend to be psychologically stronger than men. This attitude must play an important part in determining their role in a competitive world. They must know their strengths and consolidate their gains in that direction. They must realise their role as mothers and home-makers who dominate domestic life and supervise the raising of the next generation.

Whatsoever the foreign views may be, the Japanese women do not see themselves as bland products of social conditioning. They regard their inner discipline as a valuable asset that enables them to overcome any emotional. Irrational or anti-social impulses within them. as one expert has put it, "social conformity to the Japanese women is no sign of weakness but rather the proud. Tempered product of their inner strength.

The Japanese women are not in fact dull automations, For all their devotion to their children and their nation. The proof is in the miracle they have wrought in the 20th century and especially since world war II, vastly elevating their country's position in the world and improving their own lives. for Japan, the system works perfectly with the devotion, dedication, determination and above all highly satisfied sense of sacrifice of the Japanese women who are ready to play a more significant role in the competitive world of today and tomorrow. We can very aptly conclude that "In the land of the rising sun, there is always a sun and sun is a woman'.



Poetry

## THE BLACK SUN

#### Dr. Indira Krishnamurti

How sweet of you You've thought of me How nice of you To have thought of me!

I'm like an orphan Craving for the love of one Roaming in the human jungles And ringing the leper's bells.

How sweet of you
You've thought of me
How kind of you
To have thought of me!

These guys are blind and deaf-mute And don't bother about my wounds Wet with red blood bleeding Which in their viens is flowing!

My teeth sparkle white
The pink heart pulsates bright
In silence the sufferings they take
As my skin is very, very Black!

How sweet of you
You've thought of me
How nice of you
To have thought of me!

(An open letter to Ian Botha, former President of South Africa, when Nelson Mandela was in jail)

#### BLACK CHRIST

It is not desirable If Christ comes back As a Black man.

There are Churches Where he cannot go to pray However sanctified. Negroes will be denied admission there. Race and sect matter there, Not religion.

I can say this firmly, Christ! You will certainly be crucified again.

Reproduced from : Laughston Hughs, 'BLACK CHRIST'

## WOMEN IN MODERN TELUGU LITERATURE

#### Vemaraju Narasimha Rao

There has been a discernible, yet gradual change in the characterisation of women in the modern Telugu Novels and Stories, more so during the past 50 years. The modern Telugu Novel is about 100 years old starting with Kandukuri Veeresalingam's RAJASEKHARA CHARITHRA. The women in the earlier novels were generally docile and concerned about their modesty than anything else, in the traditional mould of the Indian woman. They very rarely revolted and even if they occasionally, they were later filled with remorse rather than pride at having broken the tradition.

Till 1947 broadly, women's education generally stopped with learning the three R's. The average parents ensured that their daughters knew enough to write an occasional letter to the husbands and maintain accounts of housekeeping. The very few women who went upto the college generally made their mark in some field or the other, including politics. The average education of a girl stopped with her school education and marriage.

This changed radically in the post-Independence era. Parents were particular of educating their daughters upto the degree level and there was alround rise in the level of literacy in both men and women. With increased literacy, there was increased thirst for general reading from the women in general. After sending the children to

the schools and the husband to the work, the modern woman finds a lot of spare time on her hands, which was being spent in gossiping earlier. This class of readership turn to the various magazines and journals to quench their thirst and consequently there has been a spurt in the number of periodicals that cater to them, with short stories, serialised novels, stuffed with sentiment, love and romance, which easily appeal to them. A whole new generation of women writers sprang up pouring out hundreds of pages of fiction and at a certain stage, have far out-numbered the men in this line. Popular names like Sulochana Rani, Latha. Dwivedula Visalakshi. Chittareddi Suryakumari, Sita Devi and a host of other names come to the mind.

We shall take a broad look at the way the women characters are shaped in the sea of literature, though no study on such a broad and wide canvas can claim even remotely near to be complete.

Marriage continues to be an obsession with the women. The institution of marriage in any given society is an yardstick to measure the level of civilisation of that community. The Indian woman continues to look to the marriage as an end-all and be-all of life. The intecaste and inter-religious marriages which were previously frowned upon being the order of the day, there has been a sea change in the attitude of the community towards such marriages.

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Due to the social inhibitions in the previous generations courting and lovemaking were confined mainly to cousins and those in the neighbourhood. With the women competing with men in all walks of life, the scope for lovemaking and courting has become very wide. There are any number of situations open to today's youth, besides colleges, workplaces, trains and other modes of travel when they meet and indulge in this pastime.

Instead of the arranged marriages, the young men and women now fall in love and marry. Even after they are married, they stick to their old ideas and habits and start nagging their partners. They do not make any effort to save the marriage of their choice by making the necessary adjustments or compromise.

The heroine pines endlessly on her not being properly married off as if it is her life's ambition. She sheds copious tears when she is jilted and often commits suicide or gets mad. In real life, we very rarely come across a woman who do that if the marriage of her does not materialise.

In all these situations the average woman is conscious that she has to get married and once she is married, the novel comes to a close. The writers therefore ensure that the pair does not get married that easily. Any number of twists and turns, misunderstandings and villainous treachery come in between to delay the final event. Perhaps, this is as it should be, for they get paid by the number of pages of their output.

One finds an urge in these women to keep up their individuality and identity. Where earlier they shied away from even the touch of a man and did not look into his eyes directly, for reasons of modesty, now, thanks to the Western civilisation, they no more overly bother about mixing and rubbing shoulders with men during the of work or othewise.

These heroines worry themselves endlessly that they are not properly understood by others properly. Men's cruelty, tears and handkerchiefs accost us at every stage.

The typical heroine in yester years was somewhat on these lines. She has to take care of her ailing father, who took great pains to bring her up and the younger children are still growing. She helps her mother who always worries about getting her married, in her chores, prepares the younger children and sends them to school, gets sandwiched between the vultures in the office where she works and the misunderstandings of the man she loves, and returns home dead tired bringing medicines with her and a nagging headache. She has only tears in her eyes when her brothers or sisters accuse her of any misdemeanour or not caring for them.

However in the end, she generously excuses every one and poses with a smile by the side of her lover forgetting all the mischief done and the ugly scenes created by him. When he askes her with a straight face, "Won't you forgive me, Susi?" she melts and replies shyly, "What is there to excuse" If I were a woman, I would not allow such scoundsels even in the last the lat page of my novel.

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Contrast this to Sita of Ramayana. After Rama banishes her to the forests, knowing that she is innocent and pure, she refuses to go back to her husband when they meet again. She cannot bear the insult and would rather go back to Mother Earth than to her husband.

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The harm that a woman is capable of inflicting on the psyche of another woman far exceeds that a man is capable of. It is in Sarat Babu's "Palleeyulu" that the mother admonishes her daughter - "You have cast undue aspersions on another woman. Even God will not forgive you!" We rarely come across such sentiments in the modern heroines.

As regards sex and lovemaking, our heroines generally are not aggressive in lovemaking - in the typical traditional mould of the Indian woman, who is passive, submissive and reacts only to the overtures of man, who holds the key. She is merely a doll in his hands. We have at this juncture to ignore the soft and hard porn, where the characters live every moment of their lives for sex only and do not have any scruples or inhibitions. Except in novels of Chalam and a few others, they rarely take initiative in matters of sex.

One character that comes to mind at this stage. A unique and appealing one at that. It is Geetha in Chandidas's "HIMA JWALA" While eandeavouring to preserve her individuality and sticking to her values, she depicts very sensitively her natural sexual urges and the frustration at having to put up with a man who is unable to measure up to her psychologically and incapable of

meeting the demands of her body, her efforts to get along with a chauvinist man. The myriad moods are portrayed very sensitively, aesthetically and convincingly by her. She comes out in flesh and blood.

Very few characters are lasting - like Madhuravani in KANYASULKAM or the mother-in-law of Bhanumathi's stories, "ATTAGARI KATHALU". We do not remember all the colourfully dressed people that pass on the road and very few of them make their impression on us. Geetha is one such rare character.

Even declaring in the title "Sashesam Jeevitam," Chandidas gets
her brutally murdered by her psychotic
husband. She does not deserve that
violent death. She outgrows the author's
scheme of things like Shakespeare's
Falstaff and she refuses to die. She gains
our sympathy even in her death, at which
one is very unhappy with 'the author's
handling of the story. She 'stands out for
her realistic portrayal.

Vimala of Rangar ayakamma - as opined by Palagummi, Padmaraju is a combination of all that is desirable in a woman, the glitter and glamour, the colour, smell and the taste, the dynamism and softness all rolled into one. She is able to manage to have her way, only because Buchibabu happens to be her husband. If it were any other of the average Telugu husbands she would have been greatly disappointed. Like a shrewd mother-in-law nagging her daughter-in-law behind the cover of an inbecile son, Ranganayakamma handles her heroines from behind the screen they

do not come out in flesh and blood. Only she is seen in them and only she is heard thorough them.

Yet another character that comes to mind is a more recent one in Vennelakanti Vasanthasena's novel. The story starts with the heroine recollecting her story on the operation table about to be aborted. She has the verve, the dynamism and the honesty and basic respect for human values. Above all she respects herself. She graduates from the school of life by trial and error and she becomes the darling of the readers for frank and uninhibited assessment of herself and others. The woman in modern Telugu novel has indeed travelled far in the path of her liberation.

There has been a trend in recent times, more so till'a decade back, to produce novels with a view to getting them filmed. The writers consciously treated the story with an eye on the film, what with several novels successfully getting on celluloid. In action films, such as the Westerners, the woman is only a sidekick to the hero who does all the fighting and stunts. She merely oozes comph and glamour and has no role to play or act seriously. In the socials, they ensure that the baser urges are well catered to - the rapes, the cruetly to women and children, and tear jerking situations with an eye on the women audiences. A rape or an attempted one is a common feature. In one case, the heroine quarrels with her husband and leaves in a huff without even informing him. She travels in the second class coach of an express train and as the writer would have it, there is no one else except a huge bully out to

rape her. She fortunately faints and passes out. When she opens her eyes again, the hero is seen smashing the villain. He travels by his car in pursuit and manages to catch the train and get into the same coach just in time to save her. One wonders when our second class coaches in trains are so deserted of passengers and how the hero could scent the train and coach and manage to get there in time. Cinematic indeed!

At the other end of the spectrum. there is Malladi Venkata Krishna Murthy's heroine, a young college girl of Indian origin, whose parents have settled down comfortably in America that dreamworld of all youngsters. Her parents, as you will see, though living in cosmopolitan society and highly educated and well placed, are great sticklers to caste and sect, when it comes to the question of their daughter's marriage. They would rather have one of the cousins back in India in their village to have her in marriage. The heroine is packed to India. Back home, she reciprocates the advances of another boy of a different caste and the parents set their foot firmly down. She reminds them that she a born American and has a right to choose her life's partner. The father sets what he considers to be an impossible target. The boy of her choice must come to America within six months and she promptly accepts the challenge. The father ensures that this does not happen by promptly notifing the immigration officials who refuse to give him visa. She comes to know of this and adopts a novel way of protest by attracting the attention of the media and approaching the President of the

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US who intervenes at the nick of time. Here the heroine uses all her ingenuity to beat the father in his game and ensure the marriage of her choice.

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Then there is a memorable characterisation of an old woman in a short story - MURUGU (Bracelet) by Ramana. Her favourite grand son incurs the wrath of the visiting Swamiji and his entourage who are revered guests of the father, a very pious and religious man. In a fit of anger at the boy's indiscretion, the Swamiji refuses to pour the thirtham to any one and the father beats the boy. The granny is naturally very much upset. The next day when the Swamiji gets known his preference to ariselu (cookies made of jaggery) for snacks, she bursts out with a blast. "Ariselani jayinchaleni arishadwargalani jayisthadata" (He who cannot resist ariselu claims to have resisted the six evils) The Swami is effectively tamed and resumes his good terms with the grandmother and the boy.

Then, she has a gold murugu (a bracelet) on her hand, which she got as a young bride and several of the family members including her daughter have an eye on it. They expect to grab it when she is gone. But the old lady has different

ideas. When she finds that the match fixed for her grandson is about to break down as the father is unable to raise the required dowry, she encourages the boy to go ahead with the marriage and ensures that the marriage is performed alright. It is only when she dies later, they find out that original gold murugu was melted down for the marriage of the boy and what is there on her hand is a fake. The grandmother's character is etched clearly and appears in lively colours and the reader empathies with her.

This is indeed a fascinating study. The Telugu writers of today deal with a whole spectrum of women from one end to the other, from the pious woman who lives only for her husband to the shrew to the almost independent one who refuses to obey the unreasonable restrictions imposed by the society. The characters are live ones taken from every day life and to that extent, the contemporary life is depicted in the literature. Of course, fantasy and thrillers are also churned out occasionally, but they are few and far between.

## POIGNANCY AND PLAYFULNESS IN THE POETRY OF EMILY DICKINSON

Dr. K. Pramila Sastry

What Emily Dickinson wrote of Elizabeth Parrett Browning is equally true of herself ....

This was a Poet ...... It is that Distills anazing sense From ordinary meanings And Attar so immense.

'Poetry is not her task-master, but her playmate, she approached it with a spark in the eye and mischief on her lips. .....

This poet who brings out "Attar so immense" of the events of ordinary life, casts off the robeof an austere personality in a single moment and wittily appeals to her readers "For love of Her ..... sweet countrymen ..... Judge tenderly .... of me" This is the essence of Emily Dickinson as a poet. Her keen perception, extra-ordinary poetic sensibility, remarkable power of registering feeling and experience and critical acuteness were always tinged with humour and wit. She is indeed a serious poet with a trace of childish school girl. This is a peculiar trait, which qualifies her wit and conceit with remarkable ease. She indulges in contradictory terms and paradoxes in her poetry. Like those of the metaphysical poets, her paradoxes explode with inner meaning by the end of each poem, but at the same time the reader is left with a feeling of jest, an unexpected pleasure in the recognition of a child (a prodigal daughter as Cynthia Grifiin Wolff would cal her) and a mystic in the poetry of Emily Dickinson.

The poetry of Emily Dickinson abounds in paradoxes. She has indeed believed in her own axion to tell the truth, but to tell it slant so that the brightness does not dazzle the eyes of the viewer to blindness. According to her success lies in circuit. She touches the chords in the heart of every reader reminding them of their own experiences in life, when she says "Victory comes late". The razor-sharp pain in the realization that victory is left at the door of "freezing lips/too rapt with frost/ to take it" comes to a shocking twist with the rhetorical question "was God so economical"? But the process does not stop at that; the poet visualizes a small girl streching hard to reach a dining table, too high for her on tip-toe. "His tab les spread too high for us/unless we dine on tip-toe" Only an Emily Dickinsion can conceive of a poem biginning with frost and freezing lips and endling with a child on tip-toe. But the readers may rest assured that even for a single moment the complexity of the situation is not marred by the sharp contrast of the details given.

G.F. Whicher compares Emily Dic'kinson with Eamily Bronte and Christina Rossetti and say's that Emily Dickinson would not be her own unless shie converts her heart-break into mischief and calls hers at whimsical conception of a buggy-ride to the Day of Judgement in her poem. "Tie the strings to my life, My Lord/Then I am ready to

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go!" But Emily Dickinson conceives of a buggy-ride in one of her most famous poems "Because I could not stop for Death ..... "When compared to the poem discussed in the previous paragraph, the process of posing contradictory veins of thought is reversed in this poem. This poem starts on a light note of a woman, too busily occupied to stop even for death and death kindly stops for her in the guise of a gentle young man. His civility is such that the poet puts away her labour and leisure and gets into his carriage to be acompained immortality also. The journey smoothly passes through children at play, gazing grain and finally setting sun. The images lulling us into sleep with an underlying meaning of childhood, maturity and evening of life give us a jolt, as it were when she says "we passed the setting sun ..../or rather ..... he passed us". Here we are no longer on our familar terminology. The bridal dress, illequipped or facing the frost of death, is indeed a reflection of the reader also as ordinary interpretation fails here, where the ordinary linear concept of time is rejected. It is no longer past, present and future after the pause before" A swelling of the ground". But this is not all. The reader has yet another twist in the final lines as she has envisioned centuries to be shorter than a day since the moment that she has recognised that the direction of her chariot's ride is towards "Eternity". Here the extraordinary idea of dubbing eternity into a single moment of experience is thrown at our face in the dangling and swinging rhythm of buggy-ride. At such moments she is with Emerson and Eliot in composing a "Forever" out of "nows' in her own words.

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If wit and conceit are the tongs with which Emily Dickinson approaches the fire of emotion to be poetized, we may call them just her poetic techniques. . But it is not so. The playful child is so imbued in her poetic personality that it emerges as an inevitable part in the most serious moments of pain or despair or earnest emotion. For instance in a "A wife ..... at Day break I shall be ....." a dramatic moment, love for God, a possible vision and an ineffable experience of recognizing the Saviour's face is portrayed. The poem starts on a poignant note of separation, spending the night as a maid and facing the morning victoriously as a wife. The gratification of desire shown in the thrill and excitement of the second stanza is typical of Emily Dickinson's portrayal. In an ascending order, the poet changes from a maid, to a bride and then to a wife; the bustling of Angels in the Hall is heard throughout the soft climb over the steps of future. But at this moment the child and the mystic complete with each other to come to the foreground .... one fumbling at the childhood prayer and the other at the recognition of the Saviour, whose face she has already

In a personal experience, where emotion is the strongest and God is also visualised as a personification of her own emotions, a projection of her own mind, Emily Dickinson is both a mystic of love and a child. But when it becomes an all-absorbing experience of the all-inclusiveness of Heaven, the playful girl is still there, though in a dormant form. Heaven is a void for the Buddhists with the qualities of being both full and

empty. The Hindu Upanishads conceive of Heaven as an immortal Brahman before, behind, to the right, to the left, below, above and all pervading and infinite. But for Emily Dickinson it is a pit "Pit .... but Heaven over it ..../ And Heaven beside and Heaven abroad. The playfulness does't end in the choice of the word "Pit". It is consistent throughout the poem, always muffling the poet's inability to find proper word and phrase in relating an experience, which is beyond words. The gaiety does not loosen the grip of control the creative process, but brings home the fact that what the poet is relating is not an idea, but an experience. The realization of Heaven is like balancing before a pit, where one can neither afford to slip or see beneath; nor can one dream for the fear of losing everything. Here in this state of equilibrium, a crucial balance. all the nuances of keeping in abevance. the past, the future and the dreamy state, imposed by religious teachings are brought home. This is a lone fight of an alone to the Alone. The third and final stanza measures the depth of the pit, in fact the size of it, if it can be measured. It is the spaceless and timeless one ... to be inferred in two jam-packed lines. "Its Circuit just the same/seed ....summer ... tomb". The plight of a human life, measured by a body's dimensions and compressed into the span of a lifetime, loses all its' limitations in the realization of a spacetime continuum in the last line, "Whose

Doom to Whom". Here the identity of an individual is lost: who is the person to be doomed and to whom is he going? Each individual is part and parcel of the self-same God. God is integral and dissolves in Himself every individual or human soul is a dot on a disc of snow after the merger with the Oversoul.

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Emily Dickinson is a poet, who considered herself a mischievous child of God. The same person, who hid herself in a small outer apartment of the house to save herself from her father's command that every one in the house should go to the Church, is to be seen in her poetry. Her development from her religious background into a poet of universal appeal is clearly evident in her poetry. As Gelpi says she was an early rebel. But the rebel is always in and out of the situation. Just as she puzzled her father by being in and out of the house, she entertains the reader also. At one moment the poignancy grips the reader into a serious and an allengrossing experience; the next moment the playfulness brings home the awareness that after all this is a piece of art .... the construction of a mastercraftsman, who is both a sufferer and a spectator at the same time, indulging in the "dynamics of paradox", which prevented her from drowning in the "Syllableless Sea".

## THE POLITICAL SCENE

## Mamidipudi Pattabhiram

Now that the country is preparing for the polls to the Lok Sabha and the State Assemblies of Assam, Tamil Nadu, Kerala, West Bengal and Haryana and the Union Territory of Pondicherry this quarter's political analysis will be confined to the electoral scene as obtaining at the time of writing. The question that is uppermost in the minds of all citizens is whether the Congress (I) will come back to power at the Centre. While it is difficult to hazard a guess what can be said with certainty is that even the Opposition parties have position to present a viable alternative to the Congress (I). Thus the Congress (I) starts with an advantage and how exactly it will convert this into votes will be watched with great interest. The plan of the article is first to give a general picture and then go on to some specifics as for instance the position in Kashmir,. In Arunachal Pradesh there is a threat of boycott of the poll while in Uttar Pradesh the people of Uttarkhand are not willing to participate in the elections to the four Lok Sabha seats. There is a brief survey of the status of the Janata Dal in U.P. which returns 85 members to the Lok Sabha. With less than a month for the general elections to the Lok Sabha and five State Assemblies and one Union Territory, political parties are stepping up their campaign even as the poll manifestos of important parties have been released. The efforts to forge viable electoral combinations have more or less reached a final stage although one could discern streaks of dissatisfaction with

personal animosities getting the better of even real politik. The ruling Congress (I) at the Centre and its main rivals - the BJP and the Janata Dal - led National Front - have almost completed the process of selecting their candidates and since nominations close on April 3 actually the number of days available has been cut short owing to some holidays - party leaders are working overtime. What distinguishes the election of 1996 is the total absence of what had come to be known as the Nehru-Gandhi style of leadership which relied heavily on individual charisma, populist measures and absolute personal loyalty to the leader. The Prime Minister, Mr. P.V. Narasimha Rao, enjoys almost no mass base and yet he has been able to make an impression by stressing that there is a lakshmana rekha for vote bank politics. On the other hand, the BJP has sufered on erosion of credibility during recent months thanks to the ugly developments in Gujarat where the party is holding power. The constitutional mandate is a secular democracy with every citizen free to propagate the religion of his or her choice provided there is no infringement of the rights of others. Abuse of religion or political purposes is not permitted and yet the Sangh Parivar was know to have carried things to excess by its campaign of hatred and intolerance when the occasion presented itself. The Janata Dal is a pale shadow of what it was in 1991 and its alliance with the Samajwadi Party in Uttar Pradesh from where the largest

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contingent of 85 for any State is sent to the Lok Sabha typifies its fallen strength. It is going to contest only 16 seats while the party's position is slightly better in Bihar, more because the party happens to be in power under the leadership of Mr. Laloo Prasad. The Leftist parties are confined to select pockets and all in all the picture is one of great uncertainty right now. Mr. Arjun Singh and Mr. N.D. Tiwari aided and abetted by people like Mr. M.L. Fotedar who have no roots anywhere and helped by some Rajiv loyalists have set up a new organisation to fight the elections but its impact judged by its strength could well be nothing. The national parties will no doubt have to reckon with the presence of powerful regional leaders and even as the battle lines of the forthcoming elections are drawn, while corruption and political ineptitude might provide the trimming, the actual contest will be among the competing principles of federalism and centralism - examples of which are the Akali Dal in Punjab, AGP in Assam, the Dravidian Parties in Tamil Nadu and the Telugu Desam in Andhra Pradesh. It is pity that the National Conference under the leadership of Mr. Faroog Abdullah who has been asking for a return of the pre-1953 position in Kashmir. (again an illustration of State autonomy demand) has decided not to contest the poll tothe Lok Sabha in Jammu and Kashmir, It is this kind of negative attitude that will not help in restoring popular rule in the tormented State. Dr. Farooq Abdullah could have taken a more reasoned stand and establish his credentials as a leader with a following and thus set an example to the others. The electoral picture is not rosy everywhere as, for instance, in the hill districts of Uttar Pradesh where the people seem to be against elections for the four Lok Sabha seats until their demand or a separate Uttarkhand is conceded. The Election Commission had drawn up the poll schedule and a model code of conduct keeping all important political factors in mind. There is a slight variation of dates in Kashmir where the poll will end on May 30. But there is no case for stopping counting as planned even if the results could be announced after the poll had been completed in Kashmir. Keeping ballot boxes safe is a big hazard and the risk is not worth taking.

It was expected even when the Government had announced that elections to the Lok Sabha would be held in Jammu and Kashmir along with the rest of the country that pro-Pakistani elements and the militants thriving with the patronage extended to them by the hostile neighbour will create disturbances right from now if only to put obstacles in the way of a peaceful conduct of the democratic exercise. The security forces had, therefore, strengthend their vigilance apparatus., the results of which could be seen from the fact that pro-Pakistani desperados who had gathered at the famous Hazaratbal shrine were intercepted, and in the ensuring gunfire atleast one important militant stated to be some sort of a military adviser was killed. Even the JKLF which has been claiming to be an independent body, not under the control of Pakistan, has started giving trouble the moment elections were announced. This is surprising in the context of the Government's declared intention to open a dialogue with the militant leaders to whatever section they belonged in a bid to find a lasting solution to the Kashmir problem. The JKLF activists too were trying to enter the Hazaratbal shrine to create the kind of ugly situation that arose over three years ago but their attempts were totally foiled by the Special Operational Group of Jammu and Kashmir Police but not before seven militants were killed.

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This is a serious blow to the JKLF which must realise that the Government is determined to curb militancy at any cost. All this is unfortunate especially when a fresh opportunity was being given to the people of the state to assert their democratic right to elect their representatives to the national Parliament. It is indeed for the more organised militant groups like the JKLF to come out in the open and subscribe to the democratic path and show the outside world the support they have within the State. Yet the face of the matter is that the people of the tormented State are fed up with the activities o the extremists, and outfits like the JKLF do feel that they will not get any support from the electorate. The more hard-core militants have spoiled their case suficiently in the eyes of the population. There was a time when the Mirwaiz could speak with the authority of a religious leader but there are now serious doubts whether he could mobilise the Valley to a recognisable extent. All this leads to the inevitable conclusion that it is the political parties, including the National Conference, that must try to mobilise public opinion to ensure that

the Lok Sabha polls are not disturbed.

Of course the security forces are going to be deployed in full strength to ensure that all those who are desirous of voting are able to exercise their franchise without fear. For the Government the successful conduct of the polls to the Lok Sabha is extremely important in as much as on it depends its next move to hold elections to the State Assembly. It is easy to dub the Government's efforts as a calculated move to install an elected Government, furnish extraordinary powers in the belief that armed action under democratic cover will restore normality. But this kind of political cynicism may not be warranted especially in the context of the genuine efforts being made to end the President's rule before the current term expires in July. It is just now that the Government is being seen to have a coherent, pragmatic policy on Kashmir and the Prime Minister, Mr. P.V. Narsimha Rao, should address the particular problem of winning over leaders to hold talks and thus clinch the issue that has been evading a solution for too long. Dr. Farooq Abdullah and his colleagues in the National Conference are no more in a position to doubt the true intentions of the Government which of late has been adopting a flexible approach to the grievances in the Valley. Pakistan's reaction to the holding of elections in Kashmir is on expected lines and this should not deter the Government from pursuing the path it has chosen. The overall strategy of the Government is definitely positive based on the assumption that the situation is now not hopeless.

A serious situation is developing in the remote north-east State of Arunachal Pradesh following the demand of all the parties, including the ruling Congress (I) that the Centre should come out with a decision on the Hajong refugees Chakma and immediately. They have warned that if the problem is not settled to their satisfaction they would boycott the coming polls to the Lok Sabha from the State. That the ruling Congress (I) Chief Minister, Mr. Gegong Apang, is also a party to the decision indicates that the matter is not a party issue and the demand is universal transcending all political barriers. The Centre is fully aware of the developments in the sensitive State but has so far not cared to intervene effectively. Nor has it persuaded the Chief Minister not to take up an extreme position as the problem at issue does not admit of any easy solution and it has wide ramifications which have to be taken note of before a final decision could be taken.

At one time tempers ran so high that all the 60 members of the State Assembly decided to quit but better sense seems to have prevailed and they did not take the extreme step. Mr. Apang is no novice to Government and his major qualification for enjoying the Centre's confidence is the apparent distinction he shares with Mr. Jyoti Basu as the longest serving Chief Minister in the . North East. An astute politician, he not only sailed through unscathed during the brief tenure of Mr. V.P. Singh as Prime Minister but also enhanced his reputation by destroying the State unit of the Janata Dal following which all

the seven members of the party joined the Congress (I). For quite some time there has been a vigorous agitation that the Chakmas who had come from the erstwhile East Pakistan - in fact they were rehabilitated in the former NEFA now known as Arunachal Pradesh by the Centre - should be dispersed to the other States or even sent back to Bangladesh. The united Liberation Volunteers of Arunachal and the United People's Volunteers of Arunachal, both devoid of ideology, have been working for the ouster of the Chakmas and the growing unemployment in the State has forced many young persons to join these outfits. In the beginning no notice was taken of their activities but soon enough they had become so aggressive that the Government had to intervene.

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The Chakmas were settled in the mid-sixties in the Lohit, Changlang and Lower Subansiri areas and it is now the third generation of Chakmas that could be seen in the State. The problem of Chakmas in Tripura is, however, of recent origin, comparatively speaking, and they have all along been in transit camps and efforts are being taken to send them back to the Chittagong Hill Tracts from where they had originally migrated. But the Chakmas Arunachal Pradesh have over the years become natives of Arunachal Pradesh as it were and it would be next to impossible to drive them out at this stage. However all the political parties had made the Chakma problem an election issue during the poll to the State Assembly and the Chief Minister too is committed to forcing them out of the State. The politicians of the State have

charged the Centre of indifference and apathy to the feelings of the indigenous people and had even charged that it had taken a pro-Chakma stand. An all party resolution last week said that the failure of the Central government to solve the issue has provoked the people to such an extent that it would not be possible for any party to participate in the coming elections. The Supreme Court had only reently warned the State Government that any lapse on its part to protect the Chakmas would not be tolerated. It is now for the Centre to make some quick moves to avert a Simbou which could well turn out to unparalled in the annals of electoral politics in the country.

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All eyes are on Uttar Pradesh considering that the State returns 85 members to the Lok Sabha and, precisely for this reason, the Janata Dal has worked hard to forge an alliance with the Samajwadi Party which is fast turning out to be an important political outfit in the State. For the Janata Dal which itself is splintered after the formation of the Samata Party which took away 14 of its 44 members in the Lok Sabha it has been a question of life and death and although it had the option to enter into an alliance with the Bahujan Samaj Party of Mr. Kanshi Ram it has decided to seek a poll pact with the Samajwadi Party led by Mr. Mulayam Singh Yadav. The Janata Dal obviously thinks that the Congress (I) is not a formidable foe in Uttar Pradesh. The desertion of Mr. N.D. Tiwari from the Congress (I) has doubtless weakened the party by providing him with an emotional handle but the general view seems tobe that Mr. Tiwari's stirrings were a fallout of the Congress (I)'s own squabbles and a cover for challenging

the Prime Minister. The State Congress (I) is splintered into innumerable factions and mired in personality chashes and following the exit of Mr. Tiwari and his colleagues the confusion had become unbearable for the party workers.

In the last several months nothing has been done to revitalise the Congress(I) in U.P. which at one time was the bastion of the Congress (I). The split between the BSP and the Samajwadi Party of Mr. Mulayam Singh Yadav has come in handy for the Janata Dal to fish in troubled waters and it goes to the credit of the Janata Dal leaders who ultimately succeeded in bringing the Samajwadi Party closer to their party. Of course seat adjustments are going to provide some anxious moments for both the parties but as the Janata Dal is aiming to forge an alternatie to the Congress (I) at the Centre it could be expected to adopt a policy of give and take in a big way without jeopardising its own chances. The Janata Dal still forms the major constituent of the National Front and the next step will be to give shape to a National Front-Left combine. The Chief Minister of Bihar, Mr. Laloo Prasad Yadav, who at one time scoffed at the very idea of making up with Mr. Mulayam Singh Yadav has finally yielded to pressure from his senior colleagues. With the BSP leader dead against Mr. Mulayam Singh Yadav, there was no way of roping his party into the alliance sponsored by the Janata Dal and for the time being the Dal will have to stick to the Samajwadi Party in Uttar Pradesh.

7-4-1996

## **BOOK REVIEWS**

#### **ENGLISH**

'A LITTLE LAMP AND OTHER TELUGU STORIES": by Govindaraju Sita Devi; Editor - Vemaraju Narasimha Rao Navya Sahiti Samiti, Hyderabad - 500 020; pp 156; Rs. 35/-

This is a collection of Telugu stories of Smt. Govindaraju Sita Devi, translated into English, by various writers. The writer and also some of the translators are writers of repute and the translation makes easy reading and the essential ingredients of the original preserved excellently translations. As remarked by Prof. I.V. Chalapathi Rao, the differences in the styles of various translators show but the general tenor is maintained throughout the book. The translators have done a good job and deserve compliments.

There has been an enormous input from English into Telugu all these decades, but no comparable output from Telugu into English. Viewed in this perspective, this book is a welcome addition in exposing some of our writers to the English readers, both in India and abroad. More and more such exposure is needed for Telugu writers to the English and Hindi readership to have a balanced understanding of the Telugu writers and their output.

The style avoids unnecessary embellishments and the narration is straight. The characters reveal Sita Devi's grasp of the human behaviour in different situations and many of the stories have a message to give, though indirectly. A few are family and middle class oriented and there are no contrived situations, or the usual melodrama in family stories. Though there is nothing new the author wants to convey, the narration is absorbing and capturing the attention of the reader. Surprisingly, in these days, when Indian - English books are lavishly priced, Sita Devi's

book is priced very moderately. This is a good attempt and we would hope more of her works would come.

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A REVIEW ON EDUCATIONAL TECHNOLOGY: Edited by Dr. N. Venkataiah, Dean of Education Dept, Mysore University; Pages: 234, Price: Rs. 400/-

The sum total of knowledge in the world was doubling up in every 5 years in the 70's and in every 3 years in the 90's. With this "Information Explosion", effective imparting of relevant knowledge has become a problem, giving rise to the nascent field of Educational Technology. The present book on ET consists of 11 chapters, including an overview by the Editor.

In the opening chapter Dr. Venkataiah gives a good overview of the topic ET describing the established audio-visual aids, hardware/software and also the recent advances like ETV, LAN Interactive Video, Tele-Conference, E-Mail, AI etc. Although a dozen books in the topic ET are already published, information is packed in a single Chapter.

Chapter II covering 'Instructional Design' appears to be very useful. The methods are more cost-effective and beneficial to the scenario in our country. The nine events that characterise the optimam Instructional Episode and the complex situation in which learning occurs Viz. Content-Media-Teacher (CMT) paradigm are brought out very well

Chapter III highlights the concepts and practices of 'Master Learning (ML) which helps all students to learn effectively, quickly and self-confidently. A few examples are cited to demonstrate the improvement of results over those of conventional methods. In Chapter IV on

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'Developing Teaching Competence', an integrated approach is presented conceptualising in terms of cognitive process, affective learning and performance skill. Chapter V lists out the criteria relevant for developing 'Multimedia Instructional System', The selection of materials, their validity checking (curricular, instructional and technical) and appropriate application are broadly enumerated)

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Chapter VI describes the spread of education at all levels by means of Radio and TV Broadcasting in various countries including India and USA. Chapter VIII is an authoritative paper on Tele-Communication in Education. covering developments in Computer Science, Telecommunications and Technologies of Instruction and their applications in Education and Training. The Recent Instructional Desing Trends and a couple of case studios with their results are very interesting. In Chapter VIII, the need for essential knowledge for all about computers in stressed with a view to making use of computers in Information Storage and Retrieval for all applications.

In Chapter IX the need for using "Computer Mediated Conference/communications Technology" is emphasised for distance education, while defining the role of 'Facilitator' for the greatest efficacy. Also present day limitations and their solutions are discussed. In Chapter X the type of research on various aspects ET that is needed is discussed.

In Chapter XI, the results of analysis carried out on the ETV programmes in our country under projects SITE, INSAT etc. are presented.

It would have been still more useful if Design of Experiments based on statistical theories is also brought

out in one of the papers presented in this book for taking vital decisions on ET, which benefits all. All things considered, it is a good book to be acquired by not only libraries but also individuals.

- Dr. I. Achyuta Rao

#### TELUGU

KRK MOHAN KATHALU: By K.R.K. Mohan, Shrimukha Pubishers, Hyderabad pp 176; Rs. 40/-

This is a compilation of short stories by Mr K.R.K. Mohan, which had already appeared in several journals. Each of the stories contains a positive element and reveals him as a keen observer of human nature and his ability as a story teler. The stories are based on subtle human experiences and the style is easy to read and the narration gripping. The author has set the locales in several towns of Andhra and cleverly used the regional back drop. The characters invent their own private world and a realistic touch is added to them. The language is of easy descriptive style which goes well with the reader. The characters come from the every day . acquaintances and the common people around whom are woven the situations neatly. One of the stories, "The story of a palm tree" was selected for an "Anthology of World Humour'. Mohan is a writer of repute and some of his stories were translated into other languages like Urdu, Kannada and Tamil. A good addition to one's collection of books.

#### - P. CATHERINE PAUL

"VIRISARALU": by Prof. Vemuri Venkata Ramanadham: Vemuri Chandravati Ramnadham, Charitable Trust, Secunderabad; PP 106; Rs. 20/-.

This well got-up and aethatically satisfying book is a collection of poems and 'geyams' written by Prof. Ramanadham in his spare time during the last fifty years of his busy life in

India and abroad. Written in classical style of metered verse, most of them are marked by anubhuti and darsana characteristics of lofty creations.

The first poem 'Bharati' presents the Goddress of our Motherland with a sad mien as though her heart was grief - stricken with the violence and discontent prevailing in the country. Written in the same vein "Hampi" reminds us of the glory and grandeur of the by-gone days contrasted with the squalour and misery of the present. It golden age the Krishnadevaraya assisted by his Minister Timmarusu, ruled the country and Ashtadiggajas (the eight poets) produced their timeless classics. The architectural and sculptural beauties of the royal palace are no more.

"Andhra Silpi", Telugutanan",
"Telugu Kirti", and "Muttaiduvu" extol
the creativity and skills of the Telugu
peeople like Nannayya, Tikkana,
Pothana, Viswanadha and the courage
and sacrifice of historical personages
like Rudrama Devi, Durgabai, and
Prakasam.

"Rayala Pelli" is a master piece containing purple patches of the poet's descriptive power and rich imagination.

The 20-page long poem, "GANDHI-GANDHI-GANDHI", written in the form of dramatic dialogue brings together in heaven leaders of three generations - Mahatma Gandhi, Indira Gandhi and Rajiv Gandhi.

Being a noted economist of international fame, the poet hails free economy and the present policy of liberalisation by writing "Deepavali" (the festival of lights). The poet's love of nature, birds and concern for environmental protection are brought out in "Vihanga Ganamu", "Chitti Pittalu", "Sagara Sayya", "Anni Anne", and "Ennallo".

"Smriti" is written down the

memory lane when his thoughts turned to his beloved wife who had left her earthly sojourn but not her permanent place in his heart. There is subtle pathos in this poem. "Debbadi Aidu" and "Spandanabhivandana" are the poet's response to the tributes received from his friends and well-wishers on his attaining the 75th year.

Towards the end of this volume we find a few poems about the Telugu New Year Days ("Ugadi") ending with the latest UGADI- DHAATA. The poet strikes an optimistic note that there will be an end to all the problems and crises our country is facing today.

This book deserves to be on the shelves of all libraries and to be purchased by all discerning lovers of poetry. In these days of a plethora of prose poetry and free verse, it is refreshing to come across a book of this type.

- I.V. Chalapati Rao

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"VYASA KATHALU": byDr. Potukuchi Sambasiva Rao; Viswa Sahiti Publications, Secunderabad pp 44; Rs. 12/-

This book has nothing to do with the sage Vyasa. It contains fourteen stories written in an experimental style which is a pleasing synthesis of essaywriting and story-telling. Most of the stories mirror the events and experiences of real life, making dexterous use of humour to soften criticism. Interest is sustained throughout

In "Himsa" we find delightful depiction of the contamination of Hussainsagar by persons and groups who have no sense of beauty. It is tragic irony that Goutama Buddha has to compromise his principles of love and

non-violence to placate the criminals into whose midst he was thrown.

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"Agnipariksha" deals with the tragedy of the blow-out at Pasarlapudi which exposes the inefficiency of the ONGC people and their indifference to plight of the common man. "Sanmanalu" (Felicitations) have degenerated into commercial deals today. There are people and organisations which exploit man's craving for fame. "Biyyam" is an inter esting satire on the rationing system in vogue. "Manasara" is a sarcastic exposure of the way Gandhiji's 125th birthday was celebrated. The travail of the common man is described in "Samayuni Ikkatlu".

In all the stories, the author turns his satire against the foibles of human beings, and social evils. Satire is gentle rebuke. It is lke the worm of Nilus - it kills but does not hurt Language is simple and conversational.

- Y. Satyasree

"SRI RAMA KATHAMRUTHAM": Sri Samavedam Janakirama Sarma, 67-17-1, Lal Bahadurnagar, Kakinada - 533 003.

The "adikavya" of Sanskrit literature - THE RAMAYANA was translated into Telugu by several other writers previously. Being the story of the perfect Man and the incarnation of the VISHNU himself, the RAMAYANA continues to exude its sweet fragrace to all its readers, as it contains the devotional ecstacy of the writers. Sri Samavedam Janaki Rama Sarma has taken up the first canto - the BALAKANDA - for translation in this work which compares very well with the

works of others. Without affecting the narration in the original by Sage Valmiki, Sri Samavedam has given some of the incidents his own inimitable style. By paying respects to the predecessors, he followed the traditional way of narration. On theoccasion when Dasaratha offers his Senior Queen Kausalya the payasam, he addresses her endearingly he shows his ingengity. The author reveals his grasp over the narration and several incidents dealing Rama's childhood, Viswamithra's arrival to the court of Dasaratha and the agony of the king when he deputes his sons along with him for the security of the yaga and the extolling of Viswamithra's greatness by Vasishta are superbly depicted.

The author pleads with the Lord Rama to allow him to bring out the other five cantos also with success and one hopes that this will not go in vain. He is capable of it and we wish he will do it without any interruption.

-Klanadhabhatta Virabhadra Sastry

#### BOOKS RECEIVED

SRI MOUNASWAMI; Biographical sketch of the founder Swami of Sri Siddhewari Peetham, Courtallam (Tamilnadu) by Prof. B. Rama Raju, Published by Sri Siddheswari Peetham; pp 56; Rs. 10/-

SOUVENIR OF CD DESHMUKH CELEBRATIONS COMMITTEE : Andhra Mahila Sabha, Hyderabad 50 007

SOUVENIR of the CP Brown Memorial Committee, Cuddapah 516004

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Dr. B. SAMBASIVA PRASAD: Reader . in Philosophy, S.V.University College of Arts & Sciences, Tirupati.

Dr. G. JOSHUA: Famous poet in Telugu Author of several books. Awarded Padma Bhushan for his literary achievement His centenary has been recently celebrated all over Andhra Pradesh. His poem has been translated by B. Theodore, a poet and scholar, Narsapur

BRAJA KISHORE DAS: Teacher, Govt. High School, Machkund, Koraput, Orissa.

Dr. C. JACOB: Retd. District and Sessions Judge; President English Society, Poet. Narsapur

C. SITARAMAMURTI: Retd. Principal of Ideal College, Kakinada. A reputed scholar and author of several books on . Indian scriptures.

Dr. M. SIVAPRASAD: is a well-kown novelist in Telugu. His poem is translated by Dr. Usha K. Srinivas, Scientist at C.C.M.B. Hyderabad.

K.V. RAGHUPATI: A well known poet Published four volumes of English verse, besides widely anthologised and published in various literary journals.

VOLGA: A writer in Telugu. Her story is translated into English by K. Purushotham, University P.G. Centre, Nirmal (Adilabad Dt.)

M. G. NARASIMHA MURTHY: Retd. College Principal

VEMARAJU NARASIMHA RAO: Writer in English & Telugu. Frominent figure in the Literary. Cultural and Service activities for over four decades.

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Dr. C. NARAYAN REDDY: Telugu poet, Retd. Professor, Osmania University, Bharatiya Jnan Peeth Awardee, Recipient of Padma Bhushan award. His poem has been translated by Sri G. Ramakrishna Rao of Andhra Saraswata Parishad.

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Ms. ANNAPURNA PODURI: A young poet studying in Rochester, United States of America.

Dr. (Smt.) K. PRAMILA SASTRY: Asst Professor of English at Janta College Rewa, M.P. She has been working ther for more than a decade.

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Prof. R.K. SINGH : A professor in the Indian School of Mines, Dhanbad (Bihar

MAMIDUPURI PATTABHIRAM Deputy Editor "The Hindu", the we known English Daily, Madras Eminer Scholar.

Dr. INDIRA KRISHNAMURTHY; Civ. Surgeon in Govt. of A.P; Poetry and Music are hobbies; Social worker.

## TRIPLE STREAM

I.V. CHALAPATI RAO

World Environment Day is being celebrated on 5th June to reaffirm our faith and commitment to protect Nature. Isn't it supreme silliness to while away our time in pursuit of urban pleasures, vanities, shams and shows which glisten like tinsel but do not comfort the mind or soothe the spirit? Loving in concrete jungles in congested cities without lung space we are for ever drifting farther and farther from Nature. We lead a misreable existence in somke-filled cities lavish in fast foods but lacking in green woods. It has become a fetish to designate a culture all activities of entertainment in which thought has no role to play. Instead of being the elites of aesthetic taste and creative thinking, our culture leaders today are the creatures of mass media, market place and publicity hype. Personalities of the show business and the political world have become cultural trend-setters in society. These are the standard-bearers of urban culture.

In the Sanskrit plays of Kalidasa we find pictures que descriptions of Nature which look like candid camera-shots. Today, unfortunately we have lost touch with Nature. Helen Keller said : "It would be a blessing if each person were struck blind and deaf for a few days during the early adult life. Darkness would make him appreciate the value of light and silence would teach him the joys of sound. Use your eyes as if tomorrow you would be stricken blind. Hear the music of voices as if you would be strickes deaf."

In 'Gitanjali' Rabindranath Tagore declaredin aprayer "I will never shut the doors of my senses. The delights of sigts hearing and touch will bear witness to Thy delight." Enjoyment of Nature, cultivation of arts and physical culture in the open air were the regular features of Tagore's educational programme in Shantiniketan.

Chandogya Upanishad mentions the following incident: when Satyakama returned from the forest, his teacher asked "Verily my dear, you shine like one knowing Brahma. Who has taught you?" To this question Satyakama's answer was "Other than men". VARAHA PURANA says, "A person who grows ten fruit trees, ten flower plants, and sinks a well to water them, will never go to hell."

St. Barnardsaid "What I know of the divine sciences and the Holy Scripture, I learned in woods and fields. I have had no other masters than the leeches and the oaks."

What we hear and the silence of meditation can cause enlightenment with the aid of Nature. A professional fowler became Valmiki, the creator of Ramayana. Saul became St. Paul on his way to Damascus. Gautama became the Buddha under the Bodhi tree in the bosom of the forest.

The great poets and philosophers of the world extolled the beauty of Nature and their writings are replete with delightful descriptions of the fauna and flora of Nature.

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Thoreau, the great philosopher who influenced Gandhiji, said "Let Shakespeare wait. Now I have an appointment with this dew drop."

Whenever he saw a majestic rose in his morning walk, Emerson used to take oof his hat and bow before it in admiration and reverance. Walt Whitman, called his collection of poems "Leavs of Grass". he wrote "A morning glory at my window satisfies me more than the metaphysics of my books."

Wordsworth, the great Nature poet declared that nature was his teacher. He said. "One impulse from the vernal wood would teach more of man and of moral law than all the sages can." There are sermons in stones and books in running books." Tukaram, the sant, said "Trees, creepers and the forest animals are our kinsmen."

How may city-dwellers are in the happy position of watching the sunrise and the snset in the colour-splashed skies? How many live in communion with the creatures of Nature, like Thoreau. Thoreau wrote: "I was on the alert for the first signs of spring to hear the chance note of some arrying bird on the striped squirrel's chrip, for his stors must be now nearly exhausted or see the wood-cock venture out of thw inter quarters. The wild goose is more of a cosmopolite than we. He breaks his fast in Canada, takes his luncheon in Ohio and plumes himself for the night in a southern bay. Even the bison keeps pace with the seasons." For Thoreau the pond is more precious than Kohinoor (the costliest diamond) because "It is inaccessible to the greed of human beings." Such are his love and reverence for the bird. beast and flower that he prefers their

presence to human company. Every lover of nature and environmental protection should read in WALDEN, decidedly the best book of its kind.

The greatest tribute that could ever be paid to a poet was paid by Ben Jonson to Shakespeare:

"Sweetest Shakespeare, Nature's child warbled his native wood notes wild."

Joyce Kilmore explained the greatness and glory of a tree in the following poem:

"I think I shall never see
A Poem lovely as a tree
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet-flowing breast
A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts its leafy arms to pray.

"A tree that may in summer bear
A net of robins in her hair
Upon whose bosom snow has lain
Who infinitely lives with rain —
Poems are made by fools like me
But only God can make a tree."

All creatures sucke the breast of Mother Nature. Man is the only one who commits matricide by cutting her with an axe and selling her limbs for selfish gain.

The vastness of nature and her hospitality are in refreshing contrast to scarcity of living accommodation in crowded cities. In the following poem, the American poetess Helen Harrington humorously describes Nature's abundance.

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There is not a hedgerow or a vine, a shrub or

tree That is not hanging out these days a sign "VACANCY"

They are motels along the route of all things headed North

and in green leaves, they put them large and small invitations forth.

"Room for Robins" claims the apple bough. A field remarks it can accommodate whole families now, of meadow lambs: Canaries can find quarters there beside that garden path.' River reeds want ducks and will provide an added bath!

Yes, competition still is keen for bee and bird –

Another poet J.C. Solonay praises the workmanship and artistry of Nature:

'Nature is practised old, with skill Versed in the ancient lore of lace.,

Working with dignity, style and grace working deftly alone until Pattern of tree and stream and hill Are crocheted in their destined place.

Our Dharma Shastra Says

'One peepal tree, one neem tree
One banyan tree, ten tamarind trees
three wood apple, three bilva
Three amal, nine mango trees—
The person who grows these will not go to
hell.'

It is part of our cultural heritage to project 'Sacred groves' which are maintained with great care and reverence. This tradition has been handed down from generation to generation and still respectfully observed in some parts of our country even today.

Apart from the ecological factors, it is necessary to preserve and protect our environment from destruction and pollution for economic reasons. Whenever a tree is cut down, the loss is to the tune of Rs. 30 lakhs or more. A tree that lives for 50 years produces 5.3 lakhs of rupees worth of oxygen, recycles Rs. 6 lakhs worth of fertility and control of soil erosion, creates Rs. 10.5 lakhs worth of air pollution control and Rs. 5.3 lakhs worth of shelter for birds, animals and human beings. In addition to these, it supplies delicious fruit, beautiful flowers and useful timber. So those who destroy trees are traitors. We are glad to note that World Wide Fund for Nature (W.W.F.) is doing good work.

In addition to Nature cure, research has shown that 'Garden therapy' is of immense benefit to patients of certain ailments. Flowers directly influence human behaviour by soothing the ailing psyche of a person, thus curing many diseases. Dr. G.S. Randhawa and others have asserted that green foliage and multi-coloured flowers will cheer up the patients and give a boost to their will to live. The pine tree helps in the cure of lung diseases. The several uses of the neem tree include the cure of skin diseases. Resting the head against the oak tree provides relief to people having a head ache. Proximity to trees releases certain fluids and chemicals from the human body thus accelerating recovery. Flowers and surroundings of different colours bring joy and cheer to the mind. People feel more peaceful and restful in white and violet surroundings. Men and women who live in drab surroundings, in congested cities should frequently visit near-by countryside or Public Parks. All the colours are found painted by Nature in the sky during the sunrise and the sunset.

## DR S. RADHAKRISHNAN'S EXHORTATION TO THE WRITERS

(This is the inaugural speech of Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, the then Vice President of India at the First All India Telugu Writers' Conference held in May 1960 at Hyderabad, conducted by the Navya Sahiti Samiti. We are thankful to the Samiti for permission to reproduce it. – Editor)

I am very happy to be here this evening to inaugurate the First All India Telugu Writers Conference and release the publication of Telugu Anthology.

ʻvidvaaneva jaanaati vidwajjana parisramah'

Only a scholar knows what the difficulties of other scholars are.

You have here met together to discuss the conditions, the difficulties, the obstacles and the opportunities which are facing the literary artistes of this country and in this Telugu land. Literature is that which redeems the barrenness of life. It contributes to the world in which we happen to live. It invents the Gods, the rights and the wrongs, the ethical and aesthetic standards which have become the accepted fabulum of humanity. Great literature stretches our mind, and warms our heart and strengthens our faith in the goodness of humanity. Whatever may be the troubles which we face, literature is a great consolation. It contributes to the health, happiness and enrichment and enjoyment of people.

I see that one of the subjects you discuss is

'Samskruta vijnananiki Andhrula seva'

I take it that you are not concerned about the contribution which the Andhra writers have made to the Sanksrit literature, to the Sankrit poetics, Logic etc., Great names like Annambhatta, Vallabha, Nimbarka reach your eyes. You want to say Andhrula seva Service, which the Andhras have rendered to the Sankrit literature. That is what you are interested in.

Not merely in Andhra, but in all parts of the country, Sanskrit literature has been the basic background from which all other things have come. Our translations of Mahabharata, Ramayana, Bhagawata are all there. But they are not servile imitations. They are not vulgar popularisations. The translations are literary creations. The writers who translated them put their her its and souls into their works and raised these huge kavyas, which are an ornament not merely to the Telugu literature, but to the whole of Indian literature. And, they were also people who were struck by the exhilaration of change and wanted to adjust their ways to the challenges impinged on them by the then times. When there were quarrels between the Saivas and Vaishnavas, Tikkana Somayaji dedicated his work to Hariharanatha, making out that the Supreme is one by whatever name you call. The Sanskrit verse is

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"Saivavayam na khalu tatra vicha raneeyam Panchakshari japa para nitaram, tadhapi, Cheto madiya matasi kusumavabhasam Smeraananam smarati Gopa vadhu kisoram"

We are Saivas. We practice Siva Mantra - Namassivaya - still,

"cheto madiya matasi kusumavbhasam smeraananam smarati Gopa vadhu kisoram"

My heart runs after that Supreme Darling of the Gopis-Sri Krishna.

The answer is given in the next verse-

"Maheswarova, Janardananova na vastu bedha pratipatirasti"

Whether you call the Supreme Janardhana or Maheswara, it does not make any difference. Reality is one. As my friend Krishna Kripalani<sup>1</sup> drew your attention, that was the first message given in the Rigveda, "ekam sat vipra bahudha vadanti"

In that way we admit the reality of the Supreme and we are tolerant of every way in which the Supreme is called or approached. Again when you take Potana's Bhagavata, you see how his creation is something which is original and unique. The Maha Bhagavata says,

"Katyayani mahadevi, maha yoginyadhiswaree, Nanda gopa sutam Devi, patimme kuru, te namah"

That is the Sanskrit verse. Potana,
"... mugurammala mulaputamma, meti
peddamma,
dayamburasivi gadamma, Harim pati seyu
mamma.

ninu namminavari kennadunu naasamu ledu gadamma, Eswaree"

You find there the intensity of emotion, the whole of the devotee's heart pouring itself out. In those days writers did not measure profundity with obscurity. They felt that the greatest truth could be expressed in the simplest language. You will find

"Eminomu phalamo, inta proddoka vaarta vintimamma abalalaara

Mana Yasoda chinni magavani ganenata, choochi vattamamma sudatulara"

Not a hard word! Nothing there which you will find difficult of grasping. It is not merely Bammera Potana in his *Bhagavata*. You find in *Vipranaryana Charitra*—

"Mrokkina nevvaremanadu, Momatu bettuka jakka voye, nee dikkuku choodadaye, oka deevana maatayu naadadaye, vee dekkadi Vaishnavundu..... mana metiki mokkitimama niddurovoyinavani kaallakun."

I am merely giving you how simple in texture and diction that such profound thoughts could be expressed. Nowadays we indulge in all sorts of permutations and combinations of words and wish to express our great wisdom in profundity of expression, which is mistaken for obscurity, so to say.

Any way my request to all our writers is — Take note of the changes of our times. Take note of the things that are happening. And just as the great writers of the past gave us a response, a standard of values, a way in which we can respond to the great expressions that come to us even when our country is passing through a great deal of confusion of thought, when we are trying to redo a New India, this Navya Sahiti Samiti, which calls

itself Navya – New, means that you are discarding whatever is valueless in the old and adapting whatever is valuable there and adjusting yourselves to the demands which are made by the new world.

It is necessary that if there is any one Supreme, a true exponent of the reality by which we are faced, he must experience these realities and the intensity of those experiences overflows so to say in words of song, music etc., The one thing necessary is absolute toleration. The other thing necessary is we have been democratically minded. From the beginning we have observed that each one is an incarnation of the Supreme.

"Indugaladandu ledani sandehamu valadu, Chakri

sarvopagathundu

Endendu vedaki joochina andande galadu Daanavagrani, vinte!"

You find here that there is not an element in this earth which is not lit up with the Spirit of the Divine. And, if the Spirit of the Divine is there, we owe it to ourselves not to treat other people, a whole section of humanity, as something unworthy of recognition. Dignity and something of the human soul had been the fundamental concepts on which we have stood. We have also stood on the idea of progressive changes in our world. This world is Samsara- It is something which is perpetually flowing. Not even the greatest doctrines or dogmas stand permanent. They have to be adjusted. They have to be reoriented. They have to be recast to suit the conditions of our modern times. That is what is necessary. Toleration of other ways of experience is the fundamental of the Supreme.

#### The Upanishad says

"Yatovato nivartante, aprapya manasaa tatah"

#### Buddha says

"anaksharasya Dharmasya, suchikka desanatakka" and you find any number of sayings like that. If so, we must establish a social, equitable and egalitarian society in this country, if we are to be faithful to the great principles which we have inherited. My friend Kripalani told us that Indian culture is one. We find many scripts. But the sub-content, the spiritual content, and the visionary insight—these are to be found in common in all these different languages.

Good, if we can develop a common script, whatever that script may be, which will promote intellectual solidarity of this great Nation. It is something which you writers have to discuss. Let us not merely cling to something simply because it has come down to us from a very long time. But let us adopt ourselves to the new conditions here.

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In this Kavaya mala<sup>2</sup> which I am asked to release for publication, you begin with Nannayya's translation of Mahabharata few verses. You end up with Devulapalli Krishna Sastry's verses.

It shows the continuity, the traditon, of the progress which you have in this country. Preserve that. Cling to what is good in the Old. Discard whatever is irrelevant and repugnant to your conscience. Admit this country moves along the lines of progress so that we may compete with other nations in the World.

Thank you.

Notes: (1) Mr. Krishna Kripalani, Secretary of the Central Sahitya Akademi, New Delhi,
(2) TELUGU KAVYA MALA- an anthology of Telugu poetry, published by the Central
Sahitya Akademi and released on that occasion by Dr S. Radhakrishnan.

## MAHABHARATA - KALA AND KARMA

- DR. C.R. REDDY

It is usually presumed that the Karma theory of life, namely the theory that our fortunes here are determined by our actions in a previous birth is fundamental to Hindusim and is as old as the Hindu Religion itself. A close study of the Mahabharata will show that there is a still older theory of life. namely the Kala Theory, the theory that time or fate or destiny or God is maccountable and according to its own discretion or unfettered will, determines our fortunes.

In fact, the Kala theory is common both to the Greeks and to the ancient Aryans. The Homeric view of life is that the gods determine the good and evil that falls to our share, and dark, inscrutable destiny symbolised by the Fate is overriding the government of the world.

On any theory it is impossible to get a consistent view of the Mahabharata treatment of life. The ultimate cause of the Great War is the desire of Mother Earth to have her burden lightened. Mother Earth complains to God that the human population she has to bear is too much for her and that some relief should be given. And the *Devas* and the Danavas accordingly take birth in order to create a relief measure for her in the shape of a devastating war. Obviously, it is

not the previous Karma or Humanity that brings about this war, but the necessities of Mother Earth. Bhishma, Drona and the Pandavas are emanations of God. They can't have a Karma of their own to determine their lives. Towards the end, Arjuna is suddenly incapacitated and can't defend the wives of Krishna from the onslaught of the bandits. This cannot be attributed either to the Karma of Arjuna or to the Karma of Divine Rukmini. And in reporting his discomfiture to his elder brother, Yudhistra, Arjuna says, "Such are the changes wrought by time. What can we say of Kala? Man is powerless in its presence. It rules everything in its own way". Krishna is Vishnu. Balarama is Adi Sesha. What can be the previous Karma of these that can be regarded as an adequate explanation for the ups and downs in life that they enjoyed or suffered? And most of these heroes are in the end absorbed into the divinities of whom they are the earthly manifestations. It is obvious therefore that the fundamental view of human life as presented in the Mahabharata has nothing to do with the later theory of Karma but is rooted in the belief in an inscrutable destiny.

It may be asked what then is the origin and significance of the Karma theory? In one sense it has its origin in the Vedas. The Purva Mimamsa is often referred to as

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the Karma Kanda and its presumption is that if certain rites and rituals are performed, certain results are bound to ensue. It proceeds on the hypothesis that there is a natural law in the moral world and that in the moral world also there is an indissoluble connection between causes and effects just as in the physical world. The priestly classes as they did a monopoly of officiating at the vedic rites, naturally emphasised the Karma view in order to enhance their own importance. Karma as originally understood merely meant Vedic rites.

With the Upanishads and Buddhism, a wider and a more logical meaning was attached as covering the entire field of human will and action, and the conception of the natural law in the moral world was extended. The logical culmination of this view is atheism. For if there is an indissoluble relationship between action and result, between Karma and Phala, the intervention of God becomes impossible. And that was why one School of Purva Mimamsa, the School headed by Kumarila Bhatta, from whom Sankara derived so many of his views, and the still earlier school of Bhuddhists headed by Nagarjuna denied the necessity for God and His existence. According to Kumarila, the Vedic Mantras are eternal as Sabdha Brahma. The Rishis only acted like conductors and transmitted what they caught of the eternal Mantras to humanity. The Mantras are effective in their own nature. They are not dependent on any higher will. The Buddhists revolted against the Vedas and the Priests, but curiously enough, their ultimate logical basis is Nirishnava Vada and the hypothesis of the inevitable and inexorable Law of Dharma. The Buddhists' prayer is "Dharmam Saranam Gachami". "I take refuge in the Law".

While the Karma Vadin naturally lands himself in atheism, the Kala Vadin naturally develops the theory of a personal God and Bhakti Marga or Salvation by the inscrutable Grace of the Almighty. Kala is not fettered by any law. God is not fettered by any Law. Kala comes in an inscrutable manner. So does God. Man is powerless before either. He can only depend on the Grace of Vishnu or Siva Or Parvati, as the case may be.

Bhakti Religions are a revolt against priest crafts and the Vedas. And in my opinion they are a big advance over the Vedic Religion. The Great Ramanuja made no distinction of caste, and regarded every one as capable of obtaining Union with God, or Sayujya by his own Bhakti and the Grace of Vishnu without the intervention of the priest. The Bhakthi Religions discarded Vedic rites. They held that Faith was more important than action, that man's only resource is the Motherly or the Fatherly Love of God. In this way they gave a new dignity to man and his own powerlessness was made the secret of a spiritual power.

# FREEDOM AND DISSENTOUR TRADITIONS LIBRARY OUR TRADITIONS LIBRARY OUR MAIN Kandri Vishwavidyalava

DR. C.D. NARASIMHAIAH

In freedom and dissent and passion for learning and other areas where Indian universities should take special pride they have become most vulnerable. A Tradition which nourished a spirit of inquiry is now seen to be particularly vulnerable. The sages of the Upanishads dared to ask the Sun himself to take off his disc because the Paurusha behind him was the same as the one within them. They made fun of the gods of the Vedas and their watchwords were Neti, not this, not this, and 'Charaiveti'. 'march on, march on, o ye traveller'. Even princes in palaces were devoted to the adventure of the mind. Such was young Siddhartha who wandered for years to find an answer to the human condition. Think, of a monk like Sankara who before he was 32 went on foot to the four corners of India and established cultural centres. Another, whose every word 'dripped with energy', as Jawaharlal Nehru said of Vivekananda, 'thundered' accross the American continent and at home told the orthodox Mylapore Brahmins of Madras who accused him of being a meat-eating monk, "Is God such a nervous fool that the river of His mercy will be dammed by a piece of meat? If such be he, He isn't worth a farthing". As for him, he could understand the Gita better through his biceps! How blasphemous it must have sounded to the missionaries! He wouldn't dismiss reason in matters of religion, for, if reason could be our guide in selling and buying, he couldn't see how he could do without it in profound areas like religion and God! And that is how Gandhi could affirm that Jawaharlal Nehru, for all his incessant celebration of the scientific

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attitude, was more religious and nearer to God than most others who claimed to be religious. With a tradition which 2000 years ago invited the Charvakas (Materialists) to preach godlessness form the precincts of our temples, how can the scientist of today pooh pooh Professor Seshadri's persuasive essay on 'Religion and Science' or subscribe to the ill-informed Western view of Jagadish Chandra Bose as a 'Hindu Occultist'?

Consider how most of us parrot Westerned accusations hurled at us in the thoughtless phrases: 'lack of a sense of history", 'the vision of Evil' or 'moral vlaues', 'suppression of the individual' 'of woman' etc. The terms have to be taken out of the Eurocentric context, for even a fact of history has to be mythologised in the Indian context before it can come home to our people. Such is our strong penchant for the metaphysical (it is seen that even Western historians-Toynbee and Plumb in England, and Turner in the United States, among them talk of the 'pattern of history' and the 'cyclical view of history' and 'historical reality') that dates and facts are less important than the pattern they fall into and assume the power of a myth or an archetype in the collective unconsious of the people. Our tradition does not use the categories of Good and Evil, but rather of vidya and avidya, knowledge and ignorance. It is time we realised the inherent contradiction of Christian societies in which on the one hand, knowledge is a 'forbidden fruit' and on the other, a western science prides itself on its relentless pursuit of knowledge, while it fights shy of adventure

just when it calls for penetration of areas which are beyond the realm of empricism. And physical science's timidity became psychology's opportunity'. The new science has stolen a march over the physical in many disciplines, chiefly medicine and neuro sciences, besides, for the Indian, knowledge is that by which all else is known. Narada comes to Sanatkumara in the Upahishads to know the nature of the highest knowledge because all the art and the sciences had not given him the happiness he was seeking. Not for nothing did Ramanujam declare that even mathematical equations had no meaning for him unless they put in him thoughts of God, God being a popular term for the Supreme Principle which governs all Life and keeps the planets in their orbits.

Now, Evil, an Indian would say, is relative and arises from one's lack of knowledge. Hence our time-bound curses on those who make a departure from the shared norms of society and thus disturb the equilibrium so that they may gather knowledge the hard way through suffering. Even the demons were all worshippers of Siva and pitted against God while striving to reach Him sooner than His friends. (The myth of Jaya Viyaya and Hiranyaksha informs that they preferred to reach God taking three births as adversaries rather than wait for seven births and reach Him as Friends!)

As for the individual, scientists should know that the triumph of bio-sciences today is the phenomenon of the gene which makes for continuity of the group, community or race. The west has paid the price for its tragic assertion of the self since the Renaissance. Its rebels are neurotic outlaws, not the self-sacrificing princes, heroes and

saints of the Indian Society. Be a hero or a saint: 'when half-gods go, the gods arrive'

Well, Ideas do not originate in our universities. We are in most at the receiving end, even in such live disciplines as social sciences, agriculture and medicine. I recall with distress a syllabus presented to the Academic Council for a post-graduate diploma in Social Work. It was lifted wholesale from an outdated American University calendar. And this when the structure of our society is different, our modes of living and our values are different; our rituals, festivals, superstitions, our approach to marriages, women, widows, children. servants, neighbours, are all different. How can we send a student brought up on the American syllabus to do social work in our slums without a profound awareness of their problems and what gives meaning to their life? For, if they are impoverished economically, they are nevertheless rich in an organic culture that has given them meaning. Western economists have been amused that our planners know their London school of Economics and Harvard better than the grass roots of their own economy. The university man, in a vast majority of cases is singularly unaware of this tradition and misses the benefits of the spirit of adventure which characterised his ancestors. No, not ancestors, but of his contemporaries too who, in industry, business, and even agriculture have to a large extent recovered the old spirit and helped to place India among the developed countries of the world.

It is ironic that universities which should be shining examples of the spirit of inquiry should be lagging behind so deplorably. This, despite the most impressive achievement of Indian intelligence in Science

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#### FREEDOM AND DISSENT - OUR TRADITIONS

and Technology, recognized in laudatory remarks like the one by the internationally known Professor of Physics at Yale who thought that a thesis he adjudicated from Madras University in late fifties was worth four Ph.D.s from Yale! This does not mitigate, though the virgin ignorance on the part of a young second class M.A. from one of our universities, of the name of Sankara while a French visitor like Malraux thought his chief business in India was to have a conversation with Sankara!

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Consequently a German scholar like Max Muller has the distinction of reconstructing our Vedas, a Warren Hastings in introducing the Gita, a Ryder translating Kalidasa, a Heinrich Zimmer commenting on the myths and legends H.H. Wilson, Monier Williams, Havell and Marshell doing the rest. It is not Cambridge's honour that it discovered Ramanujam as Boston, Chicago and Texas did in according recognition to Ananda Coomaraswamy, Chandrashekar and Raja Rao without 'required qualification'. Manu, Panini and Nagarjuna have to be commended to us by the West. If bad currency drives out the good our universities have much to answer, much to pender. A Texan professor writing a book on T.S. Eliot's Four Quartets rejected much Indian criticism on the poem as 'carbon copies' of Mathhiessen and Balckmur, for what he wished to know was the Indian view of the concepts of Action and Time, both centrally enacted in the quartets, precisely what the Indian scholars had not touched on! And yet the Gita abounds

with the concept of Time, and Nagarjuna could make Heraclitus pale into the background on Time and Flux.

The desperate need of the hour is first to prove our identity as Indian people and relate our pursuits, especially on the intellectual plane, to the growth of this society and the issues facing it. And stop collecting rags and bones, as Tagore so long ago warned, at others' dust-bins.

The young American who came to learn Sanskrit at Benaras Hindu University was not too harsh when he wrote in The Times of India 'My India died 1500 years ago' and so asked his countrymen 'If you want to learn Sanskrit, don't come to India, better go to Harvard or Heidelberg. 'It is sad that a country whose universities of Kasi, Nalanda and Taxila which once drew advanced scholars from all Asia before the Christian era should have thrown away such a heritage after sustaining it for a thousand years, for Benaras continued to attract eminent newest thinkers in those days of hazardous travel to test their newest theories and passionate claims against those of their rivals. We have today a multiplicity of universities with more than a million students and a vast task force of teachers. with degrees and memberships of learned bodies, enough to make simultaneous equation in algebra; the dominant desire of the best of them is to seek recognition and material rewards in places of dubious merit and worse, collect testimonials, not give them.



#### MANGO BLOSSOMS

DR. R. RABINDRATNATH MENON I.A.S. (Retd.)

It's time for mango blossoms, the nip in the morning air moulds the tree's sap. Dark clouds hanging out in the sky would melt them. One doesn't figure out why. Creation's secrets we see marching past, good things aren't tough enough to outlast assaults from the unknown, they fall and die.

Nature's bounty overcoming the defects and deficiencies in their make-up reflects a cause for mass-production; the strong and the week are a pattern formed of valley and peak. "Go and multiply" when prospects seem bleak.

Unrelieved plains are against the pre-set model in the mind of the great architect. Peals of laughter, tear-drops, silences, justice carved out from realities and pretences; both good and evil appear to succeed and fail, leaving no room for a creed absolutely decreed. Good sense stands freed.

#### ATTENTION READERS!

#### READERS' MAIL

We are happy to announce the introduction of Readers' MAIL from the next issue on an experimental basis, and invite comments, suggestions, remarks etc., for the improvement of the content of TRIVENI QUARTERLY. Responses from our readers will find a place in this page, subject to the limitations of space and abridgment if necessary. Here is your column. Please make use of it.

Letters to be addressed to:

The Editor, TRIVENI B 4-F 10, HIGH, Bagh lingampalli Hyderabad - 500 044.

# BHARATHI MUKHERJEE'S 'JASMINE' - AN IDENTITY IN MOTION

DR. KALPANA WANDREKAR

with Prakash her bushaud gives bar a new

Bharati Mukherjee's writing is striking because in her novels one finds the novelist rising above the stereotype. What makes her stand apart from the orthodoxy of female representation is her refusal to present assumptions regarding Indian women, their felicity of marriage and its satisfactions. At the point of intersection between one's own country and the other adopted country which invades the protected area of feeling and affection, the portrait of Mukherjee's protagonist becomes interesting. Bharati Mukherjee admits, 'I am in fact writing about America more than about dark-complexioned immigrants. My focus is on the country on how it is changing minute by minute. My stories explore the encounter between the mainstream American culture and the new one formed by the migrant stream. I'm really writing about the seams joining two cultures. Many expatriate writers are destroyed by their duality, I personally feel nourished by it'.1

The story of Jasmine is the story of an identity in motion. But that is only one aspect. One gets the impression that the novel tries to define immigration as part of the disintegration of a homogeneous culture which changes under new geopgraphical and economic pressures with the result her work shows the general doubts regarding the moral imperatives of one's culture which are proved outdated by new experiences. Even when one may venture to place Jasmine <sup>2</sup> to the

tradition of dissent still one finds that the writer does not seem to repudiate or question the system of personal relationships as it exits in both the countries of India and America. By showing the 'centre of impermanence' in drawing a new geometry which in James Gleicks' words (Chaos) "mirrors a universe that is rough, not rounded, scabrous not smooth. It is a geometry of the pitted, pocked and broken up, the twisted, tangled and intertwined'. The heroine's problems do not culminate in the resolution of tying a knot of marriage or walking out of it; now the emphasis is on the passion for life and an establishment of a woman's right to live and love. The narrative treatment is an attempt to 'defamiliarize' the traditionally accepted image of an Indian woman. The collapse of the heroine's submission to convention aims to establish her independence.

The novel opens with an astrologer's prediction about Jyoti's widowhood and exile, reminding one of Maya in Cry the Peacock<sup>3</sup> but with a difference. The major difference is that Desai's novel begins with an astrologer's prediction about death after marriage and the novel progresses seeking the answers to the question whose death? And when? and finally ends with it. Jasmine continues beyond the realisation of the prediction indicating respositioning of the stars and the heroine's gaining enough strength for a peripatetic transformation

from a meek submissive Indian wife to a strong independent Indo-American woman who lives mostly in the now and the present and stops worrying about the future and is indifferent to the past. After her marriage with Prakash her husband gives her a new name Jasmine. "He wanted to break down the Jyoti as I'd been in Hasnapur and make me a new kind of city woman. To break off the past, he gave me a new name; Jasmine.... Jyoti, Jasmine: I shuttled between identities." (77)

It is very suggestive that Jasmine arrives in America at night when she has a brush with death. She certainly would have committed suicide but for her mission. The first shock of another country is not cultural but physical. She arrives in America and that very moment she is compelled to commit murder for self-defence. The sanctity about the body is lost and she learns that body is a mere covering which can be discarded when corrupted 'My body was merely the shell' soon to be discarded. Then I could be reborn debts and sins all paid for. (121) 'Abandoning the past like a baggage she feels light and reborn. With the first streaks of dawn, my first full American day, I walked out the front drive of the motel to the highway and began my journey travelling light'. (121) Mrs. Gordon who supports and helps her to rehabilitate, transforms her totally. Within a week Jasmine gives up her shy side of personality and dresses up on a jazzy Tshirt, tight cords and running shoes. With the change in clothes comes the change in the culture so much so that the intrinsic qualities of her personality start disappearing. With this change she moves from being a "visible minority" to being just another immigrant."4

As she monologues 'Jyoti of Hasnapur was not Jasmine, Duff's day mummy and Taylor and Wylle's on pair in Manhattan, that Jasmine Isn't this Jane Ripplemeyer having lunch with Mary Webb at the Univeristy club today. And which of us is the undetected murderer of a half-faced monster, which of us has held a dying husband, which of us was raped and raped and raped in boats and cars and motel rooms? (127)

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The shifting of her identity from Jyoti to Jasmine to Jane to Jase is suggestive of the death of one personality and an emergence of a new but it does not have negative implications. The protagonist does not see her 'Indianness as a fragile identity to be preserved against obliteration, now it is seen as a set of fluid identities to be celebrated."

It is difficult to know the real self of Jasmine because the fluidity of herself emerging from one experience to another erases the edges of her identity. The speed and the incomprehensible compulsion of changing relationships in America reduces Jyoti to a mere creature struggling to go @ with life breaking into fragments like broken pitcher. The recurring reference to the broken pitcher indicates the death Jasmine's different selves. While talking Dr. Mary Webb Jasmine admits that as a Hindu she believes in rebirth though with different meaning in time-context. She reborn many times in the present birth only Jasmine has seen that the Indian immigrant live a meaningless life and are forced to but their native identity. Prof. Vadhera is not professor but an importer and sorter human hair which he gets from India throug the middlemen from Indian villages

Watching Prof. Vadhera at work makes Jasmine reflect 'A hair from peasant's head in Hasnapur could travel across oceans and save an American meteorologist's reputation. Nothing was rooted anywhere. Everyting was in motion. (152) 'That is the thesis of the novel-the moving identity, moving like an escalator, moving but still at the same time "Jyoti was now a sati-goddess, she had burned herself in a trash-can-funeral pyre behind a boarded-up mooted in Florida. Jasmine lived for the future, for Vijh and wife..." (176)

The village girl displays courage. 'America may be fluid and built on flimsy invisible lives of weak gravity but I was a dense object, I had landed and was getting rooted. (179) 'The story does not become a patheits story of an immigrant but explores the 'state-of-the-art expatriation' where the woman aggressively waits for the future without regretting the past. The novel seeks to highlight the human needs which are essential for life and which can be realised only by rising above the cultural conditioning. The compelling urge to live breaks Jasmine emotionally, physically and culturally like an earthen pot. The suggestion is that the things we fight to guard-body, feeling and culture-are as fragile as the pitcher. In totality the novel projects the strength of a woman to fight and adapt to a brave New World and not the damaging effects of immigration. The novel also comments on the American society where people and their relationships are always in motion.

The Americanisation of Jasmine is nother liberation though it hints at breaking of the rigid behavioural norms of the traditional Indian society. Though bold and assertive, still Jasmine's character delimits the definition of woman as a function. In

America she takes the support of men such as Prof. Vadhera, Mr. Taylor or the banker Bud Ripplemeyer. The only positive step in the direction of establishing her self-hood is that she has exercised her freedom of choice. Mukherjee's women characters act American but think Indian. The characters lack intellectual, emotional and psychological depth and remain superficial aping the Western behaviour pattern. This way Mukherjee's creative activity envelopes itself in the mesh of unreality. The portrayal of the transformation of a docile Indian wife into an aggressive Indo-American woman. Jasmine reflects a combination of womanism and feminism. The novel supports Bharati Mukherjee's assertion, "I am inventing an American for myself, I am writing an America that hasn't been written about. The 'frontier' is up there, in front of me, I am pushing it back all the time. This is what makes the new stories so different. They are a natural outgrowth of where I am. I feel it's the writer's business to write about his or her environment, whatever that my be. 6

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## AGEING AND THE AGED

DR. B. DAYANANDA RAO

### BIOLOGICAL CONSIDERATIONS

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Ageing involves a progression or certain biological changes characteristic of the species which occur with time, if the individual lives long enough. The main theme of ageing is one of declining ability or natural body defence mechanisms and decreasing capacity to withstand the stress of life's journey. Stress may be defined as any factor or process which adversely effects the internal 'homeostasis', the physiological balance and equilibrium so characteristic of health, physical as well as psychic. The end-point of such immonulogical degradation is death. In other words, the internal bodily environment declines till it becomes incompatible with life and its physiology.

Though senescence and biological decay are inveitable processes, yet there are many other factors which influence the lifepattern of the aged. Hence the need for a study of ageing and the aged. In fact, the process of ageing and the problems of the aged are attracting currently greater research importance in all developed countries.

#### POPULATION STUDIES

For purposes of easy classification, all individuals over 65 years are termed 'elderly' and those over 80 years are termed 'elderly-elderly' or 'very elderly'. This may be value in the context of longer life expectancy in developed countries. For Indian standards, we may consider 60 and 75 years

as 'elderly' and 'elderly-elderly'. The most rapidly growing segment of American and European population today is the 'elderly' However, detailed studies have clearly established that the life-span of a species is genetically pre-determined. Man is no exception. For a few decades in the twentieth century life expectancy kept parallel with scientific advances in medical care and public health but soon it ground to a halt, despite further breath-taking scientific advances like openheart surgery, organ transplantation anti-biotics etc. In fact, life expectancy never crossed nor is likely to cross 75 or 80 years. A few may live longer but only very few. All the scientific achievements can only improve the quality of life but cannot increase the life span beyond a certain limit, Divinely ordained as it is.

Life expectancy in the United Kingdom has increased during the period 1901 to 1975, so that in 1975 persons over 65 years form about 13% of the total population and about a third of this group constitute the 'elderly-elderly'. In all communities, women out-live men. In the United States of America the ratio of elderly men to elderly women is as 100 to 180. In Andhra Pradesh the percentage of persons over 60 years has increased from 6.33% to 6.66% of the total population during the period 1971 to 1981 Persons over 75 years constitute only 0.9% of the total population. In absolute terms, per haps, we may roughly take that there are over 28 to 30 lakhs of people over sixty years and above, of whom those over 75 years constitute about four to five lakhs. What applies to Andhra Pradesh may be equally applicable for the other states to some extent.

## GENERAL WELL-BEING OF THE AGED

Religious and spiritual considerations apart, individual 'ego' plays the greatest role in the attainment of one's lifesatisfaction and contentment, if not, a sense of achievement. While this is true for all age groups, it is more so with the aged. The sense of well-being in the elderly depends mostly upon physical and financial independence. Nothing seems to demoralise the elderly more devastatingly than to be reduced to dependency for physical existence and financial sustenance.

#### CERTAIN ATTITUDES OF THE ELD-ERLY

The elderly often present peculiar attitudes which must be taken into due consideration in formulating any scheme for their welfare.

1. Individual Health: The health status of elderly is the most important factor contributing to the well-being of the individual. The elderly in good health tend to function more adequately than unselected group of corresponding age. Functional age does not always coincide with or run parallel to the chronological age. Senility and senescence are not synonymous. The problems of health and disease of the elderly are quite different from those of the younger age groups. There is an all-round deterioration of body immunological defences and hence poor response to therapy leading to chronicity.

The elderly are not often enthusiastic or cooperating patients. This is true even for elderly medical doctors. They seek medical aid late and donot take the treatment seriously. It is not unusual to find a lot of unused and time-expired drugs in their cupboards. Therefore the clinical approach should be persuasive and the objective should be not so much the cure or control of the disease as the preservation of their most prized possession, viz. physical and financial independence. Preservation and restoration of their personal dignity should be the first consideration. It was the late President John Kennedy who said, "It is not enough for a great nation to have added years to life. Our objective must be to add new life to those years." Medical profession cannot do this in isolation.

ii. Social Disengagement: In the present day turmoil of life, society has little time for the elderly. But there is also a concept that the isolation of the elderly in current life scheme is really a two-way process. While the society does not go out of the way to welcome the elderly, the elderly, in their turn, do not exhibit any particular enthusiasm to inter-act with the society. This is a phenomenon known as 'social disengagment' - approximating to our own Indian concept of 'vairagya'. The elderly are content to withdraw and reduce their social involvement and even actively resist any such opportunity that comes in their way. This social disengagement is considered to be an intrinisic process of ageing and what is more, it often gives them some personal satisfaction. Disegagement is natural and often beneficial. In many cases quality compensates for quantity. The person gets more deeply involved in his chosen field of activity.

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Again temporary disengagement is often a way of coping with some specific life situation as bereavement. So it is in all age groups but more so in the elderly. Hence the social worker who desires to help the aged, should study first the individual's receptivity rather than rush with a pre-determined programme.

#### INDIVIDUAL REACTIONS AND ATTI-TUDES OF LIFE CRISES

Life-satisfaction is essentially a matter of adjusting onself to periodical demands made by changes and events in life and living over which one may not have any control. Given optimum health, one is better placed to cope with a given crisis and make peace both within and without. Age does not change the basic personality. But strangely enough, all the accumulated wisdom and experience of the elderly are more often serviceable in solving other's problems rather than their own.

i. Retirement: There is a concept which is quite valid, that retirement from active service or employment, augurates the process of ageing. From a social point of view, retirement happens to be a major socio-economic challenge to the elderly. It involves a sudden and clean-cut termination of a life pattern to which one is used to for years to the point of a routine. This affects radically one's social. economic and even domestic stability. Be it remembered that it is often only the head of the family (perhaps the only earning member in the family) that retires, and the domestic and monetary demands on him remain the same. It is even likely that added responsiblities may descend on him with retirement. This is particularly true of the upper middle class. To give an example, the free perquisite of a driver-driven motor car disappears and the boss himself has now to drive his vehicle to meet the demands of his wife's shopping expeditions and children's school-going. Perhaps he may be forced by circumstances, to sell his car and commute by public transport.

In a lighter vein, a cardiologist once opined that the high incidence of heart, attacks in early post-retirement years is due, more often than not, to the nagging of his spouse. It is remarkable that even in the more advanced communities, very few plan in advance for the day of their retirement and the days after. There is absolutely no element of surprise in the event. It seldom comes as an unexpected catastrophe. There is ample time to plan. A survey conducted in U.S.A. shows that hardly 13% of the subjects have made reasonable plans for their postretirement life and of them 30% planned only for their financial self-sufficiency. But the problem of retirement is not limited to finance. It involves many a far-reaching challenge-rescheduling of time, personal life, activities, social and domestic readjustments, etc.

It will be a wise venture if some social organisation initiates a programme for educating, guiding and conditioning the to-be-retired in the immediate pre-retirement months, so that they can respond to the challenge with confidence and wisdom and come out in a better shape. Considerations like the desirability of graded but time-bound retirement procedures may be considered by the employers in deserving cases. It is better to fade out than black out

Perhaps, we Indians are better placed because of our ancient tradition and

philosophy. Our culture presupposes an age for retirement as much as an age for worldly pleasures. Poet Kalidasa in his 'Raghuvamsa' defined this concept in clear terms;

> "Saisavebhyastha vidyanaam, Yavvane visha yaishinam, Vaardhate munivritteenaam, Yogenanthe thanuh thyajaam."

Childhood is for learning; youth is for fruits of worldly life; old age is for renunciation and finally for salvation. But how many of us are blessed with this philosophy of life?

ii. Bereavement: Death spares no one. If there is one supreme example of an unfailing democratic force, it is death. Though it may visit any one and at any age, yet it has the most devastating effect on the elderly in its onslaught. Loss of spouse constitutes a most irreparable catastrophe. It is wisely said that one should not lose his mother in childhood and the spouse in old age. Similarly loss of a child, grand-child or even a close friend can shock the elderly as nothing else can. It needs great strength of character, fortitude, and philophical detachment to get over the shock. Bereavement as a 'pshychosomatic' disease with its own mortality and morbidity is now well recognised and there is a growing literature in this rather morbid subject. Bereavement, like physical pain, displays thresholds of tolerance varying from individual to individual. While some totally collapse, others stoically face the catastrophe. A study in 1984 in the United Kingdom shows that only 55% of the victims of bereavement feel that they are able to manage alone and do not need the help of others. The rest need the support of their close friends, family members or social and

religious workers. Here is a field for social workers interested in this rather depressing problem of the elderly. Perhaps, the best qualified are those who themselves had been victims of bereavement.

#### SOCIAL MILIEU

Problems of the elderly are not the same all over the world but develop aspects peculiar to the prevailing social milieu. In the developed countries, the social concept of joint family and moral obligation of the children to take care of their infirm parents and grand-parents has already faded out and what little survives is limited to symbolic artifices as sending greeting cards for X-mas and flowers for birth days. Values and priorities have changed and gone are the days when an aged person was thought to be family asset.

Are we better placed? Probably so, with that section of our population, not yet exposed to urban sophistication, living in either virgin villages or urban slums. The prevailing economic poverty wipes out the difference between the child, youth and the aged. Everyone is a daily-wage earner in his own way. And when the ravages of time and stress tell on the elders, the children are not found wanting in their devotion to look after these tired souls. They take it as their moral responsibility to do so. The vicious impact of film-world and T.V.media has not completely dehumanised these sons and daughters of the soil.

Unfortunately the attitudes and values have changed and are changing rapidly in the so-called enlightened, civilised urban population, be it at the middle class or higher-up levels. It is not without reason. The jet-speed tempo of life, stresses and

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tter and strains in professional life, the sky-rocketing cost of living, the wide-spread and far-flung location of children from their families due to exigencies of employment are some of the factors to make it difficult for the children to adequately respond to the needs of their elders. We are marching fast, willingly or unwillingly, to approximate to the sorry dehumanised situation obtaining in the western world. The future looks bleak. If the children would not look after their parents, who else will? The answer is not there for the mere asking.

To quote from a popular fortnightly Journal (India Today, 30th. Sept. 1991), "Intense loneliness makes matters even worse (for the aged parents). Many old people living alone will open the door just to hear a human voice. Old age then is becoming a bitter saga. A retired Major General of Delhi is completely disillusioned with his family. 'Every time I go out, I pray for a bus to run over me.' No wonder that a large percentage of the aged suffer from depression. Again the same journal observes, "The elderly may be at fault at times, they are autocratic, unbending and demanding. But they do keep the family together." Again, "like planets, the old and the young move in their own orbits without touching one another." Indeed, this is a sorry state of affairs but perhaps, inevitable.

Though the report detailed by the Journal is based upon careful sociological survey of a large section of our population, yet one would like to believe that it is rather a biased one. The parental neglect is not so universal and one does meet a number of welcome instances to the contrary. A cynic may doubt whether the economic status of the elderly is not an important factor in

determining the attitude of the youngsters in the line. A wise propertied elder invariably keeps his will a zealously guarded secret to the last.

"For many, old age may have become a wait for death, a long winter of neglect, but for others it is a second summer of renewal, the age to see life more clearly, the time to slough off cares and responsibilities. And death is not so final an event, at least for those who believe in reincarnation."

#### RISK FACTORS

Several 'risk factors' are enumerated in literature that upsets the welfare of the aged;

- i. Living
- ii. Widowed within the last two years,

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- iii. In-hospital treatment in the last one year,
- iv. House-bound,
- v. Registered blind and
- vi. Major physical disability including deafness.

Obviously every one is inevitably prone to one or more of these 'risk factors'. It is only the chosen few that can sublimate the misery of solitude into the bliss of 'yogic meditation' and beatitude.

## CARE OF THE AGED AND THE ROLE OF VOLUNTARY ORGANISATIONS

We are fast marching towards the situation when the care of the attention of the society and the government, if not on moral grounds, atleast on the strength of sheer numbers. The public and the private sectors have to work in close cooperation, if anything reasonable is to be achieved.

Now one must clearly distinguish two distinct categories of the aged in as much as the needs of the one are quite different from those of the other. The first category consists of the destitute, disabled, unwanted and uncared for. The second category consists of the comparatively healthy, economically self-sufficient, but yet frustrated and depressed craving for human love and companionship.

The needs of the destitute call for massive and sustained charity from both the Government and social organisations. Old Age Homes have to be founded and liberally maintained. It is not an easy matter. A note of caution may now be sounded. I have myself visited a number of Geriatric wards in England which are, more or less, Old Age Homes. I, for one, would never care to go into them. The prevailing condition of these geriatric wards cannot be better described than in the memorable words of the immortal poet, John Keats (who, incidentally, died too young to have experienced to rigours of old age);

"Here where men sit and hear each other groan,

Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs.

Where youth grows pale and spectre thin and dies,

Where but to think is to be full

of sorrow."

Real devotion, limitless zeal and absolute faith in the Divinity of human soul can sustain such institutions and nothing else can. Only highly motivated Mahatmas and Mothers can rise to such great heights of selfless service. There can be no excuse if

half-hearted efforts in this direction should create conditions which render euthanesia more acceptable.

The needs of the second category, those comparatively healthy and economically sound, are mainly "society, friendship and love Divinely bestowed on man" but denied to them by fellow men. "Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow" they go about aimlessly. To provide for such groups is not a major problem. Special clubs, meeting places with facilities for games, library, canteen, comfortable resting lounges and similar facilities can all be organised on a cooperative basis. The members would gladly contribute liberally for their maintenance. Group leaders must identify like-minded men and women and bring them together. A happy and friendly atmosphere should be encouraged.

Old men and women should never be looked upon as unwanted, unproductive and a burden on the society. On the other hand, here is a huge reservior of mature experience, wisdom and example only to be properly tapped for the benefit of their fellow beings. Persons interested in teaching can engage themselves in special coaching programmes for backward students and improve their performance in their schools. Medical doctors can run free out-patient poly-clinics for the poor. Engineers can help the poorer families in planning and constructing residential houses for them.

Hitherto, they have been getting something out of their professions and now the time has come when they should give back something to their professions; free and willing service to the needy. There can be nothing more noble than service to their fellow men. It is only thus one can give life to years and experience the joy and ageing.

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## NORMS HAVE CHANGED

PROF. R.S. TIWARY

Norms of assessment have changed As times have changed

> Post, money and association With the corridors of powers Have become the ruling norms Of your merits and deserts.

The Veda speaks of a mansion Standing on a thousand pillars. Today impressive edifices are built On this trio of pillars.

> Post, may be, the strongest Of props which makes "Vrihaspati" Of a mediocre showered With fulsome encomiums. Post carries a halo around

It which draws adulator s
As a flame draws a crowd of "Patangas,"

Money, the darling of the Goddess, Consort of Vishnu, Sustainer Of the world, will take you to The top of the ladder.

But it seems to me,
Approach to the corridors
Of power outshines money and post,
Vying with the 'Bhagavana'.
Investing dumbness with eloquence,
Enabling the lame to climb
The snowy dizzy heights.

The glitter of power, The orchestra of power

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# RADHAKRISHNAN - THE EDUCATIONIST

DR. D. ANJANEYULU

(Dr. Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, educationist, philosopher and statesman, was born on 5th September 1888 and died in May 1975)

Radhakrishnan was a **teacher** all his life, whatever he did, whereever he was, at home or abroad. (An 'educator', the Americans would have it, in their supposed search for the simpler and more direct form in expression!) Basically, he was doing the same thing, whether it was in a college classroom, (in Madras, Mysore or Calcutta) university auditorium, (in Waltair, Banaras or Oxford) Upper House of National Parliament (in Delhi) or the Assembly Hall of an International forum in Geneva or Paris. And he made a splendid job, of whatever he was called upon to do.

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One can easily venture to make the statement that Radhakrishnan was a 'born teacher', if ever there was one. (Not because his birthday is observed under official auspices as 'Teachers' Day') But then, one might be confronted with the general question whether a teacher is born or made. Not an unnatural question, when we realize that in recent years poets are, in fact, made in academic workshops in American Universities, even in the newer and more enterprising of Indian Universities. But, talking of teachers who have a call, not merely a calling, we may still be justified in distinguishing those who are born, like V.S. Srinivasa Sastri and Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, from the common or garden variety (who form the vast majority), who are made in pedagogic (training) institutes.

While it is an admitted fact that Radhakrishnan came to the academic study of philosophy by accident, he came to the teaching profession by conscious choice, by deliberate intent. 'I cannnot say that service of the alter. I am not a philosopher because

I could not help being one.' He said that in 'Fragments of a confession', asking himself: "That philosophy became the subject of my special study, was it a part of my destiny, was it the result of my character or was it mere chance?"

That there is nothing like pure chance or mere accident in life, that there is more in life than meets the eye, other and unseen forces being always at work-are all aspects of quite a different matter. But there was no room for raising or answering such questions in his choice of teaching as a profession, and also as a mission. Maybe there was, in the Indian context, a close relation between "Poverty and Philosophy," which forms a chapter heading in the brilliant, perceptive, unsentimental, objective, authoritative and well-documented biography by his son, Dr. S. Gopal.

He was about 21, when he became a teacher, joining Presidency College in 1909, in somewhat peculiar circumstances to quote his son and biographer," ... there being no suitable vacancy, Radhakrishnan was appointed to a substantive post of sub-assistant inspector of schools in an area far from the city but directed to fill a temporary vacancy as Malayalam Master in Presidency College at Madras on a salary of Rs. 60-80 per month. He knew no Malayalam, but was expected to teach philosophy. So he joined official service and started, for want of anything else, on a teaching career."

Soon after that, he was deputed to the Teacher's Training College at Saidapet to obtain a diploma in teaching. According to some of his colleagues and contemporaries (including M.K. Rangaswami Iyengar) here, we learn that Radhakrishnan happened to deliver a series of lectures on Psychology, in place of the regular professor, which he did rather reluctantly, because of his innate shyness. They were extremely well received, in fact eagerly lapped up. These class lectures were later put together in a slim booklet of about 75 pages, titled "Essentials of Psychology", which was printed at the Clarendon Press in Oxford and brought out in 1912 by the Indian Branch of the Oxford University Press as its publication. This has been re-issued a few years ago in connection with his birth centenary, with the Third impression coming out a little later.

All the essential qualities of an able teacher are amply reflected in this booklet (clear thinking, logical analysis, lucid exposition and a lively style, with a gift of happy phrase. And all these are achieved with admirable brevity and characteristic wit and brilliance.

Commenting on 'Education', at the close of his introduction to "Essentials of Psychology," Radhakrishnan says:

"The basis of educational theory is psychology. Education has for its aim the complete and harmonious development of the different functions of man. What those are and how they develop are problems of psychology. Every educator must have a full knowledge of the nature of the mind which it is his business to bring into fulness and maturity. A knowledge of a child-mind is, therefore, necessary for a teacher. Again, any method of teaching opposed to psychological principles is false. Psychology thus affords the negative touchstone of the true method of teaching."

That Radhakrishnan had a keen insight into the student mind and was quite en rapport with the student community of

his day is eloquently testified by many of his former pupils, few of whom may be alive today. The late Khasa Subba Rau (founder. editor of the English Weeklies, Swatantra and Swarajya), an undergraduate student of Presidency College, had vivid recollections of Radhakrishnan's innovative and unconventional method of handling the classes. He would normally come ten minutes late to class, complete the alloted lesson in 20 minutes, spend about five or ten minutes eliciting titbits from the students about local political and public affairs, and ask them to spend the rest of the hour in the library.

Not that he was neglecting his prescribed duties. Nor that he was not taking his subject or his wards seriously. Far from it he did all that was expected of him as a conscientious teacher; maybe even more. It is Khasa again, who wrote of him 'Men in the Lime light' He said:

"As a teacher he used to give "notes", and if you read them, well, you had no need to read anything else from any book on the subject they dealt with; for in the art of extracting substance from chaff from out of the pages of the most voluminous of books, and condensing it into the smallest imaginable compass, he is an adept without a peer."

It was almost the same experience, wherever he went, Presidency College in Madras, Mysore University, Calcutta University or Banaras Hindu University. The response of the students (as also members of the teaching staff, with a few exceptions of those affected by "sour-grapism") was not only totally favourable, but vigorously enthusiastic. In Mysore, at the time of farewell, the students unleashed the horses and dragged his coach to the railway station. In Calcutta, on more than one occasion, in academic bodies and public meetings he was chosen to preside, in preference to a dyspertic and loyalist Vice-Chancellor.

His popularity as a lecturer was so unparalleled that it sometimes led to unprecedented situations. Describing one such, the late K. Iswara Dutt (Editor of **Twentieth Century** and **Leader**) wrote;

"There on the Marina in Madras, as 'the low sun makes the colour', men and women who go for a stroll or drive present an impressive spectacle. Occasionally, a visitor finds one more impressive when a vast concourse of people on the sands is addressed by one of the Ciceros of the day. One day, years back, a slim, clear-cut white-turbaned figure, not looking a politician even by the farthest stretch of imagination, was seen addressing a large gathering of young men, Presidency College facing the waters having no hall large enough to hold the meeting. Rarely, if ever, has such a contigency of shifting the scene to the beach arisen when a professor was to speak."

It is worth noting here that the audience comprised not only the current students of the college but some celebrated former students, as well, like professor C.V. Raman. If Raman was by universal acclaim, a creative researcher in the field of physics, Radhakrishnan could, likewise, be described, with equaljustification, as a creative teacher in the field of humanities, philosophy, religion and culture, in particular. He was not only a great populariser of a subject, hitherto considered dry, abstract and abstruse, but a resourceful, imginative, innovative interpreter, for the benefit of the students and other listeners.

At last, two or three features stand out as particularly striking in this creative mehod of teaching:

(1) Introduction of the comparative method, where it was not widely adopted, or not thought of at all, except by a few modern thinkers like Russell and Carpenter. The comparisons used by him include those be-

tween Indian and European thought, Vedic and Upanishadic on one side and classical Greek on the other, between one religion and another, especially betwen Hinduism and Christianity, in view of his close familiarity with Christian theology and Indian metaphysics. When each system of thought and belief considered itself sui generis and smugly self-confident in its self-sufficiency, this method of comparison and contrast served to aid a clearer understanding, proceeding, as it did, from the known to the unknown.

(2) Adoption of an inter-disciplinary approach was particularly enlightening to students, with a nodding acquaintance with other subjects like History, Politics and Literature and none at all with philosophy. Radhakrishnan had an admirable flair for drawing examples and parallels from a variety of sister disciplines, to present Indian philosophy in a wider and sharper perspective. His uptodate knowledge through English and more than ordinary familiarity with Sanskrit Literature and the classics of Telugu and Tamil stood him in good stead in this task.

(3) Contemporary sensibility, with a classical background served to strengthen Radhakrishnan's position, in his conscious effort to reconcile the past with the present. It fitted him for his self-chosen role as a creative interpreter, very different from that of a faithful chronicler of facts and a narrow, literal-minded commentator of sacred, traditional texts. The philosophy Rabindranath Tagore and the personality of Mahatma Gandhi were not isolated from the world of academic thought, for him, but formed part of a living heritage, the latest and maturest fruits of a dynamic sociocultural tradition, going back to Valmiki, Vyasa and Kalidasa, Buddha, Mahavira and Kabir.

It may be recalled here that when Radhakrishnan started teaching philosophy,

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over eighty years ago, there was in the University curriculum no academic discipline, like Indian philosophy, or hardly any, It was all European philosophy, of which Radhakrishnan was equally a master, on familiar, even friendly, terms with the thought, not only of Plato and Aristotle, but of Kant and Hegel, Neetzsche and Schopenhauer, Bosanquet, Bergson and Bradley.

His monumental two-volume work on Indian Philosophy, had contributed substantially to the earning and establishment of a secure place for 'Indian Philosophy' in the curriculum of Indian Universities. He earned it a respectability in the modern context and served to 'popularize' it, without diluting, distorting or de-grading it, rather like what Rusell did for Western philosophy and Haldane did for modern science.

A practical idealist and a progressive liberal in matters educational and cultural, Radhakrishnan had his feet firmly on the ground, though his lofty turbaned head might have touched the clouds. He could be nothing less as the teacher of the nation and the society and nothing more as an educational administrator. He always underlined the primacy of free enquiry.

As Vice-Chancellor at Waltair or Banares, Radhakrishnan was known for his inimitable flair for spotting promising talent. He it was who appointed brilliant young men, like Humayun Kabir, Hiren Mukerjee (Oxford) and V.K.R.V. Rao (Cambridge) to their first or early jobs at Andhra University. Similarly at Benares, where he encouraged many bright young men and women, who later made a mark in the academic world.

His devotion to liberal values, as an intellectual, could be seen in the number of

thought-provoking works on Marxism and Socialism (though he was by no means a Marxist himself) which he was able to bring with him (because of his previleged position as member of the Committee for Intellectual Cooperation at Geneva) for addition to the Andhra University Library. (The process was unfortunately reversed later, after he left the place). At Benares, he did his best to relax the rules of a hidebound cultural tradition. In relation to women, for instance, who were not allowed to study the Vedas or modern disciplines like Political Science.

If a University is expected to be universal in intent, if not quite in practice, Indian national Universities like BHU must be truly 'national', as well as Indian. He looked upon this University as an instrument of national integration long before this concept began to be propagated under official auspices. Radhakrishnan's effort was always to shape it on broadbased ideals. He wanted Religious Studies to include Christainty and Islam as well as Hinduism, Buddhism, and Jainism.

The report of the University Education Commission under Radhakrishnan's Chairmanship was, perhaps, his greatest contribution to education in free India. It covered a wide range of subjects, like falling academic standards, status and salaries of teachers, delinking of jobs from degrees, religious education, medium of instruction, reservation of seats for the backward, among other things.

Though the report was unanimous, not all its recommendations were accepted or implemented. The only major and immediate result of the recommendations, according to Dr. Gopal, was the establishment of the U.G.C., with substantial benefits to the autonomy and development of Indian Universities.

### THIS DIWALI

BINDU

This Diwali
let me walk back
down the road
that leads to my father's house
and let those fireworks,
the singing cartwheels, the joyous sparklers,
and the rockets,
that lit the years of my childhood
now light this bare threshold
that I started out from

I have wandered long enough though at every turn welcoming hands offered me bed and supper I could not stay for long

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I forget now what I sought so eagerly then

Let me just trim this brief wick of life again and light a candle one, for each year that I missed.

All that I have left, all that I now seek is my self

Let this clear Diwali flame burn all else.

#### CONTRIBUTORS! PLEASE NOTE!

Contributors who send articles for publication, are requested to make them as brief as possible, at any rate not exceeding 4 foolscap size sheets type-written on one side in double space, in duplicate. Faintly printed xerox copies will make reading difficult. An undertaking may accompany the article to add that the article does not involve copy-right infringement. A poem or Book Review should be within 25-30 lines.

Authors who send their books for review may kindly note that they should send two copies. One of them will go to reviewer and one will remain with the Editor. They should also note the name of the place or person from whom copies can be had, price if any and other details.

I.V. CHALAPATI RAO Editor, HIGII B4/F10 Bagh Lingampally, Hyderabad - 500 044.

## TRUE HAPPINESS

B. SRINIVASA RAO

That men should seek to be happy is both natural and logical. Yet when we survey the course of mankind, we are struck by the observation of Voltaire—"Man is born free, but everywhere is seen in chains." The cause is not far to seek. Man's first instinct is self-preservation. This entails search after food, raiment, and shelter. To stabilise his amenities he seeks society, and in return for the pleasures he expects, binds himself voluntarily to serve it. By efflux of time, however, the joys he expects bear a poor proportion to the obligations society entails social, political and religious.

As men seriously ponder over his ratio, they come to different conclusions. Some believe that the chains above referred to are not in fact handicaps, but bonds of love, designed to ensure happiness. Others hold they are fetters in truth and have smothered our joy and corroded our soul. To decide who is correct depends on what we mean by happiness.

Obviously it cannot be gratification of the senses. Equally it does not consist in intellectual pursuits. It should comprehend every urge of man, and set him at rest vis-avis the world. Finally in attempting to gain the whole world, he should not lose his soul. In other words, true hapiness connotes permanence of joy and harmony of relations.

Herbert Spencer defined life as a continual adjustment of internal relations to external relations. Such an adjustment should not be temporary in character, or selfish in outlook. It proceeds out of the

"discovery of our soul in the surrounding world, and surrendering to its spontaneity," to use the language of Tagore, "with the innocence of children who gather pebbles and scatter them again."

Both in the eastern and western system of thought, a course of mental and moral discipline has been insisted on, to facilitate such an outlook and ensure such an achievement. It therefore behoves on us to examine its rationale.

Western philosophy starts with Socrates who exhorted every Athenian to "know thyself". Plato, succeeding him, developed the idea, and enjoined on men to search after "The good, the true, and the beautiful." His disciple Aristotle simplified and systematised the same—which till the last century held the field, on the continent of Europe.

The discoveries of Freud, Adler and Jung in the province of psychoanalysis, the collation of "varieties of religious experience" by Prof. James, and the monumental treatises of the French philosopher Bergson, have struck a new note, and have enlarged the scope of human psychology, and focussed attention on the 'subconscious', and the role of intuition in understanding reality.

Religious-minded people like St. Francis of Assissi, have purified western thought and life; alike by their example and precept they have demonstrated the feasibility of the Ten Commandments, as well as the Sermon on the Mount. True happiness

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and spiritual life were, in their opinion, convertible terms.

But the discoveries of modern science, the evolution of natural sciences, the emergence of Darwin and Karl Marx, the increasing conflict between the Papacy and the State, the gradual deterioration of the Clergy, and the inevitable unrest among the laity have stood in the way of bridging the differences, and it looked as though they were relegated to the first rung in their ladder. Europe was faced with a wave of atavism, for some time, and in sheer despair the shrewder among them have been looking to the East for light and 'solace.

Indian thought starts with the assumption that the function of philosophy is to destroy human misery and promote perennial happiness. It is based on the Gita. the Upanishads and the Brahma Sutras, compendiously known as Prasthanatrayam, The Gita is a complete code of Ethics and enjoins on every member of our society, performance of the duties pertaining to his station in life. The Upanishads reflect deep psychological experiences of our forefathers, and their conclusions bear the imprint of abiding joy. The Sutras constitute a logical collation and correlation thereof; and their path and substance is "to know God, know man first, and to know man rely on the Scriptures."

To fall back on the Scriptures, a course of elaborate mental and moral discipline has been prescribed, which, though ostensibly adequate in the days of our Rishis, cannot honestly be said to be either feasible or advisable at the present day to all and sundry, in its entirely, at any rate.

The world has completely changed since the collation above referred to. Nations with different cultures have infiltrated into

our land. Nor is this to be regretted. Our Scriptures have always distinguished between the essential and the non-essential. The latter may present a diversity but the former always discloses unity, of life, light, and love. The shrinkage of space, and the concomitant shifting of our frontiers to the ends of the earth, furnished the best opportunity of fulfilling the injunction of the Gita "to see Him in every one and every one hin Him," and thereby demonstrate the unity of man.

Alone among the nations of the world who suspect each other's bonafides, we set about seeking our real happiness in the love and service of our fellowmen, and the observations of the Chinese philosopher, Chang Tzu, regarding the man of perfect virtue are to the point:

"— In repose has no thought, in action no anxiety. Within the four seas when all profit, that is his pleasure. When all share, that is his repose. Men cling to him as children who have lost their mothers. They rally round him as wayfarers who have missed their road. He has wealth, and to spare, but knows not whence it comes. He has food and drink, more than sufficient, but knows not who provides it. Such is the man of perfect virtue."

Such is also the truly happy manfor, by all accounts, true happiness and perfect virtue are the obverse and reverse of the same coin. Such a one is at rest as much with himself as with the world. The silent joy of his soul synchronises with the clamorous rapture of the multitude. In the innermost depths of his being he sees that formless One which continually expresses himself as many. Our Upanishads declare, he alone who has realised that his heart-cavity is in fact the abode of God realises eternal happiness—none else.

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## HANDCUFFED WITH JAWAHARLAL

- K. SANTANAM

[We are on the threshold of the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the Independence. The following is an anecdote from the handwritten notes of Late K. Santhanam which is certain to bring into focus the selflessness, value system and spirit of sacrifice of those days. 1995-96 is the Birth Centenary of K. Santhanam.

— Editor]

In 1923 the Akalis were conducting a satyagraha against the arbitrary action of the British Government in depriving the ruler of Nabha of his powers and forcing him to stay at Kodaikanal under surveillance. Actually satyagraha was being conducted at a place near Jaito which had to be reached from Mukteswar in Punjab.

I had heard and read so much about the spirit of discipline and selfsacrifice of the Akalis that I decided to see the satyagraha and this was welcomed by one of the leaders of the Akalis, Sardar Mangal Singh, who promised to make all arrangements. I travelled in the 3rd class to Mukteswar and when I got down at the station, I found that Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru and Acharya Gidwani, had also come by the same train and for the same purpose. We had to go a distance of about 30 miles.

Jawaharlal rode on a horse and myself and Gidwani were put in a horsecart. We were lavishly treated by the Sikhs on the way and we arrived in the evening at Jaito. We were taken straight to the place where the satyagraha was preformed. We found that a batch of Akalis, was sitting on the ground and another batch was ready to take their place when the first batch was arrested and taken to jail. Everything was absolutely peaceful.

As soon as we arrived at the place of satyagraha, we were greeted by a police

officer who served an order upon Jawaharlal asking him and his two friends to quit the State immediately. We told him that we had not come to participate in the satyagraha and after seeing it for some time we would be going away in a day or two. But the officer demanded whether we were prepared to quit by the next train from Jatio to Nabha and from thence to our place.

We refused and we were immediately arrested. As a safety precaution, I was handcuffed with Jawaharlal and Gidwan was handcuffed with a policemen and we were put in a miserable branch line train and taken to Nabha where we were lodged in a seperate and secluded part of the jail which was constructed with mud walls. The room itself was 20 feet by 12 feet and both walls and roof were built with mud and the flooring also was of mud.

The other gate was permanently locked and even the sentries were not allowed to speak to us. At stated times, food consisting of chappathis and dhall was put in our cell and no arrangements were made for our bath. Our clothing also was not given to us. Mud was falling from the roof all the time.

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Jawaharlal was highly irritated at this treatment and he found vent to his irritation by sweeping the floor every half hour and trying to keep the room clean Gidwani and myself were more amused than angry.

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#### HANDCUFFED WITH JAWAHARLAL

Our imprisonment in Nabha Jail was not known to the outside world. Pandit Motilal Nehru got worried and tried to ascertain our whereabouts from various officials and non-officials in Punjab. Failing to get any reply, he approached the Viceroy himself who got the information from Nabha. This took 2 to 3 days. The authorities of the Nabha jail suddenly changed their attitude and arrangements were made for our bathing. Our clothes were given to us and friends from outside were allowed to send fruits and other eatables.

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We continued in this manner for about a fortnight when one day, we were taken to the Chief Court of Nabha, where the Judge was a Sikh who did not know English. We were charged with defiance of orders and when Jawaharlal asked under what law or procedure we were being prosecuted, he got no reply. After the prosecution statement, since we did not offer any defence, we were sentenced to two and half years and taken back to our cell.

We began to make plans as to how we were to spend the time. I intended to learn Hindi and Urdu. The other two made a big plan to study and writing but the same evening we were served with another order remitting the sentence on condition that we agreed to quit the State immediately. We thought that there was no more purpose in rotting in a Nabha jail and we left by the branch line which connects Nabha to the main line going to Delhi.

As soon as we came to Delhi Jawaharlal suggested that I should visit Simla and Lahore before going back to Madras. I gladly agreed and it was arranged that Bhagat Singh's father should take me to these places. First I went to Solan near Simla where Lala Lajpat Rai was convalescing after an illness. Though I had seen him at the Congress sessions at Calcutta and Nagpur, this was the only occasion when I had any personal talk with him. Lalaji was very kind and enquired about our Nabha exepreience and about the progress of noncooperation movement in South India. Then I proceeded to Simla and roamed on the hill station for 2 or 3 hours and went by an evening train to Lahore.

At Lahore, Bhagat Singh's father left me with a Punjabi friend who was living in a spacious house. This friend was very kind and arranged to show me all the places in Lahore but unfortunately, I fell ill with typhoid. For two weeks, my host was as anxious as my people and Rajaji, who came to know of my illness after some days. Jawaharlal also made anxious enquiries but I recovered and immediately took a train to Madras.

Jawaharlal had arranged for a friend to meet me at Delhi and see me off in the Madras train. Soon after I arrived at Madras, I saw Rajaji who wanted me to take charge of the Khadi Board which had its headqurters at Tirupur. I went to my village to see my wife and children and I took up the work of the Khadi Board in November, 1923.



### THE ACHING SOUL

#### - SAI SHRIMANARAYANA

[The following poem was written by Sai Srimannarayana who breathed his last when he was hardly sixteen years old, leaving behind him a previous store of splendid poems like Chatherton, Toru Dutt and Padmavathy, young inheritors of unfulfilled renown. His sweetest verses are characterised by the saddest thought and profound wisdom. Perhaps, he was a reincarnated sage who visited this planet for a short while with an agonised soul seeking liberation.

As Mahabharata says, it is better to blaze forth for a movement than to smoulder eternally!

- Editor]

All is apparently tranquil
But the soul aches
Logic abandoned
Blind, uncontrollable sadness

Grief floods the mind But the tears don't come The struggle of the soul In stifling agony

Amidst surface tranquillity Deep down the soul aches Like a bird in a cage In ignorant rage.

"What greater delight is there than to behold the earth apparelled with plants as with a robe of embroidered work, set with Orient Pearls and garnished with great diversity of rare and costly jewels."

- JOHN GERARD.

### PLANET ENDANGERED

- M.G.N. MURTHY

Jewel celestial in cosmic space,
Unique sphere with snowy mounts,
Valleys verdant, hoary hills,
Sylvan slopes and sparkling rills,
Shimmering lakes and limpid streams,
Endless expanse of oceans blue,
Surf-washed shores, golden sands
And beaches fringed with swinging palms,
Miles and miles of waving fields,
Evergreen woods swaying in the breeze,
Teeming with birds and beasts,
Charming retreats for pleasure and peace.

All this beauty and enchantment
May perish and disappear soon:
Slopes denuded and plains encroached,
Ever expanding cities and towns
And mushrooming of ugly slums
Chimneys spewing clouds of smoke
Poison air with deadly fumes,
Effluents from stinking drains
Fill the streams with filth and foam,
Turn pastures green into arid land
And spread squalor and misery all around.
May wisdom dawn and stem this tide
Of mindless destruction
And save this lovely planet Humankind's only home!



## IS VYASA THE SAME AS BADARAYANA?

- P.V. SHASTRI

For the past about seven centuries Veda Vyasa and Badarayana were regarded to be the same individual under different names by Sanskrit scholars like Mallinadha and Venkatavadhani and Andhra writers as Tikkana and Srinadha. But the following 14 grounds I venture to bring to the notice of the world that they were neither identical nor of the same age.

The Mahabharata was written by Vyasa and his disciples. On about 70 occasions in that epic his name found a mention wherein he was referred as Vyasa, Dwaipayana, Krishna-Dwaipayana, Satyavateya, Paraserya but never for once as Badarayana.

Some derive the word Badarayana from 'Badari' a tree which abounded in 'Brindavana' meaning thereby as one living in that forest. The word Dwaipayana means one who lives in an island. Badarivana is on the banks of the Ganges, whereas the island, Vyasa's birth place, is in the Jamuna. So how can the two localities be considered the same?

Nannaya, the foremost Andhra Poet and a grammarian, refers Vyasa in 13 places in that part of the Mahabharatha written by him. But nowwhere is found the mention of the word Badarayana.

Kshem@:dra,afamouspoetofKashmirwasacontemporaryofNannaya.Hewas the writer of 33 works of merit. In his 'Bharata Manjari' he writes that Vyasa appeared to him in a dream and blessed him and said "You will expound the truth of my Mahabharata," in obedience to which he wrote "Bharatamanjari" of 8800 slokas. He wrote Vyasashtaka and his extreme devotion for him made him call himself Vyasadasa. In 30 places of Bhraratamanjari there is a reference to Vyasa but not even once as Badarayana.

Being "Vedavibhagakartha," Vyasa. throughout the Mahabharata was found sermonising on the importance of Karma or action and the fruit thereof. Jaimini Maharshi, his disciple closely following in his master's foot-steps wrote 'Purvamimamsa' which advocated Karma Some Pundits believe that it inculcates 'Atheism.' A few may say 'does not Bhagavatgita a part of the Mahabharata teach Brahmagnana? But Lokamanya Tilak, one of the eminent thinkers, avers that it teaches Karmayoga Vidyasekhar Pundit Akkiraju Umakantam contributed certain articles to the paper 'Andhra Vangamaya' to the effect that Vyasa's teachings were more for Artha and Kama i.e., wealth and want than for Dharma and Moksha, i.e., duty and salvation.

In his Shariraka Bhashya (Commentary of Brahma Sutras) His Holiness Sri Sankara Bhagavatpadacharya cited several authorities from Bharata and Bhagavadgita in support of the views of Badarayana as he was considered by him to be different from Vyasa. If they were one and the same, Sri Sankara would never have

committed the error of quoting his writing in his own support. So even in Sankara's opinion Vyasa and Badarayana were two different persons.

Lokamanya Tilak, author of Gitarahasya wrote he was of the same opinion and that subsequent writers might have considered him as almost identical with Vyasa as he might have supplied certain portions of the Mahabharata that might have been found wanting by his time. Sri Puranapanda Malliah Sastri also was of the same opinion as is evidenced by the foreword to his translation of Brahmasutra Bhashya into Telugu.

Sri Sitanandha Tattawabhushan, the famous writer in English of Krishnagita, Krishna-Purana, and Shastriya Brahmavada, explicitly asserted in his translation of Brahma-sutra Bhashya in English the same fact.

Sri Saprey in his *Bharata Mimamsa* wrote that Badarayana lived in 3rd century B.C. It must have been so as is apparent from his denuncation of Buddha and Jaina principles that originate about the 5th Century B.C. and were gaining ground gradually.

One other fact confirmed me more in my conviction. Vyasa had five disciples, Sumanta, Jaimini, Paila, Suka and Vyasampayana. Badarayana in his 'Sutra Dharmam Jaiminiratayeva' considers Jaimini's principle as long prior to his sutras. If Badarayana was Vyasa it could never be imagined that he would have referred to them as long prior to his. Hence, Badarayana can never be the same as Vyasa (Krishnadwaipayana) the teacher of Jaimini and his mates, nor even his contemporary.

When I with a full knowledge of the above facts finished my history of the Mahabharata agreeing with them, I happened to come by, while studying Painini's grammar for certain purpose, the several lists of words regarding the formation of their derivatives, the rule 'Nadadibhyi Phuk' 4.1.99 in that group which indicated 'gothrapatyavidhi' how to form the words indicating the geneological descent from a single word. In the list beginning with 'nada' is included the word 'Badara'. The Rule lays down that the first syllable is to be elongated adding "Ayana" to the last. Then the words will read as Nadayana, Sakatayana, Jalamdharyana, Badarayana etc. Now their meaning has to be ascertained. It is apparent that they must be next in descent or by two or more removes from their original. Not resting with the above rule Panini laid down another rule 'Atha Ing' to differentiate subsequent descent. In consequence of which the first descent transforms 'Nada' as nadi and 'Badara' as 'Badari'.

Badarayana in his Brahmasustras mentioned the views of 'Badari' his father or grandfather. For the above reasons Badarayana, was conclusively either the grandson or the great grandson of 'Badara' his son being Badari. Vyasa is the son of Parasara whose father was Shakthi Maharshi who was the son of Vasista. The above facts set at rest beyond any doubt the controversy respecting the identity of Badarayana and Vyasa who are two different individuals of two different ages.

I was for sometime doubting whether the word "Badara" was not wrongly included in Nadadi list of 60 words. But after a time it so chanced that I had a look into "Ganaratha Mahodathi" the work of Sri

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## THE BANYAN TREE

- DR. R. JANARDANA RAO

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Heritage of the soil! Let me water thee ever Reveal to me the secrets of ages you hide Vedic treasure in every leaf you hold Thy strength, thy symmetry of leaves are lessons To me to learn of thy stoic, silent strength Unbound, immense, of the past, present and future Of a land immortal with intents of infinity.

All through a tree? Nay, its a tree of invincibility
Mute conveyance of solemn song "Soham" "I am that"
Of unchanging beauty, challenging eternal erosion
Of time, clime and man's changing rhymes
Wondrous, inexplicable, beauty for eyes to see
How the seers of yore chose it as their shade
Beneath it they sang immortal songs of eternal truth
Of strength, glory, peace for all mankind
The master and the seeker in chorus sang
Of soul's infinity, leading path to spiritual beauty
Forming Vedas, Smrities, Samhitas, Upanishads
The lore of sweet, splendourous thought-glory
All ending in Peace, Peace, Santi, Swasthi

Banyan tree! Thou art the synonym of strength Honoured with proximity of the ancient Rishis in Ind.

#### (Continued from previous page)

Vardhamana Pandit of the 2nd Century A.D. My doubt was dispelled by finding the word 'Badara' in his 'Nadadi' list. He wrote that his work was done after consulting eight grammarians.

The veda is more authoritative to us than even grammar. Now are extent nine Samaveda Brahmanas of which Tandya is the biggest. Vamsa Brahmana a portion of Tandya gives us hereunder a list of teachers of Samaveda in their order. Prajapathi, Brihaspathi, Narada, Vishvaksena, Parasarya, Vyasa, Jaimini, Poushyindhya, Parasuryayana who in their turn twice taught it to several others. From the above it is evident that Vyasa is five generations and Jaimini four above Badarayana. There is one Badarayani, the son of Badarayana in the list of Teachers in order, of Adharva Veda.

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# CONQUEST OF SELF IN "CLEAR LIGHT OF DAY"

V.L.V.N. NARENDRA KUMAR

The rarer action is in virtue than in vengeance: - Shakespeare, The Tempest

Anita Desai has added a new and significant dimension to Indian fiction in English. What distinguishes her from other writers is her preoccupation with the exploration of the interior world. Probing deep into the bottomless pit of human psyche, she brings the hidden contours into to much sharper focus. Her protagonists are not static figures; they attempt to know themselves and in the process, undergo transformation leading to selfillumination. Sarah in Bye-Bye, Blackbird accepts her husband's decision as he realises that England does not have anything to offer her. Sita in Where shall we Go This Summer? accepts the role of a traditional wife ultimately as her myth of escape is exploded. Nanda Kaul's catastrophe in Fire On the Mountain is the outcome of her experiments with fantasy.

Clear Light of Day¹ indicates the maturity that Anita Desai has attained. Bim, the Central character in the novel, envisages life as full of adventure. She aspires to be a heroine and a rebel. But ironically, it is she who stays in the same place, doing the same dull routine and does not move beyond Old Delhi. She lives in the house she was born in and teaches in the college where she studied. However, she is not a highly strung and neurotic creature. The present does not torment her; what agonises her filters in from the past. She

suffers the traumas neither of a shattered childhood nor an incompatible marriage. Tara, at first, feels that her sister is very contented, having everything she wanted in life. Yet before long, she becomes aware that Bim is no more and no less contented than herself. She is as angry, unhappy and frustrated as the other in the family. But Bim, being a stoic, conceals her anguish. The lines from D.H. Lawrence's "Ship of Death" reflect her death-wish.

From too much love of living
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanks giving
Whatever gods may be
That no man lives forever,
That dead men rise up never;
That even the Weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

But Bim eventually masters this death-wish and comes to terms with herself.

For twenty years, she torments herself with the rejection, the desertion of Raja, her elder brother, whom she idealises with a near incestuous passion. Raja runs away to Hyder Ali in Hyderabad, leaving her in the crumbling house with an alcoholic aunt and a mentally retarded brother. She feels alienated as he marries Benazir. daughter of Hyder Ali and begets five children. He abdicates his responsibility completely and consequently, she experiences a sense of betrayal. She chooses an

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independent life, brushes aside suitors like Dr. Biswas : One Day, he says :

Now I understand why you do not wish to marry. You have dedicated your life to others — to your sick brother and your aged aunt and your little brother who will be dependent on you all his life. You have sacrificed your own life for them (p.97)

This is typical male point of view. But in fact she chooses to be independent, entirely out of her volition. She is too spirited and intelligent to conform to tradition. She refuses to accept a life which would be at the mercy of male order that surrounds her.

The irony is that it is her unconventionality, her mental alertness, which draws men to her. But she is unaware of this fascinating trait in her and this makes her all the more attractive. She has the typical masculine traits of ease, nonchalance and an honest approach to life. All these traits combine to make her a unique figure. She receives admiration and approbation from one and all for her ideas. But still, she remains an intangible entity, not properly understood. People like Tara fail to comprehend her fully. Tara is also aware of the admiration that her sister generates in men

He (Bakul) had always admired Bim, even if she infuriated him often, and Tara sensed this admiration in the murky air. She sensed it with a small prick of jealousy - a minute prick that simply reminded her how very close she was to Bakul, how entirely dependent on him for her own calm and happiness (p. 150)

Bim's heroic acceptance of the fan. ily and motherhood becomes central to the novel. In a way, she embodies Anita Desai's vision of the new Indian woman. Unlike most Indian girls, she opts out of marriage for a life of chosen spinsterhood to pursue career and a way of life which she accepts gracefully despite its limitations. She refuses to play the conventional role of a sex-object and of a submissive wife and be comes, in a sense, a truly liberated woman Her life stands in sharp contrast to the ordinary, mundane life of Tara. Her child. hood dream of becoming a heroine comes true. She faithfully follows her ideal and hy deciding to sacrifice the happiness of a married life, she gladly pays the heavy price required for accomplishing it. She plays the roles of Florence Nightingale and Joan of Arc within the boundaries of domestic sphere. When she is young, she nurses her brother Raja who is down with tuberculosis and treats her ailing aunt with utmost care and devotion. But she is disappointed when her aunt dies, and Raja deserts her apparently with an ambition which he later on forgets. Ultimately, she is left with her invalid brother Baba and spends her declining youth devotedly looking after him. Thus Bim, unlike Raja, achieves success in realising her dream She practises in her adult life what she dreams of in her childhood.

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After his daughter's marriage is fixed, Raja sends an invitation to Tara in which he does not even mention Bim's name. Bim, who is like a foster-mother to Raja, is hurt and it deepens her old rancour against Raja, reminding her of his letter in which he hints at raising the rent of the house. She also realises how time has ravaged the old affections of the childhood and created a changed pattern of relationship in the faurily. One night, the realisation which has

been eluding her, dawns upon her all of a sudden, considerably lightening her burden. She discovers that Raja is no hero at all. She realises this truth when she re-reads his poems and letters stored in her study for twenty years. He is a mere imitator, an effete romantic and she clothes him in a hero's mantle by mistake. He repeats what Byron, Swinburne and Iqbal said without quite understanding what romanticism essentially meant. She feels relieved as the debris accumulated from the past is cleared away. She attains a new awareness and her self-knowledge makes her trample down the false romantic image of her brother. Says Shanta Krishnaswamy: "Her changed perceptions, her new awareness does not mean that she is out of the woods yet."2 Her ordinary working life, her routine of teaching at college, comes to be of great help in maintaining her sanity. Her spirit and her profession help her to be a whole same being, against all odds. She reflects:

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While she worked, she felt a sharp, fiery pining for college to re-open and her ordinary working life to be resumed. Then she would be able to end all this storm of emotion in which she had been dragged back and forth all summer as in a vast, warm ocean, and return to what she did best, most efficiently, with least expense of spirit - the keeping to a schedule, the following of a time - table, the application of the mind to facts, figures, rules and analyses (p.169)

One night, before going to bed, Bim reads The Life of Aurangzeb. She makes a contrast between her own life and that of the Mughal Emperor. Aurangzeb's last words also become the mirror in which she sees the course of her own life. Aurangzeb says in a letter to his son:

Many were around me when I was born, but

now I am going alone. I know not why I am or wherefore I came into the world ... Life is transient and the lost moment never comes back ... When I have lost hope in myself, how can I hope in others? Come what will, I have launched my bark upon the waters ... (p. 167)

She dismisses Aurangzeb as an example of ego-centricity and in dismissing him, she also throws out from herself a past of hate and bitterness. It is not only a moment of realisation but also one of reconciliation. For her, it is a rare moment of illumination. The lines stick in her mind, filling her eyes with tears of repentance. That fateful night, she tears off all the old papers and letters, including the offensive and unpardonable letter of Raja that tormented her for many years, in a forgiving state of mind. All her tormenting emotions anger, guilt, fear and remorse get spent, making her realise that she has plumbed the depths of time - "time present and the past." She forgives Raja. When Tara, Bakul and their children finally start for Hyderabad, Bim says to her sister, with genuine eagerness: "Tell him I'm - I'm waiting for him - I want him to come - I want to see him" tp. 176). A critic very aptly observes: "This also marks her transition from hatred to love, from alienation to accommodation, from rejection to acceptance, from egotism to altruism."3

In that moment of awakening and recognition, she makes an evaluation of her own self and rejects all that has hindered her growth into a truly liberated soul. Towards the end of the novel, Bim attends the music programme arranged at Misra's where Mulk's guru sings. She marks the difference between Mulk's "sweet and clear voice" and his guru's sharp voice mingled with

'sharpness', 'bitterness,' 'passion' and 'frustration.' She draws the inference that both Mulk and his guru "belonged to the same school and had the same style of singing and there was this similarity despite the gulf between them" (p. 182). This inference, charged with profound significance, offers her a vital clue that finally resolves her emotional crisis. She realises that she, afterall, belongs to Raja, Tara and Baba, "despite the gulf" between her and them. It is difficult to disagree with Shanta Acharya when she says: "The renewal of the self in another pattern is the theme of Clear Light of Day."

In the novel, Bim outshines the other characters. She is a genuine heroic figure, who, despite her limitations, succeeds in looking after the needs of Baba and running the house. She swims against the tide and in the end, forgives her brother. Thus the novel ends on a note of reconciliation. Her resolution to affirm the significance of sustaining motherhood beyond the traditional limitations is suggested in her relationship with Baba. She seeks her wholeness and fulfilment in looking after her mentally retarded brother. Thus she becomes a surrogate mother to Baba.

There is a striking similarity between Fire on the Mountain and Clear Light of Day. Both Nanda Kaul and Bim are abandoned women. They are obsessed with the past and it is this obsession that plunges them into intense suffering. Nanda Kaul is betrayed by her children whereas Bim is let down by her brother Raja. If Nanda Kaul lives like a 'recluse' at Carignano, a secluded place, trying to swallow the bitter experience of the past, Bim lives in the decaying Old Delhi, "a great cemetery." However, Bim, unlike Nanda Kaul, succeeds in bridging the gap between

the aspiration and reality. She eventually realises that love alone redeems and keepsa human being sane and whole. It is this realisation that saves her from disaster.

Referring to the excellence of the novel, Prof. Walsh remarks: "The rythm of the movement between the restless search for release from the confinement of the single image of self and the solicitude to keep inviolate the integrity of another self is what we feel pulsing through Clear Light of Day"5 Bim is a finely etched figure, standing way ahead of the other women in the fietional world of Anita Desai. She is a being with positive responses to life. She is the novelist's study of the intelligent woman's psyche, the woman who is aware of her potentialities and sense of direction. Sheisa hapless quester who fails in her quest to conquer the world. But in the process, she conquers herself and achieves inner equilib rium. Thus Bim's conquest of self becomes the leitmotif of the novel.

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## SWAMI VIVEKANANDA'S UNVEILING OF A UNIVERSAL RELIGION

'- Ms. KIRAN R. NAIR

The parliament of Religions was indeed a much acclaimed and publicised event at the world's Congress Auxilliary of the Columbian Exposition of 1893. Never before had the world seen, a congregation of the respresentatives of the world's great religions, of such a magnitude.

Swami Vivekananda had foreseen his meteoric ascent as a world prophet when he remarked to Swami Turiyananda before leaving for America: "The Parliament of Religions is being organised for this (pointing to himself). My mind tells me go. You will see it verified at no distant date. (Burke Marie Louise - 'Swamy Vivekananda') The objectives of the Parliament in a nutshell, were to give mankind a vision of the truths upheld by each religion, explore the fundamental unity underlying them, examine their role in mitigating world problems and finally the most important, to bind all nations in a fraternal bond with the hope of establishing an enduring global peace and harmony. Indeed the stage was set for the coronation of 'a prince among men' (Swamy Nikhilananda's Vivekananda – A Biogra-

Swami Vivekananda was to address the Parliament of Religions on 'Hinduism'. When he began his unique historic address with "Sisters and Brothers of America", "seven thousand people rose to their feet as a tribute to something they knew not what" wrote Mrs S.K. Blodgett who later became Swamiji's hostess in Los Angeles. So stirred by Swamiji's majestic figure, imposing glance and the toll of his voice, 'rich as a bronze bell' were the audience that the applause which lasted several minutes was symbolic of the awakening of human hearts to a reminiscence of their former glory of spiritual communion. This momentous experience, subtly and surely, transformed the hearts of men hastening humanity towards its goal of true religious harmony.

In the opening session he revealed India as a land of forebearance and all encompassing love in which many persecuted races and the refugees of all religions from all nations of the earth took shelter and achieved solace. Hinduism not only tolerated but also accepted the fundamental and universal truth underlying all religions. To demonstrate this he reiterated the eternal Vedantic message: "As the different streams having their sources in different places all mingle their waters in the sea, So, O Lord, the different paths which men take through different tendencies, various though they appear, crooked or straight, all lead to Thee". He was the first to present India in her true light to the West dispelling the centuries of negative thinking that dominated the western minds about the East. He concluded on a fervent hope that the bell that tolled in the

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49. nre in 1990 morning of September 11, 1893 in honour of the convention would sound "the death-knell of all fanaticism of all persecution with the sword or with the pen and of all uncharitable feelings between persons wending their way to the same goal".

On 15th Sept, 1883 Swamiji explained why the human mind was always at so much variance. He illustrated the cause of this variance by telling a little story to his audience who were already enthralled by his opening address. He told the famous story of a frog in a well visited by a frog from the sea. The frog in the well was sure nothing could be bigger than its well. Drawing a parallel in human life, Swamiji compares people of different faiths having a narrow perspective that no other religion apart from their own could be greater.

On 19th September 1893, he presented before the Parliament his famous paper on 'Hinduism', Hinduism was like a Ocean in which all spiritual flights were absorbed and assimilated in that vast body of thought. It was based on the revelations of the Vedas which stretch out to infinity. The spiritual laws enshrined in the Vedas were in existence much before its discovery. Says Swami Vivekananda: "Just as the law of gravitation existed before its discovery, and would exist even if all humanity forgot it, so is it with the laws that govern the spiritual world. The moral, ethical, and spiritual relations between soul and soul and between individual spirits and the Father of all spirits, were there before their discovery, and would remain even if we forgot them". He refreshes human memory of the state of purity and perfection which is existing in men if only they would strive to bring it to the fore. This also adds up to the Universal

Brotherhood of man anchored by a universal religion which is also existing despite the voices of dissension.

He metaphorically compares creation and the creator to be two lines running parallel to each other without a beginning and without an end. He likens religion to he a science in which God is the ever active providence by whose cosmic power chaotic systems are destroyed and disharmony is turned to heavenly harmony. Man decries his fate in this world inwhich he is put to untold hardships and miseries by a cruel God whereas some lead a happy existence The promise held out to him of a future happiness does not convince him as it goes against his vision of the creator as all compassionate and just God. But this conflicting proposition is instinctively resolved when Swamiji expalins the invincibility and immortality of the spirit; all else is transcient. "Him the sword cannot pierce - him the fire cannot burn - him the water cannot melthim the air cannot dry".

The soul is a circle with its centre in the body and circumference which is beyond the bounds of matter. It is because of this that the essentially free, unbounded, holy, pure and perfect nature that the spirit is misconstrued as matter. But this knowledge brings further delusion as to how the human soul-eternal, perfect and infinite has imperfection. Death brings about a temporary shift in the focus from one body to another. The soul is in a constant state of evolution to attain a purity which will release it from material bondage forever.

Swami Vivekananda voices the question that rises in innumerable human minds: "Is man a tiny boat in a tempest, raised one moment on the foamy crest of a

### SWAMI VIVEKANANDA'S UNVEILING OF A UNIVERSAL RELIGION

billow and dashed into a yawning chasm the next, rolling to and fro at the mercy of good and bad actions - a powerless, helpless wreck in an ever-raging, ever rushing uncompromising current of cause and effect; a little moth placed under the wheel of causation which rolls on crushing everything in its way and waits not for the widow's tears or the orphan's cry? Man with a sinking heart pleads in futility against the hopelessness and inescapability of the law of nature. This cry was quitened by that divine benevolence which dispelled this gloom in a flash. An inspired voice of hope and consolation proclaimed the much awaited glad tidings which Swamiji pronounced to his audience with devastating effect. He addressed his audience in a lofty strain: "Children of immortal bliss." ..... "heirs of immortal bliss... Ye are the children of God, the sharers of immortal bliss, holy and perfect beings-Ye divinities on earth-sinners! It is a sin to call a man so; it is a standing libel on human nature." Mankind labouring under the ages of conditioning which reduced it to the label "sinners" was shocked at this revolutinary form of address. It is from here that Swami Vivekananda begins the process of reconditioning mankind by constantly reminding it of the divine nature of all creation and the unity of all existence. His exaltation of man as the highest object of worship bestows a new dimension in the spiritual pursuit of man. He rouses men from their delusions of weakness to a conscious conviction of their strength to rise above matter to the sublimity of Godhead. This realisation is echoed in the prayer that is universal in all religions: ... Thou art the source of all strength; give us strength, Thou art He that beareth the burdens of the universe; help me bear the

little burden of this life." It is the strength derived from this prayer that enables man to live in this world like a lotus leaf which grows in water but is never moistened by it. This is the doctrine embodied in the Vedas that a man ought to live in the world his heart imersed in God and his hands engaged in work. Swami Vivekananda attributes the constant struggle for perfection, the manifestation of divinity; reaching and seeing God and becoming one with Him as the sole objective of Hinduism.

The loss of the finite individuality in an infinite ocean of bliss gradually leads to the zenith of spiritual joy which is the universal consciousness. If the ultimate goal of science is the search for unity; the science of religion too strives for perfection surpassing the delusive multiplicity and duality of manifestations to merge with the ultimate unity that spans the universe.

Swami Vivekananda asks of us not to reproach men for using idols or temples or churches or books as supports in their spiritual progress. This is the lowest stage; but man is to rise higher to mental prayer till he manifests divinity by realising God. Hinduism recognises this staged progression. This is very aptly expressed by the adage: "The child is father of the man." He questions whether it would be right for an old man to say that childhood is a sin or youth a sin? According to Hinduism, " ... man is not travelling from error to truth, but from truth to truth, from lower to higher truth... all the religions, from the lowest fetishism to the highest absolutism, mean so many attempts of the human soul to grasp and realise the Infinite..." It is the dawn of this realisation among men that would bring about acceptance of the variance in faith. Hinduism

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recognises that the absolute can be realised, or thought of, or stated through the relative with mankind using images, crosses and crescents as symbolic pegs to hang their spiritual ideas. This need is relative and not imperative.

"... The whole world of religions is only a travelling, a coming up, of different men and women, through various conditions and circumstances to the same goal. Every religion is only evolving a God out of the material man, and the same God is the inspirer of all of them." The conflicts and contradictions are only apparent and come from the same truth trying to adjust itself to the diverse circumstances of multifarious natures. Religious faith is like the same light coming through glasses of different colours. This explains the all-encompassing belief of Hinduism in the agnostic Buddhism and atheistic Jainism; the central truth of both is to evolve a God out of man.

Swami Vivekananda concluded his paper on 'Hinduism' with a definition of a Universal Religion as one "which will have no location in place or time; which will be infinite like the God it will preach,... within its catholicity will embrace in its infinite arms, and find a place for persecution or intolerance in its polity, ... and whose whole scope, whose whole force will be created in aiding humanity to realise its own true divine nature." He sees the star which brightened the Eastern horizon traversing towards the West, sometimes dimmed and at times effulgent, till it has circuited the whole world and once again is rising in the East, a thousand fold more brilliant than it was ever before.

Though he began by giving an exposition of Hinduism, by the end of his address

we see a regeneration of this faith, transformed by a confluence of all faiths into an eternal wave bathing the shores of the whole universe. Hinduism which had long been groping for support amidst turbulent times had found a strong achor in Swamiji. He bares the very soul of India in his messge. He is indeed a "Condensed India."

On Sept. 20, 1893, Swamiji emphasized that religion was not the crying need in the East. There was enough religion, the suffering millions in India were crying for bread with parched throats. "It is an insult to a starving people to offer them religion; it is an insult to a starving man to teach him metaphysics." Swamiji was a strong advocate of the development of man, physical and mental. He wanted youth with muscles of iron and nerves of steel in his plan of national rejuvenation.

He also gave a short lecture on "Buddhism, the fulfilment of Hinduism" on 26th Sept, 1893. He acclaimed Buddha as the first being in the world who brought missionarising into practice and was also the first to conceive the idea of proselytising. It was left to us to enjoin the great intellect of Hinduism with the heart, the noble soul and the wonderful humanising power of the great Master, Buddha.

Swamiji addressed the Parliament on a number of occasions. He repeatedly stressed on his conception of universal religion unlimited by space or time uniting all religions into a harmonious and magnificient synthesis, the divinity of the soul, the unity of existence, the non-duality of Godhead. His message visualised the growth and flourish of all according to their own belief. The great principles enshrined in the Vedas of

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## PATRIOT'S LYRE

K.V. ADVANI

It requires a genius, to have feel of the pulse, When sun-shine dissolves away Patriot never bemoans the dark reality, His soul's lyre gives melody, sweet and gay.

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- 2. When resonance of aspirations and matching deeds, Is vibrantly alive in life,
  Man endeavours hard to canalise.
  Patriotic values through life's strife.
- 3. Our great bards have idolized,
  In inspired words, greatness of MOTHER IND.
  Their afflatus elevates our consciousness,
  To brighter realms, with surcharged mind.
- True spirit of patriotism awakens,
   Within inner environs of human psyche,
   An abiding urge to warm both hands wisely,
   Before the fire of life, to enrich its insight.
- None can abnegate, lingering tinge,
   Of life's strain and anxious moments.
   Life's consolations, are like melting candles,
   But its fullness and depth, possess sweet cadences.
- 6. Variety and sheen of cool hues' play,
  Unfold their hypnotic verve, like lotus petals,
  In limpid and healing waters of life.
  Purity of love, nurtures creative urges.

## (Continued from previous page)

the inherent divinity of man and his capacity for indefinite evolution form the bulwarks of Swamiji's message to mankind.

Swami Vivekananda addressed the final session of the Parliament on 27th September, 1893. He emphasized that the difference between world religions was essentially one of expression and not of substance. Their point of similarity lies in the ultimate unity of the soul with the divine creator. To illustrate this he gives us a vision of a plant sprouting from a seed. "The seed is put in the ground, and earth and air and

water are placed around it. Does the seed become the earth, or the air or the water? No. It becomes a plant, it develops after the law of its own growth..." Similarly every religion must assimilate the spirit of the others and yet preserve its individuality.

The Parliament of Religions had successfully testified to the world that holiness, purity and charity were not the exclusive possessions of any church; every system had men and women of the most exalted character to its credit.

## ISA VASYA

[Isa vasya idom sarvam]\*

### MRINALINI SARABHAI'S ODE ON THE MOTHER OF THE UNIVERSE

- K.B. SITARAMAYYA

Awakened, The mother of the Universe Looked upon the vast spaces Lying desolate

Upon the clouds of timelessness A void
An emptiness—
A waste
Crying out for fullness
To be created whole
"Ya Devi sarva bhuteshu
Shakti rupenasamsthita"
She smiled
Radiance lit the Universe

Sparkling
A million dewdrops lit the azure nothingness.

She stretched out an arm as though beseeching
In that hushed moment:

Nature was born...

Slowly rising, unwinding herself
Gently with grace she laid out the earth
Trees grew, flowers blossomed,
Waters flowed, rivers streamed,
The earth was renewed and blessed
With each unravelling perfect
The beauty, yet incomplete
Till man appeared, primitive man.

Alone he stood, bewildered and forlorn, softly within his mind she poured awareness, knowledge, skill and strength

Discovering all, he hunted and he fished, Learning to live among all living beings. Yet, loneliness and restlessness darkened his hours

Till Devi herself willed into being the

deepest gift of all existence The gift of love

Together they dwell, Prakriti and Purusha, A wholeness of perfection.

Yet man accepts not happiness Did not Christ call out in agony "When I give people light Why then do they choose darkness?"

Even with plenty, greed is born
The need for power to subjugate, destroy,
Raping the earth, not heeding
Earth mother's cries of pain,
Ravaging her body, desecrating her soul.
Devi watches silently as she herself is
stripped,

Disturbed yet compassionate her smile, She sees around her only wreckage All gifts bestowed, she draws within herself Empties the land of all its wealth.

Man realises too late
She is the source
With terrible wrath
Kills her who brought him all her love
Time rolls backward
All memory lost
Man is again alone
It is the end of Brahma's yuga.

Devi once more within herself
Draws back her outstretched arm
Wonders,
When will I come again?
In silence the great mist
Envelopes her
In silence
Silence .....

MRINALINI SARABHAI

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This is for the habitation by the Lord (Isa Upanishad verse, Sri Aurbindo's translation)

\* Courtesy 'Main Stream' - April 1991

Mrinalini Sarabhai's ISA VASYA is not the usual kind of verse we come across in magazines and journals. It is superior even to the work of talented writers who have made name for themselves as modern Indo-Anglian poets. Wherein lies the superiority? It is the work of an artist with a vision, a profound spiritual vision. The theme of the poem rises far above the trivialities that concern most writers. Above all, the form and technique match the theme and the vision of the poem. Though the poem employs unrhymed free verse and is not cast in the form of an address it reminds us of the great Odes of the past. The original Pindaric Odes are said to have been composed for performances of dance. Sometimes ISA VASYA comes very close to a dance (though very different from the kind of dance for which Pindar wrote) in the correspondence of the varying lengths of lines etc to the abhinaya of a dancer.

The vision of the poem is the boundless love and compassion of the Mother of the Universe. She creates the world and places man in it and blesses him with all gifts, the greatest of them being love. The mother gives an aspect of herself as his companion. All women, says the **Devi Mahatmya**, from which the poet quotes in a different context, are aspects of the Divine Mother—

#### STRIYAH SAMASTAN SAKALA JAGATSU

Man, filled with greed, not only destroys the world the mother has made but kills his companion. Even then the mother is compassionate towards him. She is forced to withdraw all the wealth she has bestowed on him and ultimately she withdraws herself

from the Universe. But she waits silently to come to the world again.

The theme of the poem is the folly of man. He goes against the injunction of the Isa Vasya Upanishad:

Ma gradhah kasya swiddhanam (Lust not after any man's wealth).

Man is asked to enjoy by renunciation without greed. But the poet tells us.

Yet man accepts not happiness. Did not Christ call out in agony When I give people light Why do they choose darkness?'

In the development of the theme Mrinalini fuses the Hindu and the Christian lore. By bringing the Isa Vasya Upanishad in a poem where the Devi, the mother of the Universe, is the protagonist, the poet blends the Tantric with the Vedantic conceptions. While depicting the creation of man she identifies Adam and Eve with Purusha and Prakriti. Adam and Eve are a part of not merely the Christian lore but the whole Semitic tradition that includes Judaism, Islam and Christianity. The poet's inclusive consciouness seeks to present a universal fact of life that transcends creeds and denominations.

"Isa Vasya" has three movements as in the Odes of the past. The first movement brings before us the mother's creation of the world and man and her showering of all gifts including love on him. The second movement shows the birth of greed and man's destruction of everything including his companion, an aspect of the mother herself as noted at the start. The third reveals the

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mother's withdrawal from the world and her waiting to come again.

Let us analyse the three movements in detail and watch the unfolding of the theme and vision of the Ode.

We begin, not with the hour before the Gods awake, but with the movement when the mother is awake and becomes alive to what is before her and looks upon the vast emptiness. Soon we see her standing tall and erect in all her infinity:

> Ya Devi Sarvabhuteshu Shakti rupena samsthita

(Which Goddess stands firm and erect in the midst of all the elements in the form of Force).

The sonorous and majestic Sanskrit vecables and rythm breaking into the English add to the awe-inspiring quality of the Supreme Mother.

The lines, as indicated above, are from the **Devi Mahatmyam** (also called **Chandi or Saptasati**) Canto V. The first gesture of the statue sque figure of the mother is her smile which lights up the universe.

The lighting up of the universe is described in the brief stanza that follows with a very short line succeeded by a very long one,

'Sparkling A million dew drops lit the azure emptiness.'

The vast empty blue spaces being paved into a long milky way of stars, small and big, is shown as it were by the long line, whose length is emphasised by the shortness of the line that precedes it. "Sparkling" means, ofcourse, twinkling or shining.

It is in the next three lines we  $com_e$  very close to the correspondence of the length of lines to the limb-movements of a dancer:

'She stretched out an arm as though beseeching

In that hushed moment Nature was born...'

The first long line literally stretches itself out to correspond to the movement of the arm. It also indicates the infinity of the mother whose arm stretches out to boundless space. The second line is shorter and the third shorter yet. The gradual shortening of the lines is a gesture indicating the Infinite becoming finite in the birth of Nature.

The mother's gesture silences everything to make the birth of Nature possible. The lines bring out the dramatic quality of the great event.

The correspondence of the movement of the lines to the limb-movements of a dancer is not always obvious. Let us return, for a movement, to the second stanza to study the subtlety and skill with which it is shown. The very syntax, the incomplete sentence followed by another incomplete sentence from Sanskrit (the lines Ya Devi... form a clause, not a sentence) succeeded by two short sentences are splendid sugges tions which conjure up a series of postures of a dancer conveying rapidly the awakened mother who has looked upon the desolate vasts standing up firmly in the vastitudes of eternity and infinity and smiling and light ing up the universe.

The stanza opens with rather a long line,

Upon the clouds of timeslessness...

Clouds veil, look vague and cause gloom. Eternity (timelessness) on which the dark empty spaces hang, looks like a dim and gloomy stretch of clouds. The three short lines

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reveal the insignificnace of the vast spaces because of their vacuity. They cry to be filled up. Then we see the Supreme Mother's form rising before us standing firm and erect in the midst of the all the elements. She smiles and her smile lights up the universe.

Even the opening stanza of the poem, in the light of what we have seen, is a dancegesture suggesting by the symmetry of the lines, —a long line, two short lines, another long line, — the Mother's opening of her eyes and looking on the vast nothingness.

The fifth, sixth and seventh stanzas of the poem form the second movement describing the creation of the world and man and her showering her gifts on him. Slowly rising in her stature she lays down the earth gently with grace as though she is unwinding herself. Trees, flowers, waters (oceans, rivers) unravel the beauty of the earth which becomes complete and perfect with the creation of man. The mother pours on man various gifts and endows on him the final gift—love. The gift implies the creation of a companion for man—the woman. Man and woman are presented as Purusha and Prakriti.

The form and structure of stanza five suggests the vigorous footwork of the dancer,-

'Trees grew, flowers blossomed, Waters flowed, rivers streamed...'

The movement of the body is described in

Slowly rising, unwinding herself...

The limb-movement is obvious in the line,

Gently with grace she laid out the earth...

Stanza six concerned with the primitive man on whom Mother showers her gifts suggests the appropriate abhinaya,

Discovering all, he hunted and fished, Learning to live with all living beings.

The Seventh stanza makes us see Purusha and Prakriti, Adam and Eve, the two in one.

Together they dwell, Prakriti and Purusha, A wholeness of perfection.

One remembers the comment of Sri Aurobindo, (Sri Aurobindo Birth centenary library edition, Vol 12 p.46)

'The Man and Woman, universal Adam and Eve, are really one and each incomplete without the other, barren without the other and inactive without the other.'

The last movement of the Ode shows man's deliberate destruction of all that Mother has made and given him.

The eighth stanza beginning the last movement strikes the key-note with the agonized cry of the Saviour of Man-who can save him? Christ himself could not do it:

When I give people light Why then do they choose darkness?

The ninth stanza that shows man's rape of the earth and Mother's withdrawal of gifts suggests a brisk movement of the dancer's limbs.

Even with plenty, greed is born...

The Supreme Mother identifies herself with the Earth Mother who is stripped. Even then the Mother of the Universe does not lose her compassion,—

Disturbed yet compassionate her smile, She sees around her only wreckage.

But she has to draw back all gifts bestowed and has to empty the land of all its wealth.

The penultimate stanza of the poem, sees Man all alone because he kills his companion, herself a form of the mother, source of everything that provokes his greed and

the subsequent destruction. The Brahma yuga or the era of creation comes to an end

The Devi, whom we see at the start awaking to the desolate spaces and creating a marvellous world, has to draw back the outstretched arm. Yet she wonders as to when she should come again. Her grace is abounding and love infinite. But for the present, silence envelops her.

The second line of the last stanza,

'Draws back her outstrched arm'

much shorter than the one the first line of the fourth stanza which stretches itself out as it were, is a beautiful gesture of the act of withdrawal. There are many such guestures in the poem like the repetition of silence in the last two lines which make the whole vision "dance" before our eyes.



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# VISWAMITRA - AHALYA

C. LOKESWARA RAO

## Sutradhara (Narrator):

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King Trisanku had an ambition To ascend alive to Heaven The gods were aghast A mortal in THEIR midst

The king was punished for temerity And cursed with untouchability Sage Viswamitra performed havan To send Trisanku to heaven

The immortals pushed him down But the rishi stopped his descent Even built an alternate heaven For Trisanku's exclusive haven

Viswamitra's notorius for temper Unbooming of a sage rather Little's heard of his compassion Bad Press those days even

Besides Trisanku the accursed Methinks Viswamitra succoured Ahalya the fallen woman And engineered her redemption.

(Having spoken these words, the narrator leaves).

# Viswamitra enters muttering:

Cobwebs and weeds And layers of dust No one's been here for ages This must be the place

#### (scanning)

Can she see me?
Would she place me?
Is she capable of feeling?
Can she sense someone apporaching?

### Viswamitra spots a stone sneaking:

Stop, Ahalya, don't move Glad tidings for you Your ordeal is over Your saviour is here

### (The stone keeps moving)

Can't you hear Stop there Don't play truant In the hour of liberation

### A Voice:

Aw, what does it matter After all I've endured The prospect of deliverance Really makes no difference

The worst of it is just
Sun, rain, air and dust
Can even call'em caresses
Of Mother Earth and Elements

But the solitude is bliss Hardship doesn't hurt Half as much as what I went thru Callous indifference chokes you

#### TRIVENI

He ordered me around All day and dusk to dawn Not a glance at my beauty Never but never a word kind

#### Viswamitra

'But, woman (checks his rage)
Trust me child
Forget your blues
There's more to life

### Voice (cries out in anguish):

I am branded; beyond your pale Could I assume clairvoyance? Who'd suspect husband's embrace? accursed, branded; what's there to redeem?

#### Viswamitra:

Yonder is a prince Virtue, charm and grace The world awaits his deeds Of valour and justice

#### Voice:

Justice delayed is justice denied You are all the same You judge alike Rapist and his victim

I can sense him lurking Gautama is hovering My husband wants me He misses his serf

#### Viswamitra:

Don't let bile blind thee

To dazzle of divine forgiveness

(whispers) Rama is an avatar The very god come to us

(effusively) He'll kill Ravana, of course
But he'll be more famous
For stretching mental horizons
And ushering new notions

Heroism of sacrifice Generosity without rancour Friendship for man 'n' beast Equality and welfare state fa

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### Viswamitra (continues):

A unique incarnation
To man's limitations bound
His virtues all divine
And feats all human

Only one display of divinity
He's fated only one miracle
Would you him deny
That lone break from man's shackle!

Your chance to feel bliss
Of giving love
Without lure of expectation
Own this vicarious son.

# JOHN KEATS: A POET OF THE NEW ERA

Dr. R. K. SINGH

If Keats as a nineteenth century poet continues to have lovers and admirers in the twentieth century beyond the shores of England, there must be something more universal, more vital about him than we tend to appreciate: "What more felicity can fall to creature,/Than to enjoy delight with liberty." (Fate of the Butterfuly, Spenser).

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What is the end of poetry? Keats answers: that it should be a friend/To soothe the cares, and lift the thoughts of man." Elsewhere, he says: "... a poet is a sage;/A humanist, physical to all men." As a future-looking poet, he gets into certain veins of human life which is still valid and appealing to readers everywhere.

Keats's practice of poetry was something more than "the luxury of the idle." In his unsettling emergence as a new poetic voice that the first publication of 'O solitude...' marks is hidden a post-Romantic experience of nature both as escape and spectacle; he expresses his desire to escape the city's "jumbled heap/of murky buildings" as also reveals a pre-Victorian interest in the Scientific objectification of Nature with use of the phrase "Nature's observatory." We see (in his 1817 poems) both private and social impulses, an intermingling of nature and culture, a shift in values of the country and the city, and between classes. He imbues Nature with distinct social qualities; the natural world equals escape from urban pressures, and promises leisure, conviviality and friendship.

As Sri Aurobindo notes in 'The Future Poetry and the Letters on Poetry, Literature and Art' the appearance of Keats marks a "turning away to a rich, artistic and sensuous poetical speech which prepares us for the lower fullnesses of the intellectual and aesthetic epoch that had to intervene. Sri Aurobindo clubs Shelly with Keats (though with a certain antimony) as "the two most purely poetic minds that have used the English tongue; but one sings from the skies earthwards, the other looks from earth towards Olympus. Keats is the first entire artist in word and rhythm in English poetry,not grandiose, classical and derived like Milton, but direct and original in his artistry, he begins a new era. His astonishing early performance leaves us wondering what might have been the masterpieces of his prime, of which even Hyperion and the Odes are only the unfulfilled promise. His death in the beginning of his powers is the greatest loss ever suffered by human achievement in this field. Alone of all the chief poets of his time he is in possession of a perfect or almost perfected instrument of his native temperament and genius, but he had not yet found the thing he had to say not yet seen what he was striving to see. All the other high things that interested his great equals, had for him no interest; one god head only he worshipped, the image of divine Beauty, and through this alone he wished to see Truth and by her to achieve spiritual delight and not so much freedom as completeness. And he saw her in three of her four forms, sensuous beauty, imaginative beauty, intellectual and

ideal beauty. But it is the first only which he had entirely expressed when his thread was cut short in its beginning; the second he had carried far, but it was not yet full-orbed; towards the third and highest he was only striving, "to philosophise he dared not yet," but it was from the first the real sense and goal of his genius."

Further, Sri Aurobindo laments that Keats, the youngest and most gifted of the six great Romantic poets (Wordsworth and Byron, Blake and Coleridge, Shelly and Keats)" enters the secret temple of ideal Beauty, but has no time to find his way into the deepest mystic sanctuary." Though Sri Aurobindo appreciates Keats's "centre of inspiration" he is also aware of him as a "half-foiled singer of the dawn who indeed tried to seek a harmony of Truth, Beauty, Delight, Life, and the Spirit, the five powers in poetry that constitute the ideal spirit of poetry." It is for this demonstration of "near over-head level of inspiration" that Sri Aurobindo finds Keats endowed with "real spiritual, vision." In support of his contention, he quotes " ... solitary thinkings; such as dodge/conception to the very bourne of heaven,/ then leave the naked brain" and stresses that "the 'substance' of these lines of Keats is of the highest kind and the expression is not easily surpassable, and even as regards the plane of their origin it is above and not below the boundary of the overhead lines."

Sri Aurobindo praises the English poet for his "power of revelation" and the deeper vision "coated up in something more external and sometimes the poetic intention of decorative beauty, sometimes some other deliberate intention of the poetic mind overlays with the more outward beauty,

beauty of image, beauty of thought, beauty of emotion, the deeper intention of the spire within, so that we have still to look for that beyond the image rather than are seized by it through the image. A high pleasure is there, but still it is not that point where pleasure passes into or is rather drowned in the pure spiritual Ananda, the ecstasy of the creative, poetic revelation." Keats, who aims at "word magic," and is much restrained appeals to him for his "inspired and inevitable speech," even if he could not write anything on a larger scale that would place him among the greatest creators.

Keat's poetry was a major influence in the nineteenth century and Sri Aurobindo himself shares some of the characteristics of the period, so much so that he frequently quotes from the English poet or refers to his verses while developing his overhead poetics and discussing rhetorical devices, rhythm poetic effect, emotional experience, feeling vision, etc. In fact both the poets are committed to poetic rhythm, to "making the most of all its possiblilities of sound." Both quest for the mysterious beyond Fancy or Imagination — the "divine melodious truth" Philosophic numbers smooth;/ Tales and golden histories/of heaven and its mysteries to quote from Keats' Ode. Both write with symbols and explore the cause of Man's griel showing similarities in structure and texture awareness of the essential bliss and divinity vis-a-vis elements of ignorance ("Knowledge enormous makes a God of me.")

Both Sri Aurobindo and Keats talk about beauty and truth. Keats writes: "what the imagination seizes as Beauty must be truth." He was certain "of nothing but of the holiness of the Heart's affections and the truth of Imagination." Sri Aurobindo says:

"The truth which poetry expresses ... some power of revelation of the beauty that is truth and the truth that is beauty into the outer things of life, even into those that are most common, obvious, of daily occurance." Like Keats, Sri Aurobindo, too seeks delight with liberty. The spiritual function of art and poetry is to "liberate man into pure delight and to bring beauty into his life;" says Sri Aurobindo in 'The Future poetry'. As he explains: "Poetry comes into being at the direct call of three powers, inspiration, beauty and delight, and brings them to us and us to them by the magic charm of the inspired rhythmic word." He explicily affirms that the aim of poetry is "to embody beauty in the word and give delight."

To Keats the source of delight is in sensation, rather than in thought (Enright and deCheckers). He declares that "with a great poet the sense of Beauty overcomes every other consideration, or rather obliterates all consideration." Sri Aurobindo too believes that "all art has to give us beauty"; beauty is the "concentrated form of delight", "the intense impression." He supports Keats "in wishing to make poetry more intimately one with life ... in going back to those creative fountains of the spirit's Ananda from which life is seen and reshaped by the vision that springs from a moved identity—the inmost source of the authentic poet vision."

But Sri Aurobindo differs from Keats when he emphasized that the mind of the poet processes "and the aspect to which he thrills is the living truth of the form, of the life that inspires it, of the creative thought behind and the supporting movement of the soul and rhythmic harmony of these things revealed to his delight in beauty." To Sri

Aurobindo, the poet's function is to bring out the beauty and power of the thought, its life and emotion — and make it all one with life. Like Keats, he is sure the moving power of poetry is a passion of beauty and delight; its sustaining power is "the breath of life." "A poetry which is all thought and no life or a thought which does not constantly keep in touch with and refresh itself form the fountain of life, ... even if it has vision and intellectual beauty, suffers always by lack of fire and body, wants perfection of grasp and does not take full hold on the inner being to seize and uplift as well as sweeten and illumine, as poetry should do and all great poetic writing does."

To both the poets, beauty is a subtle concept, intoning quality of the mind or imagination and agreeability of experience; it is virtually an aesthesis of poetic art, an attitude in truth expression, in recreating the actuality of life and interpreting reality, in giving out the self-expressive rapture, joy, delight, in nurturing "finest senses" through an innate, revealed word, or awareness of "secret spiritual self."

Sri Aurobindo says the words 'beauty' and 'truth' are abstract methaphycial terms to which we give a concrete and emotional value because they are connected in our associations with true and beautiful things of which our senses or our minds are vividly aware." Elsewhere, he interpretingly writes: "For there truth itself is highest poetry and has only to appear to be utterly beautiful to the vision, the hearing, the sensibility of the soul. There dwells and from there springs the mystery of the inevitable word, the supreme immortal rhythm, the absolute significances and the absolute utterance."

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Keat's lines - "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty-that is all/Ye know on earth and all ye need to know"-are memorable for their beauty of rhythm or feeling brought in by the rhythm. His phrase becomes for the poet true in the sense of "spiritual joy of vision, and not in any lower sensuous. intellectual or imaginative seeing." It becomes a law of our aesthetic knowledge, a philosophy, even if Keats cautions: "To philosophise I dare not yet." Perhaps, different from the philosopher, who discriminates truth, as Sri Aurobindo notes, "the poet shows us Truth in its power of beauty, in its symbol or image, or reveals it to us in the workings of Nature or in the

workings of life, and when he has done it, his whole work is done." but Keats knew he was after a greater truth: the truth of life, the truth of Nature. To quote Sri Aurobindo again: "It is this greater truth and its delight and beauty for which he is seeking, beauty which is truth and truth beauty and therefore a joy forever, because it brings us the delight of the soul in the discovery of its own deeper realities."

It is perhaps for this reason that towards the end of his life, Keats said in a letter: "I hope I am a little more of a philosopher than I was. Consequently a little less of a versifying Pet-lamb."

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# THE POLITICAL SCENE

### MAMIDIPUDI PATTABHIRAM

The long expected elections to the Lok Sabha having been completed a new Government has taken over at the Centre displacing the Congress (I) under the leadership of Mr. P.V. Narasimha Rao. The elections are remarkable in more than one sense. There has been very little violence even as some 550 million voters exercised their franchise. Secondly, the entire process spread over some that no single party obtained a majority. In fact for several months before the pollit was being said that the days of single party rule were almost over. There have been suggestions for a national Government considering the grave problems - internal and external -the country was facing so that those at the helm could view matters in a purely non-partisan manner. But this plea has not been viewed with favour. After all India opted for a system of parliamentrary democarcy in which the party in power has to have the confidence of Parliament to rule. This does not admit of a national government however eminent the persons forming it may be. Possibly such an arrangement could be thought of in an emergency but right now there does not seem to be a case for it. Now that no party has obtained a majority it was left to the President to call the leader of the single largest party to form a Government. Accordingly the mantle of Prime Ministership fell in Mr. Atal Behari Vajpayee. He could not, however, prove his majority in the Lok Sabha and even before a vote was taken he submitted his resignation to the President. Thus ended 15 days of rule by the EJP. It was then that the United Front came

into being with the Janata Dal as the core and several national parties like the CPI and the CPI (M) and regional parties like the Telugu Desam, Assam Gana Parishad and the DMK supporting the alliance. For the first time India has a sort of a coalition government although the Government formed in 1977 was of a similar nature. But the big difference then was all the parties submerged their separate identity and worked as a single entity. But soon differences arose, mostly among important leaders, and the Morarji Desai Government fell. After a brief rule by Mr. Charan Singh fresh elections were ordered and the Congress (I) came back to power. The present Government is composed of several entities and a common minimum programme was evolved with the Congress(I) which has 142 members supporting it from outside. But the hard fact is that the moment the Congress (I) decides to withdraw support the UF Government is bound to fall. The big question is whether under the circumstances the President will ask Mr. Rao to form a Government. What if the BJP supports from outside the Congress (I)? These are the imponderables but for the present we must reckon with the United Front Government.

The assumption of the high office of Prime Mnister by Mr. H.D. Deve Gowda is a remarkable event if only because it is the first time that an essentially State leader who has had no experience at the Central level has come to occupy the most important position in the country. As the recent events have shown Mr. Gowda did not really work

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that l in a of a little for it and the prize post came to him by certain fortuitous circumstances. And yet it must be said to his credit that as the Chief Minister of Karnataka he did exceedingly well especially in the matter of keeping together different parties on matters of common interest. It is the hard school of experience that has so far stood him in good stead and much earlier, as the front ranking leader of the Janata Party he played a crucial role in bringing the party to power in Karnataka ending the unbroken rule of the Congress (I). His deft handling of men and matters at the State level and the way he stood his ground even against leaders known to be far more experienced than him as, for instance, Mr. Ramakrishna Hegde, speak volumes of his ability to survive against odds. At the centre as Prime Minister he has to contend with national problems of far reaching magnitude and this requires sagacity of a rare order. There is no reason why Mr. Deve Gowda should not be in a position to exhibit statesmanlike qualities given his track record over the last 20 years.

The formation of the United Front which has as many as 178 members was not a little due to his persuasive skills and the behind-the-scene activities of which he was one of the prime movers. The skillful negotiations he conducted with the Congress(I) leader Mr. P.V. Narasimha Rao really made it possible for the United Front to lay its claim to form the Government. Undeterred by the wait that was forced on him and his supporters by the President Dr. Shankar Dayal Sharma, who had first offered the Prime Ministership to the BJP leader, Mr. A.B. Vajpayee, Mr. Gowda conducted himself with quiet dignity which ultimately brought him his reward. There was a much bigger task awaiting him and that was to persuade the regional parties which had become a vital part of the United Front to participate in the Government. The hesitation which was shown by the Chief Ministers of Andhra Pradesh, Tamil Nadu, and Assam and the TMC soon gave place to consent to join the new Ministry and there is now a compact Cabinet composed of members belonging to representative groups which together lend a broad representative character to the new Government formed by Mr. Deve Gowda. This augurs well for Centre. State relations which had reached the boiling point some time ago leading to fresh demands for State autonomy.

It should be possible now for the State leaders who have been inducted into the Cabinet to take a national view of important matters even while adopting a balanced and objective stance on issues that chiefly concern the States. The United Front could thus turn out to be an improvementon the system of one-party rule at the Centrein as much as the concept of cooperative federalism is built into the new structure. Mr. Gowda is fully aware of the problems of States as units in the federal system and could be expected to protect their interests without in any way sacrificing the overall requirements of the country. Viewed in the context the united Front Government could become a path breaker. He has now a ministry of some talent-all experienced and outstanding persons who have contributed a great deal to the enrichment of national life. Mr. Inder Gujral, Mr. P. Chidambaram, Mr. Ram Vilas Paswan, Mr. S.R. Bommai, Mr. Murasoli Maran, and Mr. Mulayam Singh Yadav are unquestionably men of proven ability and whatever portfolios they handle they could show conspicuous ability.

One has to look to the Prime Minister, Mr. Deve Gowda's first address to the nation since assuming office for a comprehensive picture of the policy framework of the United Front Government. It is an authentic account of the do's and don'ts of the new Government which itself is a novel experiment in administration at the Central level. As Mr. Gowda has said the UF government is just not a coalition to share power; it is much more than that and for the first time since Independence national and regional parties have come together to shape the destinies of the people and the country in a manner that is acceptable widely. And if as Mr. Gowda expects the Government to last the full term India would have made history in a political sense. Mr. Gowda has listed his priorities in an unambiguous manner although one would have wished that he laid more emphasis on freeing the administration from corruption which has invaded high places in the last few years, especially. The number of "scams" is legion and they seem to cover diverse spheres. It is extremely important that the enquiries already set in motion are completed quickly and not bogged by procedural difficulties. Mr. Gowda has, of course, said that his government would initiate a series of measures to check graft but what is more important is to take steps that impress the people that he fully means what he says. Possibly in the next few days he would come out with some concerete proposals to convince the nation that corruption would be tackled in an aggressive form so that his other objective of dealing with the deficiencies in the political, judicial and administrative processes is achieved more effectively and with greater speed.

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Mr. Gowda's emphasis on improving the quality of life is well taken in as much as

it concerns the vast millions of people who are yet to cross the poverty line. Providing drinking water, shelter to the poorer sections and making available health care are being talked about for nearly five decades but the success in this direction has not been as pronounced as one would have liked. Mr. who himself has understanding of the needs of this section of the society could be trusted to take a determined view of the matter and fulfil his promise with adequate supportive measures. And if he is able to promise with adequate supportive measures. And if he is able to do that, Mr. Gowda would have won the admiratin of the entire nation. Mr. Gowda has also talked about fair price shops in villages and if his Government is in a position to strengthen them so as to make them more efficient and meaningful there is little doubt that the lot of the rural folk would go up.

Successive Governments did make efforts to promote the spread of literacy but they have not met with any great response. Mr. Gowda has promised to redouble the efforts in this direction. Even today hundreds and thousands of people vote in the elections on the basis of symbols which is a broad indication of the low level of literacy in the world's biggest democracy. Mr. Gowda's assurance that he would review the priorities of various programmes in this sector should be universally welcomed. Mr. Gowda was touching a very sensitive subject as when he said that in an effort to improve the lot of women his Government would take all measures to enhance their representation in State legislature and in Parliament. Reservation of jobs for women in certain categories and special protection for them in junior elective bodies raise no objections. Mr. Gowda will have to take the entire

nation into confidence on fulfilling this promise and go about it in a manner that is acceptable one and all.

The most intriguing question is how long will Gowda last for within a week of the Government obtaining a vote of confidence in Parliament the inherent weaknesses of a coalition had become apparent when the Finance Minister, Mr. P. Chidamabaram, announced certain austerity measures which were aimed at achieving an annual reduction of Rs. 3,000 crores in the expenditure budget of the Central Government. The guidelines issued in this connection say that the Ministry of Finance would not provide any real increase in budgetary allocations for pay and allowances from 1997-98. Communist parties which are supporting the Deve Gowda Government were immediately up in arms against the proposal which, according to them, might eventually result in the reduction of manpower in very many departments. They would not countenance any kind of retrenchment and they even demanded that the guidlines issued by the Finance Minster be withdrawn. This indeed is a highly piquant situation for the incumbent, Mr. P. Chidambaram, who quickly clarified that there was no question of slashig the number of jobs.

A coalition Government of the kind that has now come into being with the principal partner, the Janata Dal's leader as the Prime Minister cannot certainly function as a single party government and needs to tread cautiously especially in matters which are extremely senstitive and which concern the entire working force. The Left parties could never accept schemes which imply wage or employment freeze and since they

constitute an important and vital segment of the coalition forces, Mr. Chidambaran should have first taken them to confidence even as he could have discussed the issues involved with the trade union leaders Coalition governments can retain power even in a theoretical sense only by constant compromises among the constituent parties. The common minimum programme is at best an outline of policy and cannot include all the details of administrative decisions which might have to be taken. Hence the decision-makers, not excluding the Prime Minister, will perforce have to be more consultative and Mr. Gowda's decision to hold talks with the trade union leders. although belated, should be welcomed. With so many parties forming a colaition even in a loose sense it is extremely difficult to fulfil all the commitments of all the parties Fissures are bound to develop and if these should not bring about the fall of the Government, it is for the Prime Minister and his colleagues to be constantly in touch with the leaders of the constitutent parties and obtain their approval at least in respect of matters which touch the essential needs of the common man.

Of course it is extremely difficult, not even technical, to be obtaining assurances and promises form the coalition partners on every occasion and it is here the common minimum programme could be of help. Mr. Deve Gowda is in a very delicate position and in his effort to please every party, he might land up in a situaltion where he could please

none. And yet it would be next to impossible to do serious governance if the consultation process is carried beyond a certain measure. Possibly some kind of a working arrangement an institutional set up - could be evolved to obtain the views on vital matters periodically of all party leaders who have a stake in the durability and credibility of the Government. Mr. Chidambaram's experience should be an eye opener and it should not be beyond the ingenuity of the Prime Minister who has had considerable experience in administration to devise some mechanism

to get over the kind of aberration that had arisen. In the ultimate analysis the soundness of the Government is judged by the impact of its decisions and, therefore, Mr. Gowda has his task cut out if he has to give a good account of governance. The Congress (I) leader, Mr. P.V. Narasimha Rao, has said that the support of his party from outside cannot be taken for granted but it to be expected that he will stand by his firm statement in parliament that he is not interested in pulling down the Government. (June, 96).

# IMPORTANT NOTE TO THE SUBSCRIBERS

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## **BOOK REVIEWS**

### DIARY OF AN ORDINARY INDIAN By Desiraju SitaramaRao

This book covers a span of fifty years from 1936 to 1986, recounting in minute detail various events that influenced the growth of the author's personality. He belongs to a generation in which even ordinary persons exemplified the traditional values that used to combine into an individual - a dutiful son, a devoted student, a faithful friend, a rational thinker - ever aware of the obligations, yet yearning to march forward. cultivating strength and fearlessness to reconcile contradictions and to resolve paradoxes - a true karma yogi in the making. His path of life was guided by the modern Trinity: Vivekananda, for courage and manliness; Nehru, for vision and broad poetic sweep; and Visweshwariah, for a practical vision of hunger-free India. Such sustained awareness and commitment, which enabled him to success and selfsatisfaction, has become a rarity in the contemporary India. What gives unity to the vastly disparate happenings is the underlying ever-alert creative consciousness of the author. Perhaps the diary, more than the history, brings to the reader a greater insight into the inwardness of the event.

Mr Rao calls himself, out of modesty, an ordinary Indian, but he belongs to a period when extraordinary things were happening – the struggle for national freedom, the sense of achievement into the early years of Independence, and the growing disenchantment with the new breed of politician - bureaucrat-businessmancriminal nexus. Mr. Rao's impressions are genuinely painful when they reflect the

anguish of the nation over the deterioration in the moral temper.

As the 'conscious present is an awareness of the past,' the diary dramatises the stimulating encounter the author had with the eventful decades of the recent Indian history. It is no ordinary task to be able to do that and do well.

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### "REFLECTIONS ON THE MAHATMA"

(An anthology of poetry in free verse by Ms. A. Satyavathi)

This is a book published by "Triven Foundation" and released on 8.10. '95 by the honourable Governor of Andhra Pradesh, Sri Krishna Kant, in connection with the 125th Birth Anniversay of Gandhiji. It has its Foreword written by Prof. I.V. Chalapati Rao, and preface by Sri A. Srikrishna, Scientist, DLRL.

The poems are characterised by profound thought and noble sentiment. The reference to the keen insight of Gandhii "that saw success in a pinch of salt", is at exalted thought.

In poem No. 4 the poet says; "What penance of ages, must have carved a man like him." The aesthetic sense of the poet combines with mild sarcasm in the following lines, "His memory is no life-giving light, but golden thread to adorn the pages of our history."

The deep and overwhelming pride of the poet is reflected in the lines,

"The great one of our age,
was born in my Land —
Praise flowed from distant shores
and my country was a star."

Gandhiji had tremendous courage in his weak and feeble body.

"the lonely traveller, plods on the thought of self forgotten. No joy is his, no grief is his, No suffering and no fame, What matter the stormy winds that are wild, what matter the fearsome darkness around."

The poet's expression of Gandhiji's greatness that transcends all joy, grief, fame and suffering widens the heart of every Indian as he belongs to the land where Ghandhiwas born. The Mahatma had indeed a mysterious power that shook the world to its roots.

Indeed "Reflections on the Mahatma" is one of the sincerest tributes paid to the Father of the Nation. I am confident that the book will find a place on the shelves of our public libraries and college libraries.

Mrs. Madhulatha Singh

### SACRED AND PROTECTED GROVES OF ANDHRA PRADESH

(Publishers : World Wide Fund for Nature (India) A.P.State Office; View Towers, Lakdikapool, Hyderabad-4. Price : Rs. 200)

This well-got up book provides valuable information about the sacred and protected Groves of Andhra Pradesh. Besides it is an effective plea for protecting the trees which constitute the rich legacy handed down from ages immemorial. It is unfortunate that today our forests are disappearing with the unplanned expansion of cities and construction of projects. This criminal desecration of forests has produced ecological imbalances and disastrous consequences to environment. Trees are cut down in cities to make way for concrete structures and shopping complexes.

It is in this context that the publication of this work is timely. It gives authentic information to show that the various species of trees were held sacred and venerated in our country. In recent years the concept of sacred groves has gained greater currency and efforts are being made towards conservation of some of the species of trees. It is gratifying to note that the W.W.F. has been doing socially desirable and useful work with missionary zeal. Besides furnishing factual information, this book presents district-wise particulars of the sacred groves in Andhra pradesh. Sri R.K. Rao and Sri R. Rajamani and their colleagues deserve to be congratulated for successfully completing the project and producing the book with attractive pictures.

- I.V. Chalapati Rao

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# TRIPLE STREAM

### OUR CULTURAL HERITAGE - THE IDEALS OF SELFLESSNESS AND SACRIFICE

### I.V. Chalapati Rao

All religions are allies engaged in a common cause or purposed namely, the moral and spiritual transformation of man who may otherwise remain self-centred, mean and greedy. All the great religions are upward paths to God (goodness) - not to different Gods but to the self-same God under different names. How many are the values which they all accept! Sri. Krishna, the divine author of the Bhagavat Gita said: "Howsoever men approach me, even so do I accept them; for, on all sides, whatever path they may choose is mine, O Arjuna".

Civilisation and culture are influenced by religion. Each civilisation has its genius for some particular aspect of life - Greece for art, Rome for politics and India for spirituality. The standard-bearers of India's culture are not military heroes or politicians but good and self-sacrificing men like Sankara, Ramanuja, Madhva, Ramakrishna, Vivekananda, Ramana Maharshi and Sri Aurobindo.

A religion or culture or a nation's habits of thought and life are not to be judged by the behaviour of the majority of its contemporary followers. That way no religion passes the test. What really matters is the standard of behaviour/conduct set before the people and maintained steadily by the enlightened among them and the inspiring characters in the immortal epics and scriptures. Such a standard placed before the people and accepted by their collective conscience should be regarded as the yard-stick to measure and judge a religion.

The concept/spirit of sacrifice is the foundation principle of Hinduism. The object of the Itihasas (the well-known epics - the Ramayana and the Mahabharata) is to propagate among the people the principles of the Veda by means of the noble deeds of the great national heroes. We gain essential knowledge of our religion from these studies which illustrate ethical principles. The ideal characters like Rama, Sita and Yudhistira that we find in them firmly establish Dharma (which is a code of conduct) in our minds. Truth, nobility, self-control, tolerance, charity, selfsacrifice, detachment and other heroic qualities displayed by these characters make Hinduism look like a social code or civilising agency rather than a dogmatic creed.

In Bhagvat Gita which forms the focus and fulcrum of the whole epic of the Mahabharata with its special significance arising from its context as well as its contents, Krishna teaches the philosophy of action to Arjuna and through him to the whole world. Krishna is a queer combination of the Yogin and the Commissar - the man of contemplation and the man of action. He is a practical mystic with his mind in yogic meditation, his hands in society and his heart everywhere. The cardinal virtues of Hinduism are found in the Mahabharata, the Ramayana and the Puranas. Central characters of these timeless works are identified as plugpoints through which these values are injected into humanity. Some of these virtues are perhaps common to Hinduism, Buddhism and

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of the lines. Jainism and to other religions. Buddhism and Jainism were never considered in India as separate from Hinduism. These two were regarded more or less as the dissident sects of Hinduism which is more a way of life or code of conduct.

The most important of the principles of Gita are stead-fastness of mind and self-control which consists of a whole group of virtues including self-sacrifice, self-effecament. humility, patience, forbearance and modesty. All these not only discourage self-centered desire which is the root of all evil but also promote a spirit of sacrifice which produces social good. Harischandra, Yudhistira and Dasaratha made great sacrifices in keeping the promises they made. They suffered untold misery, innumerable difficulties, humiliations and the pangs of separation for the sake of Truth. A single lie would have saved Harischandra from all the suffering. Had Dasaratha gone back on his word given to his wife Kaikeyi, the story of the Ramayana would have taken a different turn. When Draupadi asked Yudhisthira why he persisted in following Dharma which caused pain and suffering to him and to his brothers, he said: "I love the grandeur of the mighty Himalaya because it is so majestic although it has nothing to give me". The scriptures teach us that the pursuit of truth, wherever it may lead and whatever sacrifices it may involve, is essential for the progress of man and welfare of society.

The various stories in our epics and puranas place emphasis on the spirit of sacrifice. They teach that the way of virtue is not a primrose

path of dalliance but one strewn with sharp stones and thorns. They say that those who are morally advanced have to face all kinds of privations and hardships of life and endure the calamities which over-take them. We are taught that all our hardships and sacrifices are not only the results of our past lives but also opportunities for building up a brighter future. Just as dumb-bells and bull-worker are used to strengthen our muscles of the body these hardships and sacrifices are to be used to strengthening the moral fibre of our souls What an ingenious explanation to encourage people to rise above their petty personal interests and attempt something grand for the welfare of the world! In fact, that seems to be the very purpose for which the existence of evil is accepted, and justified in God's creation. Self-centred desire is sin. Selflessness is a virtue.

In the Gita Lord Krishna says: "O best of the Kuru dynasty, without sacrifice one can never live happily on this planet or in this life: what then of the next?.....All these different types of sacrifice are approved by the Vedas, and all of them are born of different types of work. Knowing them as such you will become liberated. ...The sacrifice of knowledge is greater than the sacrifice of the material possessions. The sacrifice of work culminates in transcendental knowledge" (Ch.IV Text 34 - 31, 32, 33).

In Chapter (16), 1-3 Krishna mentions sacrifice as one of the "transcendental qualities, born of the godly atmosphere", as distinguished from demoniac qualities. Its elevating influence

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has been discussed again and again, pointing out the beneficial effects on society and the individual. But sacrifice should not be with a feeling of pride or with an eye on publicity. The Lord Condemns this kind of sacrifice in Chapter (17) 11 and 12 when he says: "The performance of sacrifice in terms of the directions of the scriptures, as a matter of duty and with no desire for material results, is said to be in the mode of goodness. Any sacrifice performed with pride and for some material benefit, O Chief of the Bharatas, should be known to be in the mode of passion".

Lord Krishna, while discussing the higher philosophy of renunciation, refers to the difference of opinion that prevails among great men: "There are learned men who say that all kinds of fruitive activities should be given up, whereas, other sages say that Sacrifice, Charity and Penance should never be given up". Although He refers to the difference of opinion in this matter. He gives His judgement and final opinion which clinches the issue: "Sacrifice, Charity and Penance are never to be given up; they must be performed by all intelligent men. They are purifying even for the great souls. All these activities should be performed as a matter of duty, O son of Pridha. That is My final opinion". Well nothing more can be said about the value of sacrifice which is expression of self-lessness in its highest form.

Although results of noble activities like of Sacrifice and Charity are not desired, they flow imperceptibly as day follows night. According to Hinduism, the Law of Karma (action) is a moral law corresponding to the physical law

of causation. As man sows, so he reaps. Every thought, every word and every deed are weighed in the scales of divine justice which can be neither tricked nor tilted by Machevellian manipulations and manouvrings.

Just as nature is subject to its laws, so is our moral nature. The inequalities of life are partly due to ourselves. Our present is a continuation of the past. We lie on the bed we have made, as others do. But we are wrapped in the love of God which protects us against its discomforts. Man should discharge his duties in a spirit of self-sacrifice and with no personal desire in a spirit of self-sacrifice and with no reward. Apasthamba, the great sage, said "one must not perform the ordained duties with a wordly end in view. But as a mango is planted to bear fruit but shade and fragrance also result concurrently, even so the ordained duty that is performed is attended by material gain". Thus sacrifice will not be in vain. It may produce unlooked-for benefits, spiritual as well as material. The mills of God grind slow-but pretty fine.

Chandogya Upani. ...d says: "The Sacrifice which one performs with knowledge, fa. h, and contemplation becomes more powerful". Speaking at a meeting in Madras in 1897, Swamy Vivekananda felt sorry tha our Universities had not produced a single original man. He said: "The idea of the sacrifice for the common weal is not yet developed in our nation. (Vol. V, page 224 'The Complete Works of Vivekananda'). He proclaimed the message of sacrifice when he said "Sacrifice in the past has been the Law, it will be, also, for ages to

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come. The earth's bravest and the best will have to sacrifice themselves for the good of the many, for the welfare of all". (Vol. VII-498).

"The good live for others alone. The wise man should sacrifice himself for others" (Vol. VI. 317). Swamiji even went to the extent of saying: "Go to Hell yourself to buy salvation for others....when death is so certain, it is better to die for a good cause" (Vol. VI 265-67). This greatest interpreter of Hinduism preached nothing but the gospel of sacrifice. He roared like a lion when he conveyed the quint-essence of Hinduism by saying "Throughout the history of the world, you find greatmen make great sacrifices and the mass of mankind enjoy the benefit. If you want to give up everything for your own salvation it is nothing. Do you want to forego your own salvation for the good of the world? You are God, think of that". (Vol. VII. 280).

Swamy Vivekananda is the most dynamic and the truest exponent of Hinduism and his own life was an inspiring record of sacrifice. He sounded the trumpet of self-less and selfdenying action. "The martial spirit is not selfassertion, but self-sacrifice. One must be ready to advance and lay down one's life at the word of command, sacrifice himself first". (Vol. VII. 270). Let me quote him for the last time: "Great men are those who build, highways for others with their heart's blood". (Vol. VI 273-74). "Let all the sins of the world fall on me and let the world be saved" said Kumarila in 'Tantra Vartika'. This is undoubtedly the noblest concept of sacrifice when the individual stands completely identified with the entire mankind

and totally committed to the welfare of the world. Commenting on the Mundaka Upanishad Sankaracharya said: "He who has reached the all-penetrating Atman enters into all".

Swamy Rama Tirtha said: "Unselfish work leaves God under debt and God is bound to pay back with interest..... Yajna implies realising in active practice my neighbour to be my own self, feeling myself as one or identical with all, losing my little self to become the Self of all. This is crucifixion of the selfishness, and resurrection of the All Self".

Let us now take up some models of excellence presented by the epics. The world view of the authors of the Ramayana and the Mahabharata (Valmiki and Vyasa) who have a truly religious out-look, may possess greater humanitarian value and appeal to the masses than what is preached by the founders and propagators of the various schools of religious philosophy. Sita is the soul of the Ramayana. She is the embodiment of sacrifice. We cannot but admire the suffering she courted in following her husband to the forests, the separation she endured when she lived in Valmiki's hermitage and the ordeal of fire she faced when her fair name was injured by residence in the palace of Ravana. Rama left Ayodhya and the attractions of the kingdom and endured separation from his beloved wife because he firmly believed that a king must be willing to make any sacrifice for the good of his subjects. We know what Sita meant to him. Once he said to Lakshmana "I did not even put a garland round my Sita's neck for fear of

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the barrier it will become between us". Bharata, Lakshmana and Satrughna were all exemplary characters displaying selflessness and a spirit of sacrifice. Comparisons may be invidious and sacriligious but in my opinion Sita is greater than Sri Rama.

In the Mahabharata we have great heroes like the Pandavas who stood for values and courted untold misery and great hardships for the sake of Dharma. Yudhisthira is the central figure in a great saga of suffering and sacrifice. Let us take two examples from his life. His four brothers, who were sent by him one after another to fetch water from the pond, fell dead when they failed to answer the questions of the invisible Yaksha. Yudhisthira answered the questions. The Yaksha said: "O king, one of your dead brothers can now be revived. Whom do you want to be restored to.life?" Yudhisthira thought for a moment and then replied "May the cloud-complexioned, lotus-eyed, broadchested and long-armed Nakula, lying like a fallen ebony tree, arise". The Yaksha wanted to know why he chose his step-brother but not Bhima or Arjuna. Yudhisthira said "If Dharma is set at naught, man will be ruined. Kunti and Madri were the two wives of my father. I am surviving, a son of Kunti, and so she is not completely bereaved. In order that the scales of justice may be even, I ask that Madri's son (Nakula) revive".

Later, Indra called on Yudhisthira to abandon a dog that followed him faithfully and mount a chariot that would take him to heaven. He refused the offer and thus sacrificed heavenly bliss by saying:

"Never let me be joined to that glory for whose sake a loyal dependent must be abandoned".

I consider Karna as the true hero of the MAHABHARATA. His flaws and failings only prove that he was a human being - not a card-board figure. Karna's sacrifice was of no mean order. He gave away his "Kavacha" and "Kundalas" cheerfully without hesitation when crafty Indra begged him in the guise of a Brahmin, in spite of his being fore-warned by Surya (the Sun God). Later he refused to forsake his friend Duryodhana when Sri Krishna advised and his mother Kunti revealed the secret of their relationship.

There is the story of Emperor Bali who inspite of Sukracharya's advise did not go back on his word when diminutive Vamana distended his body and pressed his foot on his head to push him down into the bowels of the earth, although he had an inkling of what was going to happen. There is the wonderful sacrifice of Sibi who cut out the flesh of his body when the demi-gods appeared before him in the forms of dove and falcon. Jeemuta Vahana offers himself as food to Garutmanta to save the life of Sankha Guru! Instances like these are galore in scriptures and literature. All these prove that great heroes were willing to make any sacrifice for the sake of a principle or social welfare. This is the message of Hinduism to inspire great deeds from mankind. This is the jewelled crozier with which the sheep (humanity) are led to the uplands of thought and action.

# ENVIRONMENT, EPISTOMICS AND ISPAT PRODUCTION

Dr. T.R. Rao

Elephantine economic growth and development attained by western hemisphere, has created affluence and abundance of goods and services that ensured high levels of consumption and comfort. But this growth had given results that are socially unacceptable and environmentally undesirable. During the 20th Century Western World had consumed materials, fuels and goods and services, more materials and fuels that the world had consumed in the past 2000 years.

This growth in production and consumption had led to a significant depletion of ore bodies, denudation of forests, destruction of life chains, genebanks erosion of top soil, decline in water retentive power, recurrence of floods. Agricultural development, that provides food and fibre, with high yielding, high fertiliser consuming intensive cultivation had led to an increase in methane in the atmosphere. Mineral extraction and processing desulpherisation etc., - have created acid rains, air pollution and higher S P M levels. Some of the Atlantic beaches in U.S. became unusable to bathers as medical waste was washed to the shore.

There was a time when growth theorists or technocentric advocates, opined that degradation of gestalt is a necessary evil or price that has to be paid if one wants development - especially mineral based development. Minerals exist in the earth and their extraction disfigures the earth. The mined area can be rehabilitated with land filling and extensive greening.

The technocentric growth advocates display inadequate appreciation, if not ignorance of the character of earth and the dynamics. Also they display a "cosmic impertinence" and an absolute faith in the omnicompetence of man. Earth, which has come into existence some 4 to 5 billion years ago as a cloud of gas - helium, hydrogen and other elements - became Sun and later Planets were formed.

Eternal movement, transformation of matter adjustment of topography, dessipation of matter and agglomeration of it for further dissipation, are the eternal characteristics of Earth. It has seen the formation of continents and their drifting apart, germination of glaciers and their creeping movements from polar caps, jutting of mountains from sea bed, disappearance of land masses beneath sea waves, violent volcanic explosions, earthquakes due to tectonic movements, extinction of species and emergence of new species and many other things.

Illustratively, molten material, jets upwards from inner core to outer cores through mantle into crust. In the crust exposed to atmosphere - wind and water slowly gets washed to sea from there perhaps into plates and into outer core and inner core - An absolute guess work a confectual interpretation of movements of earth. But movement and changing climate, weather environment and topography are eternal features of earth.

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The unique feature of Earth's environment apart from the existence of life and water, is the position from the Sun. This particular position, or distance from the Sun, is just right to warm the earth's surface and keep the water in a liquid form. Water is a mobile component of earth's environment. Being an excellent solvent facilities many chemical processes and entrains many substances. The environment around us is in a constant change - winds, rains, rivers, waves, tides, earth quakes, volcanoes are an expression of perpetual change and dynamics of our environment. Complex chemical changes are associated with the cycling of the elements. All this would come to stop or stand still if there were to be no ceaseless and endless flow of energy. In this ceaseless flow, no matter is permanent, no form eternal, a ceaseless transformation of energy receipt or thermal, kinetic or chemical energy

Earth receives energy from Sun-radiation, reflected radiation, infraradiation and gravitational energy. It has energy/heat from radioactive decay, surface heating, latent heat and atmosphere heating - thermal energy.

Some three, four or five thousands years back Sages of vedic period described this all pervading omnipresent omnicompetent perpetually transforming itself from one form to another is described as Brahman - the Absolute - the cause and consequence, unborn and unconceived Entity. "What ever is seen or heard in this world is a manifestation of the Supreme. The Supreme is present in every atom - within without". The universe, earth, water.

air, light, space, time - the elements are the manifestation of Supreme. There is neither space nor time, which is not occupied and filled by these elements interdependent and interactive. Space contains air. Air generates heat (oxygen). Heat generates water (Hydrogen and Oxygen). Water pervades earth. Space is pervading. So are the elements. All forms manifested are Supreme. There is neither beginning nor end to the expansion of the universe or to the Supreme. The Absolute and Infinite has neither beginning nor end.

The Second portion for "Mantrapushpam" is an exposition of relationship of water with other elements - air, fire, Sun, Moon, starts, planets, clouds, time (year). There are eight stanzas that expound the interdependence and inter activity of elements.

"Those who realise the potentialities of water - presence of water in Supreme - Fire provides the abode and ambit for free play of water and water provides the abode and ambit for free play for fire. Air, water are interdependent. Water takes the form of air and becomes again water. Sun is the abode of water (Hydrogen) so are the planets. An year is the span of time for the interaction of water and other elements."

Bhagwan Sankaracharya in Panchikaranam brought out the reality and transitory and trancesending nature of Supreme (Energy) its transformation and the mixed existence of elements - Earth, air, water, fire and space. The Acharya was elaborating and explaining the vedic view and philosophy of Nature. According to this view, three stages

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# ENVIRONMENT, EPISTOMICS AND ISPAT PRODUCTION

Dr. T.R. Rao

Elephantine economic growth and development attained by western hemisphere, has created affluence and abundance of goods and services that ensured high levels of consumption and comfort. But this growth had given results that are socially unacceptable and environmentally undesirable. During the 20th Century Western World had consumed materials, fuels and goods and services, more materials and fuels that the world had consumed in the past 2000 years.

This growth in production and consumption had led to a significant depletion of ore bodies, denudation of forests, destruction of life chains, genebanks erosion of top soil, decline in water retentive power, recurrence of floods. Agricultural development, that provides food and fibre, with high yielding, high fertiliser consuming intensive cultivation had led to an increase in methane in the atmosphere. Mineral extraction and processing desulpherisation etc., - have created acid rains, air pollution and higher S P M levels. Some of the Atlantic beaches in U.S. became unusable to bathers as medical waste was washed to the shore.

There was a time when growth theorists or technocentric advocates, opined that degradation of gestalt is a necessary evil or price that has to be paid if one wants development - especially mineral based development. Minerals exist in the earth and their extraction disfigures the earth. The mined area can be rehabilitated with land filling and extensive greening.

The technocentric growth advocates display inadequate appreciation, if not ignorance of the character of earth and the dynamics. Also they display a "cosmic impertinence" and an absolute faith in the omnicompetence of man. Earth, which has come into existence some 4 to 5 billion years ago as a cloud of gas - helium, hydrogen and other elements - became Sun and later Planets were formed.

Eternal movement, transformation of matter adjustment of topography, dessipation of matter and agglomeration of it for further dissipation, are the eternal characteristics of Earth. It has seen the formation of continents and their drifting apart, germination of glaciers and their creeping movements from polar caps, jutting of mountains from sea bed, disappearance of land masses beneath sea waves, violent volcanic explosions, earthquakes due to tectonic movements, extinction of species and emergence of new species and many other things.

Illustratively, molten material, jets upwards from inner core to outer cores through mantle into crust. In the crust exposed to atmosphere - wind and water slowly gets washed to sea from there perhaps into plates and into outer core and inner core - An absolute guess work a confectual interpretation of movements of earth. But movement and changing climate, weather environment and topography are eternal features of earth

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are discernible - three elements - fire, water and earth are posited (Chandoaya Upanishad). Later two more elements air and space wre added (Tanttriya Upanishad) Acharya explained that these elements are not pure and unmixed in existence. Earth is a mixture of water, minerals and fire. Water is a mixture of hydrogen, oxygen and various minerals. So is the case with air - a mixture of oxygen, Nitrogen, Argon, Carbondioxide etc. Fire is a mixture of matter and oxygen. Space is a mixture of many things including radiating energy from Sun. The elements in their admixture form are interactive, inter-dependent and also independent in empherical fact. Illustratively, Earth, half of it is pure earth while the other half consists of other four elements - water, oxides (energy) fire in the core and floats in space and time. All this exposition - dividing the gross existence in the five elements is "Panchikaranam".

The Indian Sages have explained that the universe and particularly earth is a perpetually changing entity. Energy and form - now appearing in a solid state, now appearing in liquid form and then appearing in gaseous condition. None of the states are permanent or perpetual. All the states are transitory and trancesending over time. The only reality in the world is Energy - call it Supreme Brahma, Atma or what you will like. This is the reality. This is advaita. The only permanent feature is change of form and change in composition.

Since change and transformation are imminent inevitable and inescapable, Vedic sages, have pleaded for policies that promote prudence in use of natural resources, harmony between, living and non-living, animate and inanimate. "This earth protected and regulated by ruling natural force is a great habitat, it moves at great speed exerting great attraction, Fire has permanent residence within the earth, There is energy in plants water in animate things and energy in every thing on earth. Energy pervades the Earth atmosphere, outer space, and inner core. Energy flares with oblations of spirituality and sacrifice. May Earth charged and imbued with energy make me brilliant - This earth which provides materials for noblest actions by men give us strength, loyalty and prosperity". The entire hymn is a fervent prayer and plea for a nonvoilent living and harmony between animate and inanimate, living and non-living (PRUTHVISUKTAM).

In Pruthvisuktam, there is no denigration of desire or yearning for material prosperity confort and luxury. On the otherhand material prosperity and progress are treated as steps towards spiritual progress. Renunciation is sought through satiety and satisfaction of desire. However, material progress and prosperity of human settlements are to be achieved through processes of production that are in harmony with the health and well being of Earth. Anxiety for conserving the natural ethos, a plea for prevention of harm to any element on earth - land, water, fauna flora, climate, human settlements and a prudent use of natural resources is expressed. Human beings are invited to take the treasures of earth with the delicate touch of a Gardener in plucking flowers. The conduct of the humans veni

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should be such that to find policies and practices that are specific to a region, nation or location that will slow the change giving an opportunity to adjust to the climatic ecological and other immanent changes that will emerge.

To sum up - the Indian intellect has theorised that the universe is an admixture of five elements. They never exist except as admixtures. These elements are the manifestation of the Supreme. But these transformations are not real. Reality is only Supreme or Brahman. This exposition transcends with extraordinary ease from physical to philosophical and philosophical to spiritual and spiritual to Supreme Brahman. It does not talk of God or Diety or anything other than SOUL (ATMA) that lies in every individual being - animate and inanimate living ornon-living material or non-material. It talks of only energy, transforming, if liberally interpreted itself continuously and constantly. Like the first law of Thermodynamics, energy can neither be created nor destroyed. So is the case of Brahma or Atma. Its manifestations are interactive, interdependent and are always in a state of change.

Policy makers and administrators backed by scientists and technologists, despite knowledge of the elemental system of universe interactivity and interdependence and in a continuously changing environment - advocate "Sustainable development, cleaner technologies and prevention of pollution or a prophelactic approach, to abate and amend the problems of pollution, environmental and ecological degradation. To keep the bearings

straight, one has to define these concepts for analysis. What constitutes environment? What is ecology? What is cleaner production? What is sustainable development?

Etymologically, the word "environment" is derived from the verb "environ" which means - to surround, to envelop, to form a circle around. The word environment means the aggregate of surrounding things, conditions or influence. Environment is a wholistic concept that signifies a totality which cannot be described fully either by air, water, climate, fauna or flora. It is an emsemble. These are only few aspects of environment. The word ecology refers to a branch of biology that studies relations between organisms and environment or to a branch of sociology that studies the relations between people and institution.

The cleaner (production) technology is defined as "nothing but a more efficient process to achieve the following objectives :- 1) Waste prevention and reduction by lesser consumption of raw materials 2) modification and upgradation of the technological processes so that optimal utilisation of natural resources is made possible 3) Adoption of preventive rather than corrective approach to pollution control" "sustainable development is the process in which exploitation of resources, direction of investments, the orientation of technological development and institutional changes are all made consistent with the future as well as present needs". Thus "sustainable development calls for carrying capacity based developmental planning process". Carrying capacity is the

maximum consumption and waste discharge that can be sustained indefinitely in a given region without professively impairing biodiversity and ecological integrity. The resources accountal for in the carrying capacity approach include not just the natural resources but also transformational, infrastructural and socio-cultural resources as well.

A cleaner technology adoption after assessment and undertaking of carrying capacity based developmental planning are the two basic pillars of Environmental management. Thanks to the environmentalism, people no longer presume, environment as a necessary evil to be tolerated and accepted as a small price for growth and development. The environmentalists have succeeded in hammering the idea that development should be eco-centric. This is against the anthropocentric view of subjugation of nature and its subservience to the needs of Man. Eco centric view, advocates the harmony of societal culture with nature.

In complete opposition to this view, the techno centrists believe in the omnicompetence of technology and presume that any and every environmental damage or degradation can be ameliorated and abated and recreated by managerial and technological innovation. The environmentalists are accused of promoting an "adversorial culture" that restrains and restricts growth and progress. Unparalleled economic security consequential to unprecedental affluence, and abundance, according to Ronald Ingehart, enjoyed by Western World (Europe and U.S), had led to a sort of dimishing return

from material consumption creating a yearning for higher quality of life than mere availability of abundance of goods and services. Suddenly aesthetic values surged ahead pure air, clear water, verdant forests are in demand environmentalism thus is a reaction and response to an ecological degeneration which threatened the quality of life of the affluent and rich.

In order to maintain environmental purity-technocentrists advocate the adoption of low pollutant processes of production recycling of materials, finding uses for residues and wastes and conservation of resources. Is it always possible to adopt a technology that is low in pollutants? How do you make a coke without burning the volatiles contained? How can you sinter without any emission? How do you run a Blast furnace without letting any emissions? How do you push a coke without letting 2.0 kg. of emissions per hour? Most of the measures are cosmetic and try to meet legal obligations rather than ensuring purity of gestalt.

The technocentrists seem to assume that there is a technological continue ranging from cleanest to cleaner to clean to unclean to dirtiest technologies. In the industrial world the generation of out put has a very small range of factor combinations capital labour and raw materials. Illustratively if one wants tonne of (liquid iron) hot metal he should put in 1000+fe units in blast furnace. If iron oxide is 62 per cent fe content, one should put into the furnace 1.6 tonnes of iron ore i.e., 992 fe units to get 92% Fe pig iron with 4% carbon and 4% other

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materials. If the ore is say 66 percent he need feed only about 1.5 tonne of Iron oxide. Thus the quality of the raw material determines the quantum of feed and the so called minimum consumption has low relevance. If low grade ores are taken "cetaris paribus" say 58% fe ore has to be feed the furnace with 1.71 tonnes. Decrease in Fe content may increase energy consumption and fluxe consumption may go up or production may decrease. This type of choice is feasible in iron and steel industry and in other processes it may not be available. The most important issue in the assessment and grading of technologies is the availability of technology and its suitability to the available raw-material profile and location. Technology in disembodied form is rarely a choice. It comes in machines, drawings, people etc. Disharmony between resource and technology profiles is a very common occurrence.

The word cleaner technology is a very inefficient expression. Clean from which stand point? Is it from product quality - clean steel means steel without any tramp elements inclusions and of uniform grain quality. If it is from environment point of view, does it mean that no fumes are let into the atmosphere? If it is a noise pollution can a EAF function at a whispering level. If it is efficiency in production - is it in energy use? raw material use? labour use? capital use? Proponents of clean technology talk of minimal wastage of raw materials. But how much of a choice is therein regard to quality of raw material? To consume the natural resources if one reduces the Fe content, he would be adding much to the \*\*\*\*\*\* . How much of a choice India has

in coking coal, low alumina, iron ore, low phospherous manganese lump or high grade chromium.

Above all every technology is not available to every one. One has to make a choice taking into account - capital, labour, resource endowment, government regulations maintenance facilities availability entreprenuerial skills and marketing talents. Above all technical optimum is entirely a different kettle of fish from economic optimum. Resource conservation is neither a niggardliness or parsimony in resource use. Even if one conserves, how do we know that the future needs it. How do we know that future satisfies its need with the same material.

If one were to rank technologies by a) raw material consumption 2) energy consumption 3) residues/effluents emission 4) cost of production per unit of production, it may or may not turn to be environmentally benign. Irrespective of ranking it should be released that choice of technology is a multiple choice - if a technology is chosen output scale, investment cost, employment level are also chosen. Technology is not always divisible, machinery and equipment, may be available only for a limited scales of production.

If pollution of atmosphere and water regimes, perturbation of the earth's face and flora disturbances and destruction are clearly anthropocentric. Some of the disturbances are inherent to the character of nature.

### ANTHROPOGENIC POLLUTION

Pollutant	Chemical form	Anthropo-genic source	Reasons for concern
C	Co,	Fossil fuel burn	Global warming
	CH <sub>4</sub>	Agriculture	Global warming
	Co	Automobile industry	Air pollution
	Liquid hydrocarbon	Transport petroleum etc.	Hard to wild life
	Organic waste	Untreated sewage	Biological/oxygen denuded
N	Nitrates	Fertilizer	Water pollution
	Nitrates	Production	Toxic to infants
	No No <sub>2</sub>	Automobiles	Air pollution and acid rain
F	Florides	Industrial	Toxic
Cl	Organic compounds	Ind chemicals pesticides	
	CFC	Refrigerators Aerosolset	Damage to ozone layer
N,	Any compound	Mining metal	Toxic extraction
CU	Any compound	Mining metal	Toxic soil spoiled extraction
As	Any compound	Ind & Pesticides	Toxic to living
BR	Organic compounds	Fire extinguishers	Detroys ozone
Kr	Kr	Nuclear power	Radio active
Cd	Any compound	Industry	Very toxic
Sn	Organic compound	Marine antifouling pounts	Harm to marine life
Sb	All compounds	Ind & Pesticides	Toxic
1	I	Nuclear power	Radio active
Cs	Cs	Nuclear power	Radio active
Hg	All compounds	Ind & Pesticides	Very toxic
Pb	All compounds	Ind pounts, Autos water supply	Very toxic
Ph	All compounds	Nuclear power	Radio active

When change is the order of the nature and the environment that envelops the nature also changes continuously. The E.I.A. reports give details of our water or air pollution and taking few observations on air quality and taking mining details forecast the water or air quality. Is this climate? Climate is a long term esemble of daily, weekly, monthly weather events, that confer a specific character to a location, area region influencing the evolution of weave and web of life. This decides what that population, produces, eats, drinks or wears.

Experience tells us that administrators assume, that while weather varies from day to day, because of the sequential order of the seasons, a stability in patterns of weather. But knowledgeable opine assumption of stability is unwarranted. Human activities like intensive cultivation of land, destruction of forests to get land timber for housing etc., uncontrolled release of effluents from industry and agriculture have altered the atmosphere by increasing the quantum of green house gases.

General circulation models reveal substantial changes in global weather. These models can predict the general direction of the change, but it is not fear ple to predict the regional distribution of effects of the change. The U.S. space Administration as well as European Commission opine that the World is conducting an experiment of increasing the concentration of trace gases without knowing the environmental effects.

This calls for a restriction of the biomass burning to the level of biomass generation restrictions on fossil fuel use, adoption of natural farming methods, that avoid or minimise ploughing, fertiliser use, pesticides etc., to prevent the increase of NO. The humanity is yet to grasp fully the sources and sinks of methane and are not capable of designing a policy for retarding the build up of methane.

Since the climate change is inevitable it is necessary to explore opportunities that enable a society to adapt to the change. Since fundamental activity for life is agriculture that provides food and fibre, it is necessary to get draught resistant seeds, improve efficiency in water use and delivery systems, avoid colonisation of marginal areas. The choice is not between preventing or adapting to a change. The challenge is to find policies and practices which will slow the rate of change particularly in the region or locality or nation and give an opportunity to that society to adapt to those climatic changes that cannot be avoided or eliminated.

Lastly the concept of sustainable production - is defined as the process in which exploitation of resources, direction of investment, orientation of technological development and institutional changes are all made consistent with future as well as present needs. This is the most anthropocentric statement as production is done by man. For man as a concept this is a static concept. The production should have maximum rate of resource consumption and minimum waste discharge that can be sustained indefinetly. Resources are finite in mineral world. The resource use is

dictated by quality and technology. What exactly is meant by "Indefinitely" is not clear when resource endowment itself is finite.

As concepts cleaner technology and sustainable development are some what infirm concepts without proper constructs and signify pious hopes for us. Hope is a good breakfast, but a bad dinner. The environment is a wholistic affair. By clearing air at a particular place, removal of pollutants from water regime at a locale will neither solve the problem nor cure the disease.

Single minded pursuit of growth has produced effects that are environmentally and socially unacceptable. "If we want growth, with justice, environment that is in perpetual harmony with our lives though continually changing, perhaps we must alter our life style, procreate less, recycle more, use our own locomotion or mass transit. We owe this to ourselves, to our children, grand children and

their progeny. We need telescopic vision. Give up the intellectual arrogance and cosmic impertinence that technology will solve every problem. Man should learn to be humble and if he wants to save himself he should strive for harmony with his surroundings - living and non-living. As in the "Shanti Mantram" - May there be peace to fire, peace to water, peace to trees, peace to herbs, peace to Sun, Moon, peace to all. He should strive for dynamic and eloquent harmony.

Man's capacity for destruction is unlimited and illimitable. But his creature powers are extremely limited. He can destroy a forest, destroy a life chain or extinguisha genebank. Can he create life chain? Can he create new genebank or species? What the world needs is not a technical balance in an auditing sense, but a moving harmony between various entities that populate earth. Are there methods or means to achieve it?

### TRANSFORMING TRANSITION

Dr. J. Bapu Reddy, IAS (Retd.)

Sprawling Deserts smile
with sprouting hopes
Seared sands stream
with springing aspirations
Lands that cradled ancient civilizations
seed the Times womb with futuristic dreams.

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The gulf that separated the people bridges hearts and minds with electronic waves and primordial codes. Iron curtains are raised permitting the banned human freedom to play in the flooding light of transforming liberalism's creative competition at the global theatre. Protection not for might but right Recognition not for racial colour but for the real merit Respect not for the precept but for the performance-

A revolutionary value system
rallies round the transcending awareness
of a transient age vindicating
its evolutionary wisdom
A century bleeds with graping memories of savage wounds
The approaching horizon's distance
from the receeding jungles of darkness
and haunting shrieks of horrified history

# COMPLAINT OF A DAUGHTER

(Addressed to Divine parents)

Dr. (Km.) Manjul Rani Tripathi

My life is confined To this dark room and small; Even a feeble ray of light, Peeping inside, tells me There's a path beyond the walls I had ever nursed the trust That I had a right to your affection; That the faintest sobs would force the Mother To open the door to admit me without flutter. But meseems that you treat me as An illegitimate child of yours. How proud I felt, Mother, you Would visit me in "your need of me"! But the Ego is broken; The trust betrayed. I am floating on the sea of life, Rudderless, the dreams unrealised. You, Father and Mother, dumb and deaf, The signal will go down to the progeny That you are apathetic, insensitive To your helpless faithful daughters

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Then how will you survive?
Who will you existence justify?

# THE GOLDEN HONEYCOMB: FICTIONALISATION OF THE INDIAN PRINCE

Prof. M. Rajagopala Chary and K. Sampath

The paper seeks to examine Kamala Markandaya's **The Golden Honeycomb** with a view to bringing out the fictionalisation of history of the decline and fall of the Indian Princes. Kamala Markandaya's essential achievement is her live sensibility and effortless art.

The Golden Honeycomb (1977) portrays the decline and fall of the Indian Prince. It is a stupendous work of 469 pages and stands out among the novels of Kamala Markandaya as one which steers through a setting that is at variance with that of her other novels. In this novel we come across a series of touching events, pitiable strikes, baffling agitations and lockouts. The novelist turns her attention to the freedom struggle. The Prologue to the novel presents the country as a dominion in British possession. The commercial minded East India Company has the subtle intriguing nature to hold on to India and conquer its princely states one by one. It becomes all the more incumbent upon Britishers to hold on after the Declaration of Independence by the USA in 1776. The popular statesman Lord Randolph Churchill, delivering his speech to M.Ps. appealed to them:

attention, to develop with most anxious care, to guard with the most united and undying resolution, the land and the people of Hindustan, that most truly bright and precious gem in the Crown

of the Queen, the possession of which, more than that of all your Colonial dominions, has raised in power, in resource, in Wealth and authority this small island home of ours ... has placed it on an equality with perhaps even in a position of superiority over, every other Empire of ancient or of modern times.

This declaration foretells the British view in India to adopt all kinds of tactics to bring the princely states under their rule. Markandaya, dexterously mixing "fact with fiction", presents the emasculation and alienation of royalty from their people through an ingenious British scheme, the subsidiary Alliance, which reduced the princely states to mere "golden honeycombs".

The Golden Honeycomb reveals the best imaginative effort of Markandaya's consciousness and her brilliant workmanship of art. A.N. Dwivedi says: "It is undoubtedly Kamala Markandaya's memorable 'fait accompli' in which she turns her all-absorbing mind to the momentous historical events shaping and affecting India's fate during the British regime. The novel gives a vivid description of the pomp and glory, luxurious and voluptuous life of the Indian Princes, the durbars, decorations and other paraphernalia of the royalty.

The story treated in the novel concern the Devapur State whose ruler, Bawajiraj-I, is

deposed for his so-called seditious activities. The agent, an Englishman, and the Dewan, a shrewd Brahmin serving the State as Chief Minister, exercise their minds to choose their ruler a Kshatriya youngman of eighteen years who is recently married to a girl of thirteen. He ascends the 'Gaddi' of Devapur as Bawajiraj-II. The British had picked him up for a Raja because they wanted him to be a puppet in their hands. Being elevated from a mere land owner's son to being Maharaja he lives in pleasure with pomp and show. Unfortunately Bawajiraj-II meets with an accident in a hunting spree and dies prematurely, leaving behind his wife and son. The son succeeds to the throne as Bawajiraj III. He becomes the benign Maharaja of a rich und prosperous Indian State. Bawajiraj-III performs his duties conscientiously. He enjoys his leisure. He hunts, rides and excels in polo and cricket. This bland and delightful pattern is only interrupted but tempestuous commoner Mohini. The child of this turbulent union is Rabi. Father a prince, mother a commoner, throne dangled in front of him not as a right by succession but as a prize to be conferred by the paramount British power in return for good behaviour, Rabi becomes the focus of opposing influence. Rabi is caught up in the conflict of powerful opposing influence involved in selecting his succession to the Gaddi of his father. The central characters, around whom the story revolves are: Bawajiraj III and his son Rabindranath.

The heir-prince, Rabi is enlightened on several aspects and a nationalist feeling is infused into him by the Pandit, the tutor. This

enlightened Rabi's endowments and love of freedom. He hates his father due to his submisiveness to the British Empire. At the instance of his father, Rabi sits on the throne half-heartedly, which shows his disagreement with his father's servile attitude.

Rabi's capricious reactions at the Durbar have been 'painful realities'. He realises that his father need not be subservient to the foreigners. His love for freedom and keen perception enable him to have knowledge of the inevitability of the peoples' support for India's liberation. His meetings are successful and as his popularity grew 'the crush gates of the farther courtyard' are kept closed. He becomes a leader of the people.

Once Devapur experience picketing and the Maharajah's car is surrounded by a mob which stopped him from proceeding on his tour.

Rabi's nationalistic awareness is explicit in his conversation with the Maharajah!

'Your Highness', he said then, "We feel—"
"We"', cried the outraged Maharajah, 'Who
is "we"?'

'We, the people", said Rabi, without display, but very plainly. 'We feel that insupportable levies and treaties must be rescinded, whatever the consequences. We shall continue the struggle to that end".

'In the process you will tear the State apart's said the furious Maharajah.

'Not I. We, 'said Rabi, who was equally furious... (P. 416).

# The Golden Honeycomb: Fictionalisation of the Indian Prince

He openly opposes the ways of his father in particular and the monarchy in general. He wants a free India. Maharajah is not happy with the freedom struggle. India achieves Independence and the princes of India were left with two choices. They had to sign the Instrument of Accession and accede either to India or to Pakistan. By participating in the national freedom movement, Rabi wins popularity and helps to bridge the gulf between the ruler and the ruled.

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The title of the novel suggests that both the British and the Indian Princes are cocooned from reality, and that the 'golden honeycomb' thus created by them soon starts crumbling in the face of stiff opposition from the masses. The British adopt 'divide and rule policy' and the Indian princes are equally apathetic towards the needs and demands of the masses. Both look upon themselves with an air or superiority and crush the public with levies and taxes. The Britishers used to maintain the Imperialism in India, but atlast they had to bow before the unbending wishes of the people under the leadership of Rabi and Usha. Bawajiraj III may be a silent spectator to the great change now imminent, but his wife Mohini sides with her son, Rabi and Usha in the national upsurge for freedom. The Maharajah is visibly upset with the freedom movement, but it is beyond him to curb it. It is also blessed by the Dowager Maharani, Manjula, Janakidas and Jaya. Ultimately, India attains her independence. The dream of the people is finally realised, and now they can look forward to a bright future.

#### LIBRARY

## Gurukul Kangri Vishwavidyalaya

Markandayas The Golden Honeycomb reveals at once her extraordinary sense of conscious realism and historicity unmatched in Indian English Fiction and only rarely evident in the contemporary British fiction. In this, she ranks with such English novelists as Thackeray and Trollope and with such Indian English hovelists as Mulkraj Anand and Manohar Malgonkar. This novel is her 'magnum opus'. It demonstrates Markandaya's attachment to her motherland, her people, and her country's hoary history.

Markandaya's The Golden Honeycomb compares favourably with Anand's Private Life of an Indian Prince and Manohar Malgonkar's The Princes in so far as it depicts the fall of the Indian Princes and their luxurious life. All the three novels underline the English ruler's determination to impose their authority on India taking it for granted that India cannot but surrender. They also portray the ambivalent attitude of the princes towards the British and their resistance to the independence of India. Vicky, Abhayaraj and Bawajiraj-III, the protagonists of the Private Life of an Indian Prince, The Prince and the Golden Honeycomb respectively, oppose the Indian Independence for fear of threat to their authority. But Rabi of The Golden Honeycomb and Abhay of The Princes oppose the British rule. Rabi fights for freedom and equality whereas Abhay accepts the fate of princedom helplessly. A.V. Krishna Rao comments that Markandaya's novel "creates a sense of history in the reader's mind by depicting the events that rocked that State of Devapur for three generations. She therefore

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achieves a sense of historical continuity—a quality of tradition—while recording the vicissitudes of fortune that befell Devapur, a representative princely State". Markandaya delineates the details with meticulous care and presents the characters with a sympathetic attitude. Like Anand and Malgonkar, Markandaya shows

exemplary respect for the recorded historical facts but uses them with stunning irony and economy of phrase in depicting the 'fall of the princes' and the growth of individual consciousness. Prof. Sreenivas Iyyangar pays a merited tribute to her when he refers to "the sufficiency and suggestiveness of her prose".

## POET'S PLEDGE

R.M. Challa

Come, let us seek the light, the truer light
Of Poesy, the inner light of life—
Quelling the darkness of ungodly night,
Setting aside all struggle, stress and strife,
Conquering hate through love, declaring war
On war, creating grace from ugliness.
We do not wrong but right; we do not mar
But make; we poets do not curse but bless;
For we are building ever-free empires
Of wisdom, where revenge is folly, where
Forgiveness is law, where deceased desires
Are born delights, and where our only care
Is the discovery of our destiny
In our awareness of divinity

## WHERE WAS I WRONG

#### Vassilis Vitsaxis

On my knees, I came tonight
O Master, to your feet
With heavy heart and weary soul

I followed all the paths you said But THERE, I never reached Where was I wrong? Where did I lose the trail?

You told me:
"Close your eyes to see"
And so I did

Murky became the sky around
And never dawned
That mystic glow of darkness...
The light stayed dim and grey
And I was frightened
Thick ivy barred my way
And thorny bushes
Engulfed
The pathway, one by one

What? You say
My eyes, were not closed tight enough?
And let deceiving light
Creep through the body's flaws?

Echoes from far away
Flavours and fragrances of kisses lost
Sweet thrills and tender dreams
And memories...

How can I chase away these memories?

Which like a herd Seeking refuge at noon Beneath a shady tree, Lie still, unreachable Behind the eyelids

You told me:
"If inner light was failed you
Follow the arduous tracks".

I trod the stony ways
And rocky uphill trails
I plunged into the swamps
And wandered deep
In desert's thirsty waves of sand
Which roll in ripples
Motionless...

What? you say
There are not many obstacles
Along the lonely paths.
It is more difficult to walk upright
On highways in the valley
Where, throngs the human flock
And stumbles
Not the striving foot
But the unresting soul....

how can I skirt
The hidden pitfalls on my way?
Amidst the dust
That lift the trampling hooves

You told me
"If you cannot seal in

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Unspoiled The light of darkness... If you cannot remain serene And walk amidst the swell of life Then...Love....Embrace....Offer yourself" Wide open, I stretched forth my arms I wept with others' tears I bled From wounds of other bodies And even shared - How much more difficult it was -A happiness not mine, What? you say Too narrow was my love? And left out of its reach So many, Flowers and birds and trees and stars As if they were not all Sparks from a single fire

A golden flow of rays From one and only Sun!

Too narrow was my heart
Not like the bosom of the sea
Which gathers to itself
All rivers, rains and drops of dew
All water!
No matter whence it comes.

Master,
I tried my best
And if I erred
- Being human I shall begin anew
What?
Can it be true
That I arrived
And yet am not aware>

## AN EXPOSITION OF THIS MYSTICAL MONOLOGUE

Prof. K.B. Sitaramayya

"Where was I wrong" is no mere religious or devotional poem but a Seeker's mystical monologue with his Maker. The seeker addresses Him as his Master both because He is the Supreme Power and his Guru and Guide. He tells Him how the night he addressed Him he came on his knees to His feet with a heavy heart and weary soul. The words indicate that the Seeker had been struggling for some time to become one with the Lord. His efforts have borne no fruit till the moment, as he believes.

He followed all the paths as indicated by the Lord. But he thinks he has not reached THERE, at his goal. He wants to know where he was wrong, at what point he missed his trail. But, infact at the end we see that he has actually arrived at the object of his seeking but is not intellectually aware of it. He was not wrong at all; if he was, it was in believing he had missed his trail. The movement of the poem is from his sense of failure to his surprise realisation that he has reached his destination. It includes a complete picture of the different paths suggested by the Lord and pursued by the Seeker.

The series of epigraphs to the poem from the Bhagawad Gita serve two purposes. We see that the relationship between the Seeker and the Lord is similar to that between Arjuna and Krishna. Like Arjuna he is face to face with the Lord, his Guru as well as his Goal. He is able to present his problems to Him and get clarifications. And yet he is unable to feel a sense of union with Him. The epigraphs also suggest the paths the Lord places before the

Seeker though they are not identical. The first advice given by the Lord to the Seeker was,

## Close your eyes and see.

The wide-open eyes see only the outer phenomenal world. The Lord is seated in the region of the heart as Krishna tells Arjuna in a well-known passage in the Gita (xv:xv<sub>1</sub>). But when the Seeker closed his eyes the inner sky became only dim. There did not dawn for him.

## The mystic glow of darkness.

The glow of darkness! obviously, there is a distant echo of the Gita here:

### Ya nisa sarva bhutanam .....

That what is night (darkness) to all creatures is a state of wakefulness (a luminous state) to the Sage (an inward looking person) II.69.

Such a glow beyond the comprehension of the intellect is mystic. It is the dawning of such a glow that truly begins the true spiritual life leading to the union with the Lord. What he experienced was only a twilight of the dusk:

## The light stayed dim and grey

Normally the state of twilight is momentary; it leads on to night (or day). It is frightening when the state stays, continuous endlessly.

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Each path to his goal was barred by the thick spreading evergreen climbing plant called ivy; or he felt separated from his goal by thorny bushes. The Seeker describes the inner realm using terms corresponding to the inner experience.

The Lord to whom the Seeker turns accounts for his experience by telling him that he did not shut out the outer world completely. By not closing his eyes tight enough he allowed the deceiving light creep through his physical weaknesses.

The Seeker mentions what entered his consciousness preventing the dawn of the glow of darkness within him:

Each from far away
Flavours and fragrances of kisses lost
Sweet thrills and tender dreams
And memories ...

It is only when one deliberately seeks to turn inward and tries to keep away all the echoes of sweet sounds, tastes and smells of the tactile thrills we leave behind, we actually see their rushing into us in forms of tender dreams and memories.

The Seeker asked the Lord frankly how it was possible to chase away the memories. They cling to the eyes that close upon the outer world, unreachable to be driven away like the cattle that seek refuge at noon from the scorching sun under a shady tree.

The Lord told the Seeker that if inner light had failed him, he had to tread the arduous tracks of outer life, seeking Him in places of solitude.

The Seeker tells the Lord,

I trod the stony ways
And rocky hills and uphill trails
I plunged into the swamps
And wandered deep
In desert's thirsty waves of sand
Which roll in ripples
Motionless ....

Obviously, he did not arrive at the object of his quest. The Lord pointed out to him that treading lonely paths was easier than

On highways in the valley Where, throngs the human flock And stumbles, Not the striving foot But the unresting soul ...

It is a very different experience

On highways in the valley where throng the human flock

The poet uses the term "human flock" deliberately. The unthinking people unaware of any inner life or even its need are no better than sheep or goats. A Seeker moving amidst them could easily stumble. It is not the striving foot as on steep rocks or amidst the unstable sands that stumbles but the unresting soul.

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When the seeker uses the word soul, here as before, "Weary Soul" (line 3), he obviously does not mean the deepest spiritual centre of one's life, atman, but heart, the seat of intense feelings and emotions. It is that which is greatly disturbed or weary; it is that which stumbles when the seeker trends the Via mystica.

The Seeker questioned the Lord as to how he could avoid the hidden pitfalls bordering allround in the midst of the dust raised by the hooves of cattle that tramped their way back home in the twilight.

The Lord had given two options to the Seeker. The first was to move in the light of inner darkness. He could not seal it totally from the light of common day. The next was a walk in the midst of the swell of life. To do that he had to remain serene and unperturbed. When neither was possible there was only one way left. The Lord said.

# Then ... Love ... Embrace .... Offer yourself....

It is to love the Divine in all creatures; embrace in the wide all including arms of the inner being all creation and offer himself to the Divine in every one. The Seeker describes his endeavour:

Wide open, I strectched forth my arms I wept with others' tears I bled from wounds of other bodies....

The Seeker could literally carry out the injuctions of the Lord: He could love and

embrace humanity in the truest sense of the terms; he could become others that wept and bled. He achieved even something more difficult; he even shared

## A happiness not mine

And yet the Lord found the love too narrow that embraced only humanity leaving out

Flowers, and birds and trees and stars As if they were not all Sparks from a single fire A golden flow of rays From a single Sun!

The Sun was none other than the Lord Himself. The prayer given by a great Seer was.

## In all things may I see the Divine

The Seeker saw Him only in men and women

He himself saw that too narrow was his heart. But as he told his Master, Guru, that he tried his best. If being human he erred he could try again, begin his journey all over again. Little did the Seeker know that all his sincere efforts had cumulatively helped him to arrive at his goal. The limited outer consciousness was not aware that he had actually reached his destination.

The vision of the spiritual quest which stopped not till the goal was reached is brought before us in the form of a lively Monologue. We fell the presence of the Lord all the time

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before us, counseling, guiding, admonishing the Seeker who himself is untiring, persevering prepared to continue the quest even after his arrival because of his being outwardly unconscious of his triumph.

Dr. Vassillis Vitsaxis, belonging to the great Greek tradition reveals an exceptional power of blending another great tradition with his own. His technical mastery of word and rhythm, form and structure, matches with his sublime vision. If in the English

rendering itself he has created a masterpiece, one could easily see what he could have done in his native tongue that Sophocles and Socrates spoke, though in a different form. In all his successful life as a diplomat, he was formerly the Greek Ambassador to India, it appears, he was seeking the one aim to achieve which the whole creation is unconsciously moving. He shows himself to be the Sage of the Gita who is ever awake to the Light Divine within when the whole world is sleeping.

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## IS THERE BHAKTI RASA IN MAHABHARATA?

Dr. C.R. Reddy

The Mahabharata sums up the Hindu Civilisation of the Post Aranyaka and Propuranic Period. It covers the Shanti and other Parvams, which are doubtless interpolations, the Sankhya and Yoga Philosophies, and there are a number of references to Buddhism and Jainism showing that the Brahminical reaction had already commenced. There are chapters in the Mahabharata in which the authenticity of the Vedas is disputed. On the whole, the interpolated parts sum up Hindu civilisation of the period above defined.

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It is the *Puranas* that deal with the *Bhakti* Religions, such as *Saivaism*, *Vaishnavaism*, *Shakta*, *Ganapatya*, etc. All these religions posit a personal God, who is Omnipotent and All-Merciful, and through whose Grace men obtain their desires as well as salvation. In his relation to God, man has no rights. He is a *Dasa* or Slave, dependent on God's Grace. He can put forth no claims on the ground of merit. Everything is left to the *Avyachakaruna*, the spontaneous Mercy of God. How curiously analogous is *Vaishnavaism* to Christianity! There is much in common between the Theology of both these religions.

In the *Vedic* period, there was no *Bhakti* religion. There were gods no doubt as amongst the Greeks and the Romans, but these gods themselves were subordinate to Law or Destiny. And if they were properly invoked, they were bound to gratify the desire of the devotees. Thus *Surya* gratifies *Kunti* and gives her a son and other gods similarly bestow their

favours on her. This Vedic Religion is really magic, what to-day would be derided as Kshudra or Tamasic Religion. Thus Kshudra or Tamasic Religion prevails and did prevail amongst all primitive people. In our villages, for instance, the people sacrifice goats, sheep and fowls and invoke the village deity, who, thereupon, possesses some one and through him tells her Oracles. The Vedic Religion was similar to this. Indra, Agni, Varuna, etc. were invoked by the Rishis and the Rishis claimed, through the power of the Mantras, to be superior to Gods. The Rishi Chyavana compels Indra to permit the Asvins also to partake of the Soma oblation, and every Rishi claimed to be more powerful than the Gods themselves. And the influence of Vasishtas and Viswamitras rested on their demonstrated power.

Naturally in this Religion ritual seems to be all important. Everything depended on the proper intonation of the Mantra and the accurate performance of the Yagna. So the priest became also important. In fact, he claimed to be superior to the Gods. Pushed to the logical extreme, the Vedic Religion is atheistical, and that is the very extreme to which Kumarila Bhatta in his theory of Mimamsa pushed it. According to Bhatta, the Vedas are eternal and self-existing. There is no God above the Vedas. They are the Sabda Brahmam or eternal Sabda. The Rishis acted as conductors of these sounds and transmitters, and the Vedic Mantras have an inherent power. This is what is called the Spotaka theory of the Vedas, which is apparently atheistical.

In the Mahabharata, deification of Krishna is not complete; and so the Harivamsa had to be written obtensibly as a continuation of the Mahabharatha.

The Dasavatara Stuthi of Bhishma is an obvious interpolation, and we may dismiss both the Saivite and Vaishnavite interpolations as out of account.

But there are prayers of the *Vedic* Type such as the one addressed by *Asvathama* to *Siva* in *Shree Parva* and the Yagna of self-sacrifice which he performs. These passages are of the *vedic* type and don't connote the later Bhakthi Religion. In fact, there is no Bhakthi Religion till the Great Ramanuja came upon the scene.

Some of the Rishis do not appear to be men of character. They appeared to have various powers. They were not Sanyasins as developed by Buddhism. Often they lost their self-control. Their speciality was Tapas or penance, by which they acquired powers. Such priesthood generally degenerates into an immoral priesthood and the Upanishads and Bhuddism and Jainism are a revolt against the degenerate Vedic Rishis.

Buddhism is *Vedism* minus the *Rishi*, and animal sacrifices. It is the moralised *Vedic* 

Religion. It got rid of all the cruel ritual and mummeries of the *Brahmanas* and posited moral Law as the Supreme Government of the World. It is atheistical but unlike the *Vedic* religion ethical.

One good thing about the Vedas and Buddhism and to some extent the Smartha Religion, which is more Vedic than the Bhakthi Religions, is the manner in which they uphold the dignity of man and the human soul. In the Bhagavatha and Bhakti Religions, man is helpless with no rights, no claims of any kind. His strength consists in dependence on God and God's Grace. But in the vedic, Buddhist and the Smartha religions man can attain salvation by means of his own efforts and through ritual in the one case, through exalted moral discipline in the other and through knowledge in the third. Wherever man is given an independent status, there is bound to be the flavour of rationalism or atheism about it. God and Bhakti must go together. Wherever Bhakti has no place, God becomes a neuter Law. That was why Ramanuja attacked the Advaitins Mayavadis, and Prachanna Bauddhas (disguised Boudhas). It is interesting to find striking resemblance between Sankara's ideas and those of Nagarjuna, the Buddhist philosopher. 

## **MUSINGS**

### K.V. Raghupathi

I

Still water never speaks
It encompasses
It receives
It holds
the glory of blue sky
the delicacy of white wooly clouds
the magnificence of dazzling yellow sun
It gives back your own reflections
horrendous images
crude desires
diabolic ambitions
crooked feelings and emotions
Men perceive its serenity in rarity
Where men fail birds meet in silence
perching on the branches.

II

What you cannot discover in cacophony
In silence the wonders of Creation
and more wonders about the beauty
and ugliness of your 'self'
the meaninglessness of surface existence
the futility of all theories and philosophies.

Here nothing matters in the damp house It's raining, it's dark As men sleep, frogs croak and chuckle in ecstasy.

I sit alone gazing into the darkness
demanding its expression
It defied expression
Empty hands, empty chairs
White walls, books in the shelves
swish-swashing curtains, old mat
all defied expression
under the tapering rain.

# ARUN JOSHI'S "A TRIP FOR Mr. LELE" AND "SURVIVOR"

Dr. E. Satyanarayana

With five novels and a collection of short stories to his credit, Arun Joshi is regarded as one of the important contemporary fiction writers. He was catapulated to literary fame when his novel **The Last Labyrinth** had earned him the much coveted Sahitya Akademi Award for the year 1982. Undoubtedly, his untimely demise in 1993 is a big blow to the field of Indian writing in English.

Much of the criticism on his creative output, both novels and short stories, claims that Arun Joshi is an existentialist novelist writing in line with Alberta Camus and Franz Kafka. As a matter of fact, with his advent on the Indian literary scene, the fiction in English has shifted its focus from social realism to psychological realism. He has attempted to explore the depths of the psyche of an individual trapped in the matrix of decaying human values. The characters in his fiction seem to have been engaged in a relentless search for true being. Besides, Arun Joshi in his fiction, displays an awareness of what makes for human tragedy in the society. He sees that the forces of industrialization and urbanization have exerted a deleterious influence on the life of man. Consequently, even the relationship between husband and wife is reduced to the condition of a commodity essentially. It is this aspect of life which in Arun Joshi's view has marred the human essence as could be found not only in his novels but also in his short fiction. This aspect has largely suffered a neglect at the hands of the critics.

Except for a few passing references, not much effort is made to evaluate Arun Joshi's short fiction which touches on the varied issues that predetermine the existence of man. The present paper seeks to examine the thematic concerns of Arun Joshi with reference to the stories "A Trip for Mr. Lele" and "Survivor". These stories, along with eight others, appeared in 1975 under the title Survivor which, as C.V. Venugopal rightly observes, is a collection of "artistically satisfying pieces" and Joshi here "probes the alienated individual with sympathy and understanding".

The protagonists in both the stories are helpless husbands and sensitive fathers whose separation from their daughters helps them emerge from their cocoon - like existence and rebel to realize their personal freedom.

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"A Trip for Mr. Lele" is a touching tale of a between a sentimental relationship conscientious father and disabled daughter. Mr. Lele, the central figure, is the highest paid vendor of toothpastes in the country, next only to his boss to whom he is accountable. However, the job is not a bed of roses because he has to always maintain the rise in the sale by employing innovative gift schemes. So he carries on with his job, inspite of himself. He often thinks of resigning and stamping on the "horn-rimmed glasses" of his boss who being practical, does not care for sentiments and tries to extract more from him. Mr. Lele is helpless. Besides, he is a victim of the subversive ideals

# Arun Joshi's "A Trip for Mr. Lele" and "Survivor"

of his wife, Mrs. Lele. Interestingly, it is she who keeps him back, unlike other women, not by tears or threats but by simply letting him know of her social status. She is a representative of the "western emancipation and oriental indolence". She believes that marriage is a "solemn contract".

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It is her personality and the force of her ideas that have obliged Mr. Lele to believe that the contract is "not only as solemn as something the violation of which might let loose divine retribution". Over the years he has developed a fatalistic attitude towards life. He makes no attempt to impose his will on his wife. He is obliging in his dealings. But he is a responsible father. He has a daughter who is pale and small for her age. She also has a club foot. He is very much concerned for her. It is not really love but a sense of sympathy that draws him to the handicapped child. He finds in her "all the beautiful and perishable things with which so much of life's mansion is furnished". He longs to be in her company to let her feel assured. He is always careful not to let his official responsibilities interfere with his paternal obligations. He cannot brook to see his daughter suffer anymore since she is already struck with "so disabling and grotesque an affliction". He is filled with a secret sorrow for the pathetic condition of the child. It is this sentimental concern of a father towards his daughter which gives the story a human touch.

The physical deformity of the child symbolically represents Mr. Lele's own inability to articulate his inner protest against both his wife and his boss before whom he

appears as weak and fragile as the child. It is perhaps the realization of his weakness which makes him more attached to the child than to his wife. To compensate, as it were, for the terrible injustice meted out to the child by fate, Mr. Lele makes it a habit of keeping her happy while his wife is busy attending to the problems of Ladies' club. He takes pleasure in satisfying every wish of hers. In fact, he finds a sense of solace in her presence. The important thing that he never misses is her birthday which is only five days away when the story begins.

About this time, Mr. Lele is compelled to leave for Bombay and then to Hyderabad to save the falling trade. Having promised to return on her birthday, he reluctantly goes on the trip. But it takes more time than he expects and he feels anxious about the child back home. He sends a telegram saying that he may not attend her birthday. Symbolically, the trip Mr. Lele undertakes from north to south brings about a transformation in him. His sojourn in different places and his confrontation with different situations peel the layers off his self which he for the first time finds in his own way and rebels.

In fact, his heart lies in his daughter. The farther he travels the nearer he feels to the child mentally. He fails to show any interest either in his assignment or in the new places which sans his daughter appear dull and drab. His nausea increases. He simply stops speaking. But can he rebel out and out? Ironically, he is aware of his own limitations. He has to think of "his contract with his wife, his firm, with the forces of circumstances". However, the

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inevitable has to take place. On his final trip, he confronts a boy who has the makings of an artist. The boy tells Mr. Lele that he wants to paint "the sea, the sky, the sun, the stars, the night, especially the night, and even the wind, except that ... has no colour". He says further that he had a sister whom he loved dearly. But when she died of leukemia, he was not informed as he was away at school. This sad tale of the boy really touches Mr. Lele and he, thinking only of his daughter, takes the next flight to Delhi to greet her on her birthday and it costs him his job.

The story "Survivor" assumes significance in that it reflects Arun Joshi's basic concern in the anthology. It focuses not only on the growing dominance of modern women in all spheres of life but on the resultant rupture in the human relationships both in the family and the society, on account of urbanization and commercialization.

Kewal Kapoor, the narrator-protagonist of "Survivor" is a typical modern man who has no illusions about the progress made by human civilization. Like Mr. Lele he also suffers at the hands of his indifferent wife. But he is more eloquent in his expression of protest than his counterpart. However they serve as foils to each other. Relegated to the position of "an engine for manufacturing money" he feels isolated.

Arun Joshi effectively employs the device of dramatic monologue to reveal the inner self of the protagonist who, unable to adapt to the prevailing social norms, "sets sail towards terrible shipwrecks". He provides us an insight into the life of middle class people who, in their anxiety to reach the higher rungs of the social ladder, hurtle down to the pits of eternal despair and lose the essence of their beings.

What Kewal Kapoor wants is a "bit of life" Instead, he gets a "bloody-minded nagging" and a constant talk of money. Kapoor dislikes everything, particularly all that is associated with money. But as an ideal husband, he is expected to earn to meet the growing needs of his wife. He leaves one job for another till he gets fixed up in a drugs company where he has to do with the public relations. Ironically, he himself has many a complaint to voice, but he is fated to listen to the complaints of others. Though he tries to do his best in his new assignment, it takes him no time to realize that he is a misfit. Denied a change of job, he is overwhelmed with a sense of boredom and he becomes an introvert. He forgets how to laugh. The agony of not belonging is so intense in him that he runs away from his office so as to find peace of mind in the artificial things like cinema and transistor radio. As a result, he gets hooked up to the Indian theaters seeing twenty films a month.

His infatuation with self-fulfillment through films, sometimes flirting with girls results in the loss of his job. He is estranged from his wife. However, it does not scare him. He moves from one place to another only to feel despair and depressed. He realizes that the modern society with all its progress is devoid of human love and sympathy and money is the be all and end all of life. Fed up with "money talking"

imbecile world" Kapoor inches towards total alienation from the society. Interestingly, it is the thought of his daughter that brings him back and gives a sense of relief to his tormented soul.

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his oves pair dern man and king The only two persons who love him in the world are his brother, Robu and his little daughter. He confesses: "I kept missing my daughter... As Divali drew closer I grew desperate. I just had to see her. I was terrified she would forget me". Thus, obsessed with an urge to see her, he joins hands with thieves who putting on masks, enter the house on the day of Divali. While he enjoys the company of his child, his associates rob people of jewellery. Rediculous it may seem though, the act of Kewal Kapoor has a sense of inevitability that it is only love that sustains human relations and imparts meaning to human existence.

The story of Kewal Kapoor recalls the problem of Billy Biswas of Joshi's *The Strange Case of Billy Biswas*. Billy is disillusioned with the phoney values of the modern world and he leaves for the primitive world. He becomes one with the tribals who are free from the hypocrisy of the mainstream urban life. Similarly, Kapoor also leaves his home. But unlike Billy, Kapoor attempts to realize his individuality and consolidate his position in the society not away from it. Kapoor is not

idealistic as Billy. However, he, like Billy, is in quest for humane society which is filled with natural love and where people feel secure in one another's company.

In the end, Kewal Kapoor, after throwing the booty into the dark sea, utters a few words which indict the dehumanized morals of the modern society. He is scathing in his outburst: "I am a survivor of that fantastic racket that passes for the MODERN INDIAN SOCIETY... of that greatest disaster of them all, THE MODERN INDIAN WOMAN".

The protagonists of both stories - "A Trip for Mr. Lele" and "Survivor" are placed in a similar predicament. They are survivors of the cataclysms and disasters of the so called progressive society. Being alive to their inner self, they defy the system which tries to encroach on their personal freedom. Mr. Lele and Kapoor crave for simple love which they find in their daughters who as innocent children serve as invisible bonds between the overriding mothers and sensitive fathers. The Society which traps and challenges man, also provides a way for liberation. And it is man who has to fight to realize his dream of freedom. As such, a transformation from conformity to confrontation is discernable in the narratives.

## **BUDDHA - RE-DESCENT**

### B. Indira Kumari

- O! The greatest of the "Sakhyas! Welcome. In all reverence welcome thou art.
  - Let this country, India be beautified with the touch of thy sacred feet,
  - Let thy sweet smiling blissful looks, just akin to the honey waves,
  - Coming forth from the Flowers like 'Mandara'
    Cool the heated and the worried minds
    of human beings.
- 2) The country's good has fallen a prey to the flames of selfishness,
  - Hatred has increased so fast and inevitable has become the wicked propaganda,
  - O! Swami Siddartha! Descend once again to establish tranquility and peace
  - In this Universe being over-ridden with jealousies and vengence
- The lives of the poor are being invaded with the demoniac powers
  - Thirsting for blood, progress has stopped anon And freedom is fettered. Hence, O Swami Come hither soon.
  - To save the 'Swan, this earth' wounded by the arrows cast by the most vicious and heartless.

- 4) Broken into cracks is the universe with the most fatal atom bombs;
  - Nowhere to be seen good understanding among human beings;
  - Rotten have become 'Panchasila' Schemes and the avaricious acts have exceeded limits
  - Ah! Looted is humanity by the peoples' fighting tendency, O Lord! Look at all these.
- 5) From all sides have spread the flames of battles, taken with fright shudders
  - The whole universe and so dreadfully roaring, the tiger of malice,
  - Has drunk in one gulp to its heart's content the blood of people
  - Roused is the meaningless egoism of nations and the unruly acts have put on reins;
  - O Siddartha! we pray to thee to put out the flames of distructive injustice and liberate the whole universe

(The original "PUNRAHWANAM" by "KARUNASREE" is in Telugu)

## SLANG

## Prof. S. Jagadesan

# 1. Etymology:

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If one were to be told that one is "a nice chap having a lot of fun", one would not take offence for chap and fun today are harmless words. But they are bound to provoke, if understood in their 18th century sense of "dealer in stolen goods" and "a trick to cheat" respectively. There were words like chap and fun forming part of the vocabulary of slang. The etymology of the word slang has not been clearly traced or established. One view is that slang is cognate with Norwegian 'slengeord' meaning 'offensive language'. Eric Partridge suggests that slang is language 'slung about'. It might be a variation or perversion of 'slang' (Old Norse slyngva - to sling)> He quotes the line from a 14 century text "The bold words that he did sling" (1400) to lend support to his theory. Unconventional expressions like "to sling words/language" meaning "to jeer or taunt, or to use offensive language" carry the colloquial echo of the term 'slang'. The etymology of the word, however, is obscure, and uncertain and a matter of conjecture.

# 2. Slang Dictionaries

The word slang came into use in 1756. In the 18th century 'slang' and 'cant' were identical in sense. They referred to the secret language of those engaged in nefarious, antisocial activities like kidnapping, thieving, picking the pocket etc. The word 'cant' has since got differentiated in meaning and assumed a different colouring. Three

of the Canting Crew (anonymous, 1700), A new Canting Dictionary (anonymous, 1725) - and Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue by Grose (1785) - were published in the eighteenth century. A collection of slang words giving the approximate or probable dates of their entry into language and providing illustrative quotations is found in Eric Partridge's Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English (1937; 1961) and The Oxford Dictionary of Modern Slang by John Ayto and John Simpson (1992).

## 3. Motives underlying the use of Slang

H.W. Fowler says "Slang is the diction that results from the favourite game, along the young and the lively, of playing with words and renaming things and actions. Some invent new words or mutilate or misapply the old for the pleasure of novelty and others catch up such words for the pleasure of being in the fashion. Many slang words and phrases perish; a few establish themselves' in either case, during probation they are accounted unfit for literary use". (Modern English Usage). Eric Partridge has listed sixteen reasons for the use of slang. The impulses or motives, to mention a few, employment that prompt its unconventionality, typicality, vivacity of expression, intimacy of communication, individuality, and verbal ingenuity and inventiveness. Slang is "the plain man's poetry" (Earle Welby). The use of slang is a protest against staleness in expression.

## 4. Categories and evolution

Three categories of slang as defined in The Oxford Dictionary of English corresponding to the three stages of its evolution may be identified. In the mid-eighteeth century, Slang was a kind of code language, "the special vocabulary used by any set of persons of a low and disreputable character". This is the language of the underworld called argot. In the late eighteenth century, slang signified "the special vocabulary or phraseology of a particular calling or profession". This meaning of slang is now conveyed by the word jargonmedical jargon, legal jargon, insurance jargon, astrologer's jargon etc. Since the nineteen century slang, strictly so called, has been the "language of a highly colloquial type, considered as below the level of standard, educated speech and consisting either of new words or of current words employed in some special sense". Argot, jargon and slang serve the purpose of binding the members of a subculture or a fraternity.

# 5. Attitude to Slang: Slang and Standard Language:

The general attitude to slang through the centuries has been shifting. Its reception was mixed and at no period was its use universally and totally supported or deprecated. Before 1850, slang was a generic term referring to all "non-standard English except dialect" (Eric Partridge). Dr. Johnson dismissed slang words as "low" words and excluded them from his Dictionary. "The language of Slang is the conversation of fools" (J.R. Thomas: 1825)".

"While slang is essentially part of familier and colloquial speech, it is not necessarily incorrect or vulgar in its proper place" (H.C.K. Wyld quoted by Eric Partridge). "As style is the great antiseptic, so slang is the great corrupting matter" (Fowler). "Low, vulgar, unmeaning language" (Webster: 1828). "Speech and writing characterized by the use of vulgar and socially taboo vocabulary and idiomatic expression" (Random House Dictionary). It is not as if slang words are permanently condemned to their low or disreputable status. Many of them have found their way into standard vocabulary. "Slang is a kind of vagabond language, always lying on the outskirts of legitimate speech, but continually straying or forcing their way into the most respectable community". (Words and their ways in English Speech": Greenough and Kittredge).

6. It is difficult to determine when exactly a slang word qualifies to become respectable. In the process of passing into the common stock of accepted words, many originally slang words have undergone change of meaning and/or shed their disreputable association. There are words in Modern English which are taken for granted and whose "cant" or "low" origin is not even suspected (Eg.) beef up, bet, chap, fun, hitlist, humbug, idiot box, nab, simpleton, spill the beans. The slang term 'bloody' is used as infix for the sake of emphasis: abso-bloody-lutely and abso-blessed-lutely is formed on that model. Slang covers different fields of activity - army, navy, schoolboy slang, money, drink, sex etc. Cockneys are supposed to be the originators of 'back slang' in which words are

Slang

spoken with the spelling reversed. Thus penny becomes ynnep "Ereht era on selppa yadot" is backslang for "There are no apples today". It is said that this form of slang enables the London shopkeepers to communicate among themselves without being understood by the customers and passers-by.

7. England, North America, Australia and the English speaking countries in general have contributed to the growth of slang. In a sense, slang is a localised form of speech intelligible within a specific group. It can be identified with reference to the country of its origin and occupational/social group in

which it enjoys currency. In the present day, the circulation of slang is facilitated by popular fiction, films and plays. The breakdown of social barriers may be another factor promoting their spread. Slang lends a touch of novelty, familiarity and snappiness to expression and makes communication effective, easy and informal. Slang has come to stay as a linguistic fact and English cannot shut its door on slang. Its influence has to be reckoned with in any objective, scientific study of English vocabulary. A.C. Baugh says that slang will be a source from which English will continue to be fed in the future.

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# FROM THE ABSURD TO RESPONSIBILITY - A STUDY ON CAMUS'S WORKS

Dr. P. Rajendra Karmarkar

Albert Camus (1913-'60) the French existentialist writer, presents the idea of the Absurd in his quasi-philosophical work 'The Myth of Sisyphus' published in 1942, with the notion of suicide in connection with the absurdity of existence which is a matter of deep and perpetual concern to existentialists. The absurd occupying the whole work arises from an intellectual analysis of the problem of existence.

In Greek Mythology, Sisyphus is a king of Corinth, cunning and crafty in nature. Once he outwits Hades, the god of the underworld and as a punishment he is condemned to the lower world where he has to roll uphill a marble stone. As soon as the stone reaches the top, it rolls down, and he has to roll it up again. Similarly, in the life of modern man, life has became a meaningless routine and man wonders whether life has any purpose at all. And either at the middle or the end of this routine existence, death comes and makes life meaningless. In The Outsider, Meursault, the protagonist, is conscious of monotony of every day life. He is passive, bored and his readymade phrase is "It's all the same to me".

The Absurd is the lack of coherence between the mind's desire for unity and utter confusion of the world. The world seems to man, irrational and inscrutable because instinctively he wishes to be happy and wants his life to continue indefinitely and seeks close relationship with other beings and with the

world, but he finds his desire frustrated and an element of opposition stands against him. The absurd exists neither in man nor in the world but it lies in their coexistence and remains as a uniting link between the two - the desire of the human mind that the world should be explicable in human terms, and the fact that the world is not thus explainable. Camus inquires into subjects like: what the individual should do when he is baffled by experiencing the morbid condition, frustration and a sense of alienation Camus observes that the absurd, experienced by the individual, creates tension which leads him either to commit suicide or indulge in a leap of faith, which Camus calls "Philosophical suicide". Camus rejects suicide because it is not an adequate response to the experience of the absurd. Suicide implies destroying one of the two factors the human being and the world - they together create the absurd. Further, suicide is an acknowledgement of one's inability and such an admission goes against human pride which is in Camus's view "incomparable".

His next reaction is towards philosophical suicide which, he regards as an anti-rational acceptance of the limits of reason in which these limitations are an excuse to transcend God. He finds fault with the disposition of thinkers like Kierko-Gaard, Chekhov, Jaspers, Husserel and Scholar, for they accepted the untenable leap in order to put an end to conflict between man and the world by destroying the tension of the absurd. Karl Jaspers and

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# From the Absurd to Responsibility - A Study on Camus'S Works

Keirkegaard deify the absurd and Chekhov identifies it with God. Camus observes that total belief in reason and downright rejection of reason are both betrayals of man's situation in the universe. Camus says that life can be better lived in the awareness of the absurd and the individual must face the truth of existence by accepting the absurd and must continue to live the most at present. Camus declares that man should maintain revolt attitude against the absurd. Camus says:

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It is essential to die unreconciled and not of one's own free will.

For Camus, the answer against the absurdity of existence lies in continuing to live and create values in Godless world. Camus indicates that the human life is meaningless, yet it is worthliving.

Meursault who is an absurd here in The Outsider (L'Etranger) experiences meaninglessness in life. He realizes that he is condemned to death. Although he encounters the absurdity of life, he does not seek spiritual comfort from religion or from transcendence. His experience with the world has made him determined not to believe in God. Harbouring no illusion in his life, Meursault adheres to the truth of his own experience.

Coming back to Algiers after attending the funeral, he joins his colleague, Marie in the waters of the sea near the port. They go to a comic film and later to bed for the night. Meursault says:

I realised that I had managed to get through another Sunday, that mother was now buried, that I was going back to work and that after all, nothing had changed.

But at the end of the first part of the novel, The Outsider, Meursault commits murder because he allows the power of the absurd to be infused "too much" in his mind so as the absurd is able to destroy him. He says, that he has killed the Arab because of the sun. But it is under the illusion created by the absurd, he kills the Arab.

Camus published two absurd plays in 1944 namely, Caligula and Cross purpose (Le Malontendu). Caligula proves himself to be generous and noble ruler in the initial months of his rule but he turns violent and becomes a monster when his sister, Drusilla, with whom he develops incestuous love, dies suddenly. He, like Ivan Karamazov, thinks that there is suffering and death in the world without justification. Caligula's sudden behaviour after his sister's death reveals his experience with the absurd. Caligula realizes that his response to the absurd is unjust. This mistaken reaction to the absurd also appears in 'Le Malentendu' (The Cross Purpose) in which, a mother and her daughter Martha, run an inn in a Moravian village. They usually drug the rich guest and rob him and throw him in the river. Once, Jan, the son who left home twenty years ago, wants to surprise his mother and sister and visits the inn as a guest showing his money. They do not recognise him and he too joins the others in the river. Later, the identity of the son is

revealed. Both the mother and the daughter, commit suicide. The play reveals that it is impossible both for the innocent and the guilty to escape the same fate. The brother, Jan, wants to be recognized by the mother and the sister, because he feels that he has been in exile and estrangement. Martha wants to acquire money by killing the rich guests so that she can move to the sea-side and sun light and lead a happy life. Here, characters are caught in the web of the absurd world.

The novel The Plague (La Peste), reveals that Camus's attitude towards the absurdity of life transforms hopelessness into expression of solidarity with the men. Even if the world is absurd and repugnant to Camus and to the major characters in The Plague, there is possibility that man can still attain salvation and that of other people by the use of the simplest sincerity and the most precise language. Here, Camus turning himself from the absurd writer to the existentialist writer, avoids the extremities of either fragile optimism and nihilism but adopts a tendency of modest and practical hope.

The Plague, a deadly disease, which attacks the city of Oran in **The Plague** creates the absurdity of situation in which both the good and the bad die. Dr. Rieux who is the author's spokesman and Tarrou, who is an exrevolutionary more like Camus, offer service to the suffering people without reservations and without seeking supernatural interventions, marking a symbol of metaphysical war against the absurd.

Plague takes heavy death toll causing pain, suffering and separation of the individuals and threatens the existence of such ideas as freedom, hope and love. Recognizing the absurd situation created by the plague, Dr. Rieux decides to fight with it. Speaking to Rambert, a journalist. Dr. Rieux says that he will not hold back any truth while giving details of the situation caused by the Plague.

Tarrou, Rieux' friend, considers the plague from the intellectual and metaphysical point of view. To him, it is an internal pervasive evil which, if unopposed, dominates the man and kills the sense of proportion and the power of understanding. Realizing the plight of the people attacked by the plague, Tarrou develops sympathy and love towards them and it is for the sake of love he rejects God and wants to be saint without God.

Tarrou sees the death of both Othan's child and Paneloux's which almost shatters him but he withstands the situation in silence. Once Dr. Rieux asks him what kind of influence exerts on him to take up this voluntary work. He replies:

"What on earth prompted you take a hand in this?"

In **The Plague** (**La Peste**), both Dr. Rieux and Tarrou view the devastative disease as ever invading evil and their response is the same. Dr. Rieux, being a narrator, says:

<sup>&</sup>quot;I don't know. My Code of morals, perhaps".

<sup>&</sup>quot;Your Code of morals, what code?"

<sup>&#</sup>x27;Comprehension".

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The essential thing was to save the greatest possible number of persons from dying and being doomed to unending separation. And to do this there was only one resource; to fight the plague. There was nothing admirable about this attitude: it was merely logical.

The absurd which influenced Meursault to live with egoism, without passion and social indifference and Caligula and Martha

and her mother to resort to murderous kind of life is better comprehended in The Plague (La Peste) in which Dr. Rieux and others learn to think that in the face of indifferent and unjust world, if there is any thing to desire and attain, it is human love which creates meaning. And it is for the love of suffering mankind, they reject God resulting in pure humanism.

## EARTH

K.B. Rai

Oh repositery of huge wealth You yield every thing For the welfare of the masses You have in you That magnetic power That sustains life on this planet You are mother You are Eternity The sun that powers you The moon that sheds light for you Are all your benefactors In you sprouts life In your bosom are hidden Innumerable gifts You are supreme I kiss you And bow to you And salute you

## ON HIGH CRICKET AND LOW SPIT

Dr. R.R. Menon

Spit is in more than one sense
the essence of cricketeers in their tense
moments. Whether bowler or batsman,
he pays homage to this talisman
for sure, of success, and liberally uses it
as he walks the field to bolster his grit
and gusto, for may be a gamut of emotions
that adjust inner mood to outer motions

Indians indiscriminately spit, but the English natty otherwise, seem to deem it a fetish on the cricket field; elsewhere kerchiefs hide this inconvenience from the public road.

Saliva, we know, has since time began been, like Eve or Godiva, a help to man bare-bodied, more than he recognises. It can at a pinch, for his beard, serve as a polish readily available, and in cricket, with flourish Rare the player who doesn't with his spit rub the ball caringly before he bowls to hit a wicket, or irrigates the green grass as he turns from the pitch, or walks across. Batsmen too, whatever his taste or talent, spit out too often in his bid to be gallant. Even the casual fielder would have his mouth contribute to the already verdant earth through forceful outflows others might loathe.

Ubiqitous seems the magic of spit fostered by cricketeers who ever can get to feel that ball, and gift off his bit.
But despite its antiseptic fame noses don't appreciate it with the same cheer that eyes may see in its gloss, or fingers feel in the lascivious hardness firm, rounded and smooth, fondly to caress.

## DREAM WORLD

### M.G. Narasimha Murthy

Sleep we welcome and dreams we love: They give us pleasures quaint And thrills incredible -Feats fantastic, Herculean; Scaling heights, Himalayan; Flying wingless to land on the moon; Or plunge into the bosom of the blue ocean -Scenes bizarre, ethereal: Merry, crazy, and comical, Ludicrous and quite trivial Some weird, dismal, unnatural, Turn into nightmares, so frightful, Of glaring swooping and bloody vampires, Bodies distorted, bleeding, bare, Freeze our blood and leave us scared: But such terrors are rather rare. Sliding smoothly down the stream Into lower levels, dark and deep,

Maze of memories, labyrinthine,

Of the amazing subconscious mind,

Dreams explore and unwind,
Tensions and conflicts of every kind
Hopes and fears, love and tears,
Simmering hate and desires repressed,
Rise to the surface uninhibited,
In shapes whimsical and bewildering.

SHIRT STIRL

Love sublime and Platonic, ideal and romantic,
And passions morbid, Freudian,
Consuming libidinous flames,
Narcissus and Oedipus, intertwined,
Bring images, lurid and strange,
Surpassing Picasso's abstract frames.
Visions baffling and mysterious,
Reveal life's texture, intangible;
Elusive dreams and life real,
Dissolve, merge and become one,
And recall Prospero's reflection "We are such stuff

"As dreams are made on;

"Our little life is rounded with a sleep."

## SHORT STORY

## THREE AND A HALF ANNAS

### Saadat Hasan Manto

"Why did I commit a murder? Why did I drench my hands with the blood of a humanbeing?

It is a long story. Till I acquaint you with all its aspects you will not be able to understand anything. But right now the topic of your conversation is crime and punishment; jails and humanbeings. Since I have been to jail, my views cannot be wrong. I agree fully with Manto Sahib that jails cannot reform a criminal. But this fact has been repeated so many times that to stress it again would be like repeating an oft-repeated joke. And it is no joke that knowing this fact, there exist thousands of jails; there are also those disgrace to humanity, the fetters. I have worn these ornaments of the law".

Having said this Rizvi looked towards me and smiled. His thick lips fluttered like those of a negro. His small intoxicated eyes, which looked like the eyes of a murderer, had a shine in them. We had felt surprised when all of a sudden he had started taking part in our conversation. Sitting in a chair near to us, he was sipping cream coffee. When he introduced himself we remembered the events connected with the murder committed by him. By becoming an approver, he had cleverly saved himself and his friends from the gallows.

He had been released that very day. Very courteously he addressed me "Forgive me Manto Sahib, I am interested in your

discussion. I am not a man of literature but on the topic you are discussing I can certainly say something in my crude, unliterary language. Then he said, "My name is Sadiq Rizvi. I had a hand in the murder that took place in Landa Bazar".

I had read vaguely about that murder. But when Rizvi introduced himself, all the headlines of the murder revived in my memory.

The topic of our conversation was whether jails can reform criminals. I was feeling that we were trying to eat stale bread by discussing this topic. When Rizvi said that this matter had been debated so many times that it has started looking like an oft-repeated joke, I felt satisfied. I felt that Rizvi had corroberated my views.

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Finishing his cup of coffee, Rizvi looked at me with his small, intoxicated eyes and said in a serious tone "Manto Sahib why does one commit a crime? What is crime? What is punishment? I have thought a lot about this. I feel that there is history behind every crime; it has a big chunk of life's events; a very complicated entangled chunk. I am not a psychologist. But I do know that a crime does not get committed by a person. Events lead to the commitment of a crime".

Nasir said, "You are absolutely right".

Rizvi ordered another cup of coffee and said to Nasir, "What I have said is based on my observations. Otherwise this topic is very old. I think Victor Hugo, a famous novelist - or

Translated from urdu by Madan Gupta

Three and a Half Annas

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perhaps he belonged to some other country-you must all be knowing about him - he has written a lot about crime and punishment. I remember some sentences from one of his writings. "Then he addressed me, "Manto Sahib perhaps it was your translation ... What was it? ... Remove that ladder that takes a human being to crime and calamity ... But I wonder which is that ladder? How many steps has it?"

"Whatever one may say, the ladder is there. And it has steps. But as far as I understand it has innumerable steps. To count them, to make acalculation about them is the important thing ... Manto Sahib! Governments conduct population surveys, governments conduct all kinds of surveys - why don't they conduct a survey of the steps of this ladder? Isn't that their responsibility? True, I committed a murder. How many steps of the ladder did I climb when I committed it? The government made me an approver. They did this because they did not have any evidence for the murder. But the question is who should I ask forgiveness from for my crime? The circumstances that had forced me to commit the murder are no longer near me. There is a gap of one year between them and me. Shall I ask forgiveness from this gap or those circumstances which standing at a distance jeer at me?"

We were listening to Rizvi with great interest. He did not look educated but his talk gave the impression that he was well-read and had a gift of the gab. I would have said something to him but I wanted him to go on talking. I wanted to listen to what he had to say. Therefore I did not interrupt him.

More coffee had come for him. He poured a cup and took a few sips. Then he started saying, "God knows what nonsense I am talking. But my mind has always been occupied with the thoughts of one man - that man - that scavenger - who was in jail with me. For stealing three and a half annas he had been sentenced to one year's imprisonment".

Nasir asked surprised, "For stealing only three and a half annas?"

Rizvi replied coldly, "Yes. For stealing only three and a half annas. And these too he was not destined to get because he got caught. The amount is lying safely in a treasury. But Phaggu the scavanger is not safe because it is likely that he will get caught again; because hunger may force him again' because those whose excrement he carries may not pay his wages; because the people he works for may not get their salaries. This 'may happen' business, Manto Sahib, is very strange. To tell you the truth everything is possible in the world - Rizvi can even commit a murder:".

After this he became silent for a while. Nasir said to him, "You were talking about Phaggu, the scavenger".

Rizvi wiped the coffee from his uneven moustaches with a handkerchief, "Yes ... Phaggu the scavenger inspite of being a thief that is in the eyes of the law he is a thief, is in our eyes absolutely honest. I swear by God that I have not come across such an honest man. Three and a half annas he had certainly stolen. He had spoken plainly in the court -

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"I have undeniably stolen the money and do not wish to produce a witness in my defence". He had told the court: :I had been hungry for two days and was therefore forced to put my hand in Karim tailor's pocket. He owed me five rupees - two months wages. But, dear sir, it was not his fault that he had defaulted because many of his customers had not paid him for the work he had done for them ... I have done stealing earlier also ... Once I stole ten rupees from a European lady's purse. I was imprisoned for one month. Then I had stolen a silver toy from the Deputy Sahib's house. I did this because my son had got pneumonia and the doctor wanted a very high fee. Sir, I am not telling you a lie. I am not a thief. The circumstances were such that I had to resort to stealing. And it was circumstances that led to my arrest. There are worse thieves than I who are still at large... Now sir I have neither my wife nor my child. But unfortunately I still have a stomach. If this stomach were to die, all problems will get solved ... Sir, please forgive me ...".

But the judge did not forgive him and sentenced him to one year's rigorous imprisonment.

Rizvi was speaking in a very informal tone. There was no artificiality in it. It looked as if words were automatically coming out of his lips. I was quite but was smoking cigarette after cigarette and listening to him. Nasir addressed him again, "You were talking about Phaggu's honesty."

"Yes", Rizvi took out a 'beedi' from his pocket and lit it. "I do not know what honesty is in the eye of the law. But I know this much that I had committed the murder in all honesty. And in my view Phaggu had also stolen three and a half annas in all honesty ... I don't know why people equate honesty with good qualities... To tell you the truth I have started wondering what good is and what is bad. A thing can be good for you but bad for me. One thing is considered good in one society and the very same thing is bad in another society. Among us Muslims growing hair in the armpits is considered a sin. But not so with the Sikhs. If growing hair in the armpits is really a sin, why doesn't then God punish the Sikhs? If there is such a thing as God, my request to him is 'Break these man-made rules. Demolish these man-made prisons. And build your own prisons in the skies. Punish people yourself in your courts. If nothing else, at least you are God!"

Rizvi's speech impressed me very much. But what was really impressive was the way he talked. It looked that he was not addressing us but saying all this to himself.

His 'beedi' got extinguished. Probably a knot of tobacco got stuck in it. He tried to light it five or six times. When it did not get lit, he threw it away. Addressing me he said, "Manto Sahib I shall remember Phaggu all my life. When I tell you more, you will say that it is more sentimentality or emotionalism. But I swear by God that emotionalism has no place in it. He was not a friend of mine ... No he was a friend of mine because he proved this to me several times".

Rizvi took out another 'beedi' from his pocket. It was broken. I offered him a cigarette.

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He took it. "Thanks ... Manto Sahib please forgive me. I have talked such a lot of rot. I shouldn't have done it because you by the grace of God .... I interrupted him "Rizvi Sahib right now I am not Manto. I am only Saadat Hasan. Please continue. I am listening to you with great interest".

Rizvi smiled. His small intoxicated eyes had a shine in them "I am very grateful", he said. Then addressing Nasir he asked "What was I saying?", I said to him, "You wanted to say something about Phaggu's honesty". "Yes", and he lit the cigarette I had given him. Manto Sahib, in the eyes of the law Phaggu was a habitual thief. He had stolen eight annas once to buy 'beedis'. When climbing a wall with great difficulty, he tried to escape, his ankle-bone was broken. For nearly a year he had to be under treatment. However When my co-accused Jarji used to send through him twenty 'beedis' for me he, escaping from the eyes of the police used to hand over the entire lot to me. Approvers are kept under very strict vigilance. But Jarji had made Phaggu his friend and sharer of the secret. Though he was a scavanger, he had a very pleasant nature. In the beginning when he brought the 'beedis' sent by Jarji, I thought, "This bastard of a thief must have kept some out of the lot for himself". But later I learnt that he was absolutely honest ... By stealing eight annas for 'beedis' he had got his ankle-bone but here in jail where he couldn't get tobacco anywhere, he scrupulously handed me the entire lit of beedis' which Jarji sent as if it was a sacred trust. ... Then hesitatingly he would say to

me, "Babuji give me at least one 'beedi':. I used to give him only one. How miserly a human being can be!".

Rizvi shook his head as if he was angry with himself. "As I have told you already, a lot of restrictions had been put on me. Approvers are always treated in this manner. Jarji, however, was freer comparatively. By bribing he was able to get lots of facilities. He used to get clothes. Soap was supplied. 'Beedis' were made available. He could even get money inside the jail for giving bribes. Only a few days were left for Phaggu's sentence to be over. Last time when he brought me the 'beedis' sent by Jarji, I thanked him. He was not happy at the prospects of his release. When I congratulated him, he said, "Babuji I will come back here again. A starving man has no option but to steal - just as a hungry man has to eat. Babuji you are very good. You gave me so many 'beedis'. I pray to God that all your friends be acquitted. Jarji babu is very fond of you".

Hearing this, Nasir probably said to himself, "And he had been imprisoned for stealing only three and a half annas".

Rizvi had a sip of the hot coffee and said very cooly, "Yes - only for the crime of stealing three and a half annas.... And those are also lying deposited in the treasury. God knows who will be able to assuage his hunger with them:"

Taking another sip of coffee he said addressing me, "Manto Sahib, only one day was left for Phaggu's release. I needed ten

rupees badly. I do not wish to go into details. I had to give this money as a bribe to a constable for something. After obtaining a pen and paper with difficulty, I had sent a note to Jarji through Phaggu to send me ten rupees urgently somehow. Phaggu was illiterate. In the evening he met me and gave me Jarji's reply. It had imprisoned in it a Pakistani'red ten rupee note. Jarji's message said, "Dear Rizvi, I am sending ten rupees through a habitual thief. I wish you get it because he is due for his release tomorrow".

I read the note and looking towards Phaggu smiled. For stealing three and a half annas he had been imprisoned for one year. I started thinking that if he had stolen ten rupees what his punishment would be at the rate of one year for every three and a half annas".

And as he said this, Rizvi had a last sip of coffee and walked out of the coffee house without even saying good-bye.

## EVERYDAY, A FRIDAY

- Bibhu Prasad Acharya

Must you re-enact
The scene of Calvary
Everyday, at every place,
Aren't you tired of it Pontius!

Everytime your henchmen
Nail me to the Cross,
A muffled sigh goes up
From someone, somewhere,
And Man climbs down.
Hanging his head
In shame ...

( For a "GOOD FRIDAY" )

## THE POLITICAL SCENE

## Mamidipudi Pattabhiram

The question that is upper most in the minds of everybody in the country is how long the Deve Gowda Government will last. With the CPI(M) one of the constituents of the United Front putting pressure on the Prime Minister to reverse the economic policies and the Congress (I) which is supporting the Government from outside stating that its support is going to be issue-based the question has become all the more relevant. There can be no definite answer but it seems that no one is anxious to bring about the fall of the Government for the simple reason that none is eager to face a fresh poll just now. Hence the Deve Gowda Government will continue although it cannot be said for certain that it will continue for a full term. The Congress(I) whose support is vital is in two minds but possibly some time later when it feels that it is not going to be worse off if there is a fresh poll it may withdraw its support which means that the Deve Gowda Government will fall. In fact the present Government strictly speaking has no right to function and Mr. Deve Gowda is just not the right person to hold this high office or Prime Minister. He himself had admitted that he became Prime Minister by accident and so far his performance is nothing spectacular. Mr. P.V. Narasimha Rao by comparison had done extremely well and his economic policies have paid rich dividends. It is just as well that

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the present Government is continuing his policies and it is this that is really irking the CPI(M). It is unfortunate that a person of the calibre of Mr. Rao is not available to lead the country.

In this review I propose to take up two or three subjects of importance and deal with them. The scene in Uttar Pradesh which is the most populous State is indeed murky and the ugly quarrel between the Union Home Minister and the Governor does not really enhance the prestige of either. The absence of a popular Government even after the elections to the State Assembly were conducted is a matter for regret. There is a sense of helplessness and the imposition of President's rule is now a matter before the Supreme Court which has to decide whether it has rightfully imposed or not. Judicial activism has reached a new high and all issues - even political - are being disposed of by the Courts. Whether it is a healthy trend or not is a matter for introspection by the people although several wrongs have been rectified in the process.

FOR a person who had been the Prime Minister of the country for an uninterrupted period of five years even though he started without his party commanding a majority in the Lok Sabha, the legal web in which Mr. P.V. Narasimha Rao is now stuck is indeed a sorry spectacle. Luck has run out for him and the murky cases in which he is alleged to have been involved have reduced him to the position of a petty politician who will have to strive hard to

Editor

The previous issue of TRIVENI did not carry Sri M. Pattabhiram's feature article as his health suffered a serious set back. We are glad that he has come back with his stimulating article on the political scene.

THE POLITICAL SCENE

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get out of the muddle in which he finds himself. It is sad to see that so astute a politician as Mr. Rao is charged with having used some questionable means to keep himself in power although the charges against him are yet to be proved. Yet the fact is that as one who did not even want to entertain within the fold leaders of the calibre of Mr. Madhavrao Scindia, Mr. Balram Jakhar and Mr. Kamal Nath as they were all hawala tainted and strongly urged that the law will take its course, Mr. Narasimha Rao is himself in trouble having been implicated in a cheating case as well. Mr. Rao perhaps could not read the writing on the wall nor did he realise that the day of reckoning had come for him too. The Congress (I) which is the single largest party next only to the BJP in Lok Sabha of which he was the leader has now a new person, Mr. Sitaram Kesri, who is also the new President of the Congress (I) to guide its destinies. Mr. Rao had to quit as President of the Congress (I) following pressure from a local section of the dissidents who had insisted that with more than one case being registered against him he could not continue in that high post. Even as he resigned he insisted that he committed no wrong but that is now a matter that has to be decided by courts. His alleged involvement in the JMM bribery case which came to light recently did not add to his prestige. If money changed hands so that some JMM members could be purchased to vote for him in the no-confidence motion against him this could be the most heinous crime that a person in power could ever have committed. Of course this too will have to be proved and the CBI is vigorously working in the case. For sure Mr. Rao is going to have a tough task ahead in clearing his name. But the entire proceedings and the large number of cases in which he is implicated are going to take considerable time to reach a finality. All this puts a big question mark on the political future of Mr. Rao although at one time it looked as if he had a very firm grip over his party and nothing would shake him from the well entrenched position in which he was placed. If he had put his partymen in a spot when the going was good, today he is at the receiving end. All this emphasises the need for some kind of a non-vexatious mechanism to deal with persons in high positions even when they are in power so that there could be an effective check on their conduct at the initial stage itself. Mr. Rao could also have avoided the problems to which he is now subjected if there was some built-in authority to call even a Prime Minister to order at the appropriate time. Sounding of warning bells at the right time could be an effective way restraining those in authority and thus save them from the ignominy of facing courts and their whole world coming crashing down once they are out of power. Politics would also be the much purer for it and politicians more accountable.

About Article 356 of the Constitution, Mr. Indrajit Gupta, who now holds the Home portfolio in the Union Government, rightly said that it was not advisable to do away with the provision, for an emergency situation might still arise where complete breakdown of law and order might occur making it necessary to invoke it. In fact at the Standing Committee meeting of the Inter-State Council there was no consensus on what changes need to be

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effected in the Article to make it more acceptable. But one thing stands out clear. There was total unanimity that the Article should not be misused for political purposes or benefits. If in the past this basic truth had been realised there would have been far fewer occasions for the imposition of President's rule in the States. Even when the Article was being discussed in the Constituent Assembly, Dr. Ambedkar had given the warning that the Central "invasion" must not be one that was wanton, arbitrary and unauthorised by law.

The classic case was in 1991 when the Karunanidhi Government in Tamil Nadu was sacked overnight and President's rule imposed leaving many to wonder whether such action was not motivated by extra-Constitutional considerations. The Centre for sure acted without valid cause against the State Government purely for political gain, thus raising doubts all over about the advisability of retaining the Article in the form in which it exists today. Much earlier when the Janata Government came to power it dismissed several Congress (I) State Governments on the ground that the scale of the Janata victory at the national level required a renewal of the mandate of the States. This was repeated by Mrs. Indira Gandhi when she returned to power at the national level.

The law on the subject of Central rule was well and truly laid by the Supreme Court in the Bommai case and that indeed should provide the necessary guidelines for Presidential takeover of States on the ground of failure of the Constitutional machinery. The

apex court had then observed that the Government led by Mr. S.R. Bommai was dismissed on the basis of material which was neither tested nor allowed to be tested. The action was all the more objectionable since as a Constitutional functionary the Governor was expected to conduct himself more fairly, cautiously and with circumspection. Strong words these, and the apex court further said that in all cases of claims of legislators withdrawing support to a Ministry the proper course was to test the Ministry's strength in the Assembly "which is the sole Constitutionally ordained forum to test claims and counter claims". It passes one's comprehension why this healthy principle was treated with scant respect thus bringing to contempt the very Article itself. More recently, the Governor of Uttar Pradesh, Mr. Romesh Bhandari, advised imposition of President's rule even without really exploring the possibilities of forming a popular Government with the result that the newly elected Assembly is in a state of suspended animation. As the Supreme Court had observed, the assessment should not be a matter of private opinion of any individual, whether the Governor or the President. The Sarkaria Commission did go into the matter and said that the use of the power under Article 356 will be improper if no warning or opportunity is given to the State Government concerned. The Standing Committee should take up in right earnest the suggestion made by the Commission that an erring State Government must first be warned and specific steps outlined which would prevent the situation developing into one in which the Government of the State cannot be carried on

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in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution. This is bound to prevent any action that might be termed arbitrary. Nor is there going to be a surprise when the State passes under Presidential dispensation.

The view expressed by the Uttar Pradesh Governor, Mr. Romesh Bhandari, that a popular government would come into being only after the Supreme Court gave its judgment on the issue now pending before it would suggest that he is not prepared to make any effort right now to install a ministry in the State. In fact, the Supreme Court itself had said while passing the interim orders staying the Allahabad High Court judgment quashing the Presidential proclamation reimposing President's rule in the State that it (interim order) would not preclude the formation of a popular government in the State if possible or the Governor to explore the possibility of forming a popular government. Mr. Bhandari's negative attitude to the issue on hand is therefore not justified either. It is unfortunate that the Governor who is the key figure in bringing into being a popular government is thus delaying the entire matter. The BJP and a few other parties have been criticising the attitude of the Governor on the ground that he had not exhausted all the means available in this direction. Of course it is a fact that what emerged after the poll was a hung Assembly and, therefore, the question of a single party forming a government on its own did not arise. There are two possibilities. One is that a single party could, if it has the support of another party even from outside, successfully form a ministry. The second is that two or more parties can work out an arrangement as a coalition to run the government.

It is clear the Mr. Bhandari at some stage gave up the attempts to explore all the possibilities and recommended the imposition of President's rule as, according to him, there was a clear and demonstrable breakdown of the constitutional machinery. The BJP which is the largest single party was not given a chance to explore if it could form a government, and the reasoning was that the Governor was convinced that the BJP was in no position to obtain the requisite support from any other party or individuals. How exactly the Governor arrived at this assessment is not clear and the lack of transparency in this regard is a matter that should cause worry to all those who are interested in strict compliance with established democratic norms. Mr. Bhandari's explanation that the High Court had also said that it was not obligatory under the Constitution for the Governor to invite the leader of the single largest party not in a majority is not very convincing. For the High Court has also said that the Presidential proclamation was itself vitiated.

It is another question whether the BJP could really have shown convincing proof that it could run a government that works. Yet there is an impression that the Governor had failed to hold the scales even as between the various political parties involved in ministry-making. The apex court had also indicated that a way must be found in situations of a "hung Assembly" when no political party or groups of parties were in no position to form a stable

The Political Scene

government on the ground that "we cannot have frequent elections" from time to time. The Court's observation that new situations demand new solutions to be worked was qualified by the rider that one has to act within the scope of the relevant Constitutional provisions. One inference is that the apex court might be having in mind the proposal of the High Court that the Governor should have sought the assistance of the elected legislators by summoning the Assembly in the matter of choice of a person to be invited to form a government. It is highly improbable, apart from other technical considerations, that an Assembly elected on a party basis which is the core of parliamentary democracy would be in a position to elect a common leader. The importance of the apex court's warning that one has to proceed cautiously while trying a new solution is very relevant.

There was an uproar in the Lok Sabha over the conflicting statements made by the Union Home Minister, Mr. Inderjit Gupta, and the Governor, Mr. Romesh Bhandari, over the law and order situation in Uttar Pradesh. Mr. Gupta used strong words to describe the happenings in the State as when he told the Lok Sabha a few days ago that the State was heading lowards "anarchy, chaos and destruction". Considering the fact that Uttar Pradesh is right Now under the Central dispensation, the Home Minister could not have made these remarks in a flippant way. The Governor, however, contradicted Mr. Gupta and said that the law and order situation in fact was the best in the last six years. He even contacted the Prime

Minister and apprised him of the position. Mr. Bhandari also claimed that Mr.Deve Gowda appreciated his point of view. Thus a somewhat confrontationist posture was struck by the Governor creating the general impression that he was at loggerheads with the Union Home Minister.

Apart from the assessment of the law and order position in Uttar Pradesh the question that is uppermost in everybody's mind is whether it is right on the part of the Governor to contradict his own. Home Minister especially when the State is under President's rule for it is generally held that it is the Home Minister that is overseeing the administration of the state. Of course, constitutionally speaking the Governor is not an "agent" of the Centre but Mr. Bhandari should have realised that in the present circumstances it would have been more appropriate for him to have first verified with the Home Minister before airing his own views on such a very important matter. If he had done this all this hullabaloo could easily have been avoided. All this aside, it is all a question of propriety. Mr. Bhandari has no doubt been a controversial figure from the time he was appointed Governor and it was then stated that the Prime Minister did not consult the Home Minister when his name was proposed for the gubernatorial post. It is precisely for this reason that some leaders seem to think that Mr. Bhandari had gone out of his way to contradict Mr. Gupta with impunity. It is very difficult to verify this fact but it would have been appropriate for Mr. Bhandari not to throw caution to the winds when a sensitive issue is involved.

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And yet that is no reason for recalling the Governor as has been demanded by the BJP which has its own axe to grind. The BJP is angry with Mr. Bhandari for not giving it a chance to explore the formation of a Government in the State although it emerged as the single largest party after the recent poll. Nor has Mr. Bhandari followed the advice given by the Supreme Court that he could still explore the possibility of installing a popular government even though the order imposing

President's rule in the State was challenged. The BJP is in a very unenviable position unable to get the support of any other group in its efforts to convince the Governor it could form a government. Hence Mr. Bhandarri has not obliged the BJP although it would have been more in accordance with established conventions to give the leader of the single largest party an opportunity to explore the possibility of forming a government.

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#### **BOOKS AND AUTHORS - A CAUSERIE**

Dr. D. Anjaneyulu

professional publishers are never known to be in short supply for plausible reasons or acceptable excuses for turning down comparatively new or serious writers. Biography doesn't sell, history doesn't move, Literary Criticism doesn't live, literature and philosophy don't bake bread; nor any discursive branch of the humanities, as a whole. And so on and so forth goes the familiar song tuned to the ring of the silver coin.

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Ours is an age of speed, of the new generation computer, of microchips, not of printed books, we are told. Longer fiction should then have been left alone in the outer darkness. But the novels of those with famous names are grasped at any cost. And yet there are arguments in favour of swallowing the camel of a long novel and straining at the gnat of the short story. In English we cherish the memory of Somerset Maugham, Catherine Mansfield. H.E. Bates, O. Henry John updike and many others.

In Telugu we are lucky to have distinguished short story writers like Kutumbarao, Gopichand, Padmaraju, Butchi Babu and many others. Among those alive and active Mudhurantakam Rajaram and a whole lot of the younger generation. In a class by himself is 'Sri Virinchi', who is not only a gifted short story writer but a critical student of the short story as an art form. By now he must have published over 2000 short stories, printed in journals or broadcast over the air. A selection of them has been brought out in four volumes (Sri Virinchi Kathanikalu), brought out by 1 apti Books (P.O.Box:5016, Besant Nagar, Madras (10) 090).

There are 32 stories in these volumes. Variety of theme and treatment, earnestness of approach and general lightness and touch seem to be the main characteristics of these stories. The emphasis is evidently on human relations at the personal level. This, in itself, may not be a matter for surprise in any from of literature dealing with the human condition. In the process of developing these relations, there is an attempt, never direct, at probing the motivation for action and thereby giving us an insight into human psychology.

Luckily for the reader, all the stories are refreshingly free from political preoccupations and exercises in presenting and promoting class conflict. Most, if not all, of the main characters are drawn from the educated and enlightened middle and upper middle class. This cannot be held against the author, for the simple reason that he writes with the focus on a segment of society that he knows best and at first hand. One does come across a rickshawallah whose warm heart beats within a rough exterior. But one is spared the modish melodrama of hunger, toil, tears, violence and bloodshed.

'Artham' is quite a short piece depicting the growing pains of a simple character, connected with the printing business, in learning the ropes of bagging a tender the hard way. 'Leela Avaleela' touches upon the theme of extramarital relations, in which the other woman tries (or seems to) to keep the man pleased, while the wife is happy for herself when the husband arrives. A similar problem is presented in a different perspective in "Valuvalu Vilava" (clothes and

values), where a company boss has a liason with his deputy in the office. But here, the other woman comes off in a better light because of her good breeding and largeness of heart.

The problem of marriage naturally comes uppermost in a society like ours, where 'arranged' marriages (i.e. those arranged by parents and elders) are considered not only more 'respectable', but are expected to last longer than the other sort, i.e. 'love Marriages' (which are 'arranged' by the parties themselves). In 'Vasanta Sameeram', Murti, the middle - aged company executive, surrounded by wellmeaning matchmakers, is persuaded to see the daughter of a widow in an attempt to help the latter out. The daughter is only half his age, while the mother is about his age. He springs a surprise on everyone concerned by offering to marry the mother instead and thereafter help her in looking after the daughter.

The reader is in for another kind of surprise in 'Dakshina - Pradakshina', where two cross - cousins, expected to marry each other, according to family tradition, try to go apart, because of the boy's unwillingness, following his love affair with a college lecturer. At the last minute (the muhurtam time), the latter gives the slip, and the cousin steps into the breach to save the situation. 'Puttina Roju' (Birthday) is a cleverly turned story, in which two aging widows get more than their share of rejoicing because of the initiative of a school - girl, who doesn't know them at all.

The author has a smooth, easy and flowing style, free alike from coarseness and pedantry, which makes the stories eminently readable.

In modern Indian writing, irrespective of the language, we had borrowed and adapted many of the new art forms including the short story, from English literature. We need not fight shy of acknowledging our debt to it, as English writers, in turn, might have done the same from their European models - French, German, Italian etc.

The personal essay, for instance, was developed by noted practitioners of the craft from Addison and Steele and Goldsmith, through Lamb and Hazlitt, Thackeray, Lucas, Chesterton and Belloc, Gardiner (Alpha) and Lynd (YY) up to more recent ones. In Indian writing in English, we can't ignore essayists like K.S. Venkataramani, 'Vighneswara' and Iswara Dutt, among others.

'Treading on Air' is a collection of 25 essays of this kind by Dr. M.K. Naik, originally broadcast, some of them re-broadcast, over the air. (publishers: Writers Workshop, Calcutta). The subjects range from 'A woman's 'No', 'The Postman's knock' and 'On Finding Fault' to 'The Truth about Truth', 'In Search of Myself to 'The Romance of Words'. The author, a seasoned teacher of English, was obviously much in demand for talks on AIR and elsewhere.

There is little doubt that the author is well read in quite a few areas and particularly learned in English literary classics from Shakespeare, Bacon, and Milton and Pope, to Tennyson, Arnold, Lawrence, Coleridge, Joyce, Eliot et al. In trying to do justice to the topic, he is obviously not able to resist the temptation of pushing in all the quotable quotes from his impressive fund of scholarship, collected over the years.

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mainly from English sources.

After wading through such a plethora of quotations, the not-so-learned reader might feel like hungering for a more spartan diet of simpler statements and homelier ideas. One might turn to 'Alpha' and 'YY' for some relief. The erudite author might have cared to look into Vighneswara's essay on the art of quotation, titled, 'Who is Quintilian? (in 'Sotto Voce').

He might also have helped the Indian reader by selecting a few quotes from Sanskrit natakas and kavyas. In the essay, 'The Tribe of Autolycus', for instance, a mention of Prometheus was allright, but a reference to Sarvilaka in Sudraka's 'Mritchakatika' would have been apt. There could be any number of quotations from other Indian classies that could ring a bell in the mind of an Indian reader.

In any case, 'Treading on air' could be a lot more easy and enjoyable on a lighter foot, and with lighter luggage.

'Perceptions of Modern Indian Literature' by Prof. G.S. Amur is a collection of critical essays, written mostly during the Nineties (also published by Writers Workshop, Calcutta). It is arranged into three sections: Aspects of Modernity; Writing in English; and Mainstream writing (i.e. writing in the indigenous Indian languages).

The first Section is an attempt at evolving a theoretical framework for Modernity applicable to India with the help of interpretations and reinterpretations by Umberto Eco, Octavio Paz and Sudhir Chandra, Ziauddin Sardar and

others. Eco conceives of textual interpretation as a 'strategy to create the model reader who is an ideal counterpart of the model author. The author makes a plea for perceiving India with our own eyes.

The section of 'Writing in English' is comprehensive enough, covering recent poetry anthologies; prose fiction; and Other Prose. We have to reckon with sacred cows in verse as well as in prose. One in the first category, blatantly sarcastic, when he says: 'They'll cremate me'in Sanskrit and sandalwood'. The only provocation for this might be his blissful ignorance or inadequate acquaintance with that language. As for the other in prose, there is nothing to do but sing his praises loud enough to reach Parnassus.

The section on Prose contains an interesting comparative study of the works of four Muslim novelists, viz Humayun Kabir, Ahmed Ali, K.A. Abbas and Attia Hosain. The first two have some similarity of attitudes in the depiction of Muslim life. In 'Other Prose', it is not clear why Amur goes into ecstasies over Khushwant Singh's style, which he describes as "luminous, lively and readable". 'Readable' yes; 'lively' may be: but luminous net at all. He is too reckless about facts to be reliable, let alone 'luminous'.

In 'Mainstream Writing', it is hardly surprising that Kannada gets the lion's share of space and attention. But there is no spiritual compulsion to lay it on with a trowel for the over-celebrated heroes of the past and the present - Puttappa, Masti, Gokak, Karanth and Karnad. 

#### SHORT STORY

#### A CUP OF MILK

Dr. T.V. Reddy

'Daddy, have you forgotten? Today is my birthday. Won't you bring me sweets? Please do bring a packet'. With a face mixed with amazement and deep sorrow, the pensive father opened his quivering lips: 'Amma, how can I forget? I do remember. But your present condition has tied the strings of my heart as well as my hands. How can I bring sweets when I see you in such a situation'. With a dry smile the girl answered. 'I'm alright, daddy. I will be alright. You need not have any fear about my state. See how cheerful and lively I am! Please do bring me sweets, father'.

'As you wish, child. If you are confident, what more do I wish' With these words the father left.

Latha was the only daughter of Krishnaiah, an engineer in State Electricity Board. Unlike many men of his profession, who as a general principle are slaves of Mammon and Baeehus in acquiring wealth through all corrupt sources, he was a principled and scrupulous gentleman who did his duty without a blemish. Whenever sufferers came to him with complaints against his indolent subordinates, he chided his people and satisfied the public by promptly attending to their calls. As much attention he paid to the electric wires, the same or even more than that he used to pay in listening to theological deliberations and attending religious meetings besides bestowing a couple of hours after his supper to his earnest study of the lives of saints and seers. Surrounded by domestic responsibilities and familial attachments, he strived to aim at detachment from these mundane measures,

Latha was the apple of his eye and the breezy words of his daughter dispelled the dark clouds of tedium and vexation of his routine drudgery in the office. She never supped until he came and sat along with her, though he never came home before nine at night. He was both father and mother to her. He never went to bed for sleep without giving a cup of milk with horlicks to his affectionate daughter.

To her age she was brilliant and she seemed to know what he wanted just by looking at the face of her father. She was a precocious child. Studying tenth class, she won the hearts of her venerable teachers. Her father developed a sense of detachment in every aspect save in his affinity to his daughter. That which drove away his peace of mind was the recurring illness of his daughter. A week ago when she again suffered from the heart trouble, Krishnaiah took her to Vellore and admitted her in the C.M.O. Hospital. Two days ago surgical operation of the heart was conducted under the personal supervision of the Senior doctor. She was kept still in the special Surgical Ward. By her bed-side was seen a net-work of scientific instruments and medical appliances. It looked like a different world and a close glance at it sent vague tremors of fear and repulsion into the minds of on-lookers. Doctors said to him: 'The child can survive if she can live for these two days. The period of these two days is critical. We have done our best. Ultimately it is God's grace. Sometimes medicines fail to cure, but a miracle can'.

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The two critical days were over. Now came the third day an extraordinary day, her birthday. The father could not deny her request. He went and came back with a packet of Nutrine chacolates. He kept it by her bed-side. Except her face and hands all her body was covered with tubes, instruments etc. In the midst of medical paraphernalia her hands were free and visible, and her face still shone with a queer spark of life. That day from morn till evening whoever came to her bed-side, from the senior doctor to the student nurse, her hand distributed the chacolates like another automatic machine. Doctors were astonished at her confidence and courage. Her father felt proud of his spirited daughter. He sat on the nearby lawn and silently chanted the name of the Lord, who is the real Saviour.

Exactly after a week Krishnaiah got his daughter discharged from the hospital and took her back to his native town, Chandragiri. She bade good-bye to all the doctors and nurses who had begun to like her immensely. They had hardly seen a girl of her mettle and sprightly disposition. By noon they were in their house. Krishnaiah had taken special care in ringing up to his family doctor, Dr. Reddy, and giving him all the details and requesting him to come to the bed-side of the patient as soon as the call was made. He felt happy at the courageous talk of his daughter.

Assured of her improvement he went to his office after so many days, having left his daughter to the care of the servant-maid. After his office work, having received an invitation he went to the Gita Ashram to listen to the

ennobling talk of a good Swamiji who set himself a model of simplicity. While he listened to the speech, he was able to forget all his afflictions and affiliations for an hour. He got for the time being much needed tranquility. He laughed to himself at the confused nature of the criss-cross relationships in nature and society. He felt his mind was rocked like an empty cradle between the two extremities of associations and dissociations of sensibility.

By the time Krishnaiah came back home, it was 7 P.M. The anxiety about his daughter brought him quickly to the house. As he entered the door, he heard the sound of vomitting. Looking at her father, Latha said: 'Father, even before I wanted to come out I have vomitted. I'll get it cleaned with the help of the maid. But for that I am alright. It is the journey, you see'. Father's eyes welled with tears. He understood the anxiety of the daughter and he understood his heart equally well. With touching filial love his lips moved: 'I'm not worried of the condition of the floor. I am worried about your vomitting and more worried about the weakness it causes in you. I'll call for the doctor, child'. 'I'm alright, father. It is only a simple vomitting, nothing more. You are very tired. You take rest for sometime'. 'It is quite usual for me. You look so weak, child. You take some food. Or you take this cup of milk with horlicks'. But the daughter did not feel like taking any food. She felt too weak to eat. When she did not eat, the maid-servant also refused to eat, nor was she prepared to take all the cooked rice to her house. She sat by her bed-side.

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Krishnaiah had totally forgotten his appetite. In his anxiety, he rang up the doctor and Dr. Reddy came quickly with his kit. He observed the patient and said it was general weakness after the major operation and there was nothing for anxiety. He gave necessary psychological courage both to the girl and to her father.

After the exit of the doctor, Krishnaiah went to the prayer room and sat silently praying to the God. He came to the bed-side of the daughter. The cup of milk was mocking at both of them. Sitting near her pillow, he tried to instill courage in her and advised her to concentrate on God for a few minutes. After a few minutes of quietness, she smiled and said with the same smile on her lips: 'Father, in the past I did not know anything. In the recent days I have known so much. I am afraid of leaving you. I am afraid of death. Suppose I die, do you forget me, father'?

Without attempting to wipe or remove the tears trickling down his cheeks, the father, closing her lips with his fingers, uttered: 'Child, don't say so even for fun. After the treatment at Vellore Hospital, we need not have any fear. You will fully recover. Be courageous'.

At 11 O' clock at night, Latha began gasping for breath. The father rang up to the doctor. No sooner did the doctor came there, than the girl had ceased to struggle with pain. She seemed asleep without any movement. The doctor felt the pulse and declared that she was no longer alive.

Many months after her exit, Krishnaiah sat at his table with a detached mind reading a few pages of the Gita. He closed the sacred book and before he went to bed, he brought a cup of milk with horlicks and kept it as he used to do in front of the mounted photograph of his dear daughter smiling quizzically at him.

# BOOK REVIEWS ENGLISH

Name of the Book : NIGHTMARE AND

NETWORK

: Dr. Srinivas K. Sastry

Author Publishers

: Yuganta Press, Stanford,

U.S.A.

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Pages

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NIGHTMARE AND NETWORK, A

philosophic perspective, is a strikingly original and interesting piece of writing characterised by a pleasing bland of literature and philosophy, intellectual vigour and intensity of feeling, sensitivity and broad humanism. The author stated in the post script of this book "the spirit of dear departed Father, Pandit, Jnani and Vedantin speaks to and through me throughout Nightmare and Network. The book is intended to a basil petal offered from Bharatvarsha to the Western Hemisphere. It is dedicated to President James E. Carter, who tried to ethic politics in the U.S.A.

The central theme of the book is the philosophical perspective arising from the depths of an intense personal experience when a visa was refused by the American Consulate. The pain, anguish and despair caused by the rigidities of bureaucracy and his own failure to reunite with his family in America were turned into a profoundly soul searching experience with wider implications for the world. The experience produces an emotional state which leads to an identity crisis. It has a philosophical basis and extension.

The nightmare grows into a Gardian knot offering the option between cutting and

unraveling. Eventually it becomes a sign port to sanity as the fire of suffering chastens and purifies. It has a cathartic effect.

While the nightmare is impersonal, immediate the network is impersonal, distant, cold and hydra-headed. The indistinguishability of society and the indivudual appears to be part of the network. When a conflict arises where the individual experiences from within, the community operates from without. The network also hints at the complicate relationship between the private self and the public self. Like most human experiences, the nightmare shows possibilities of universal application and participation by attracting a sympathy through communication channels.

Dr. Srinivasa Sastry's, wide scholarship amply illustrated where he reinforced his ideas by quoting profusely from renowned philosophers and literary men like Dewey, Cant, Eliot. Sartre, Counelli, Whitehead, Cavell, Tagore etc.

The book contributes to some extent to the integration of the philosophical thought of India and the West.

The Appendices include the correspondence between the author and the consulate of U.S.A. stationed at Bombay and the former's final letter to the President of America. The authors make interesting reading.

The book is well-got-up and aesthetically satisfying with an elegant cover design.

It makes a handsome addition to any library.

- I.V. Chalapathi Rao

Name of the Book : RESURRECTION - BOOK I

Author and Copies can be had from:
Dr. Tulsi Naidu,
Tradeverse & Friends, 21,46/1,
Kakaninagar, Visakhapatnam 530 009
Pages: 78; Price: Rs. 45/-

During the earlier centuries famous English poets and also Indian English poets wrote their poems in metrical verse in different forms like the ode, sonnet, elegy, etc. This practice was in vogue till recently. But in the second half of this century, a new concept of writing called 'Free Verse' has become the fashion of the day in all languages. This hardly differs from paragraph writing because it looks like a prose piece, broken up at varying lengths. Hence an occasional attempt to revive the past glory of the metrical verse cannot but be appreciated.

Here comes "Resurrection Book I" by Tulsi Naidu, giving a new lease of life to the near-extinct form of traditional verse. Her painstaking efforts can be seen all through the book as she cheerfully undertakes the task of placing traditional poetry on the golden throne it had once occupied.

In the very first poem "Shattered Verse with Battered Rhyme and Tattered Rhythm" the poet laments thus:

"I grieve, O Rhyme, to see you badly battered And Rhythm's royal robes sadly tattered"

In the same poem she expresses her hope for the bright future poetry will have:

"Your place of pride may you soon regain; With rhythmic steps may verse dance again". Altogether there are 14 poems which are handled with felicity. They make a pleasurable reading and take the reader back into the forgotten era of Romantic and Metaphysical poets.

The title of the book is apt and suggestive. The cover design is simple.

- Mrs. Y. Satya Sree

'Metverse Muse' is a bi-annual journal of poetry in metrical verse published in January and July each year. It was established in 1996 with the purpose of promoting traditional verse. The Editor, Dr. H. Tulsi herself is a poet of good standing. She won the prestigious Michael Madhusudan Award in 1996 for her poetical works. Though the journal's primary aim is to revive traditional verse, a few prose pieces also appear in the journal and they are written in engaging style. Among the contributors we find distinguished scholars poets like Dr. Mahanand Sharma, Dr. Prema Nanda Kumar, Dr. A.H. Tak, Dr. Hazara Singh, Dr. Louella Lolo Prabhu from India and Dr. Rose Mary C. Wilkinson, Dr. Stella Browning, Dr. Eric Poersch, Mr. Peter Geoffrey Paul Thompson, and Br. Thomas Kretr from abroad.

These days prosody is not given due importance in many Indian University courses. It has become a fashion to write in unmetered verse or plain prose. In order to help budding poets who wish to write in metrical verse, the journal has started a new feature, 'Prosody', from January 1997 issue. This section offer guidelines and rules related to poetics. Those

Book Reviews

who desire to write poetry can derive maximum benefit from it.

There is another section devoted to Book Reviews, where critics offer their comments and suggestions.

All things considered, **Metverse Muse** is a journal which deserves to be read and subscribed by everyone who is specially interested in poetry.

The journal can be had from the following address:

Dr. H. Tulsi (Editor) 21-46/1, Kakani Nagar NAD Post Office VISAKHAPATNAM 530 009 Andhra Pradesh, India

— Y. Satya Sree

Name of the Book: "CELEBRATING THE ADVENT OF BHAGAVAN

Published by: Sri V.S. Ramanan, President, Sri Ramanasraam, Thiruvannamalai-606 603 Pages: 252; Hardbound; Price: Not known

This excellently got up book was published to commemorate the advent of the arrival at Thiruvannamalai of a young boy, a mere 16 year old, a century ago (on 1.9.1896 to be exact) who was to be later renonwed and revered as a sage and seer, Bhagavan Sri Ramana Maharshi. This profusely illustrated work is eminently suitable as not only a reference work and authoritative history of Bhagavan Ramana and the Asramam, but is useful to an inquisitive mind to open up into

the teachings of the great Master.

This contains very rare and thought provoking articles and reminiscences by 40 of the eminent desciples and men of letters on various aspects of Sri Ramana's precepts including a translation of his Garland of Poems and Harindranath Chattopadhaya's "In Momoriam" on the death of the Holy Cow.

One of the rare books for those who cherish human values and the life and legend and teachings of one of the greatest thinkers of our time, Bhagavan Sri Ramana Maharshi. A must for the thinking men and for libraries. The Ramanasramam and its President Ramanan deserve all praise and congratulations on this worthy effort.

— Vemaraju Narasimha Rao

MY INNER VISION (Poetic Anthology) Author: Sri V.V. Swamy, self publication. Price Rs.30/-

The author is an amateur at poetry. Some of his ideas are good. But thought alone is not sufficient. Expression must also be good. Mr. Swamy's poetry is in free verse. There are 27 poems in the book. His ideas are not new. Maturity of thought is wanting in his poetry. For instance in the poem 'Religion' the poet says:

"From time immemorial, the nature Served humanity in equality".

Is this statement correct? Is the sun enjoyed by equally by all parts of the world? Are the sees, mountains and rivers equally arranged in

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nature? In many other things there is inequality.

The poem 'FOR YOUR SAKE' though very small is rich in thought and expression but some type mistakes like 'the ocean is you' instead of 'ocean in you' cannot be easily substituted by the reader. In the poem 'MOTHER' the poet strives to convey that mother is the embodiment of love but has failed to convey the same successfully. The part in the poem 'LOVE' says:

"Love is an unknown sweet feeling".

He is not right in observing so. Love, though abstract in sense, is visible in its acts. There is no depth of thought in many poems. There are grammatical and spelling mistakes here and there. Poetry of this quality cannot stand the test of time.

- Dr. C. Jacob

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10 January, 1997

Bhavaraju Narayana Murth

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pr. T. R. RAO: Well known Economist and Research Scholar, Delhi.

Dr. J. BAPU REDDY: IAS (Rtd). Member Andhra Pradesh Public Service Commission, Hyderabad. A poet of renown. Published several works of Poetry in Telugu and English. Toured extensively abroad and was honoured in Bangkok and Istanbul for literary achievement.

Dr. MANJULARANI TRIPATHI: Head of Department of Political Science LBS Post Graduate College, Gonda (Uttar Pradesh). Has Composed a string of religious poems.

Pro. RAJAGOPALA CHARAY: Professor of English. P.G. Centre, Kakatiya University, Nirmal.

K. SAMPATH: Lecturer, Kakatiya University.

R.M.CHALLA: A reputed poet of Rajahmundry. Recipient of EDITOR'S CHOICE Award (1993) for outstanding achievement in poetry. Column writer in Indian Express and on the AIR. Scholar in German, French and Sanskrit.

VASSILLIS VITSAXIS: Well known writer. Former Greek Ambassador in India.

Prof. K. B. SITARAMAYYA: A reputed scholar and writer, Bangalore.

K.V. RAGHUPATI: A well known poet. Published four volumes of English verse. His poems appeared in several anthologies and literary journals.

Dr.E.SATYANARAYANA: Professor & Writer of repute. Has several publications to his credit.

**B. INDIRA KUMARI :** A poet and devotional scholar from Anantapur.

**Prof. S. JAGADISAN:** A scholar and Professor in University of Madras, Chennai. Edited Anthologies in Prose and Poetry.

**Dr. P. RAJENDRA KARMARKAR:** A Lecturer in the Andhra University Post Graduate Centre, Kakinada.

K. B. RAI: A poet and writer, Delhi.

**Dr. R. R. MENON:** Formely Chief Secretary, Karnataka Government, Bangalore. A poet and litterateur.

M. G. NARASIMHA MURTHY: Retired Principal, College of Arts and Commerce, Adoni.

SADAT HASAN MANTO: An Urdu writer of repute, Delhi.

**B. P. ACHARYA:** IAS. Commissioner, Information and Public Relations, Hyderabad. A poet.

MAMIDIPUDI PATTABHIRAM: Deputy Editor of THE HINDU, Chennai. A regular feature writer for TRIVENI.

**Dr. D. ANJANEYULU:** Journalist and author. Regular contributor, Associate Editor, TRIVENI.

VEMARAJU NARASIMHA RAO: A prominent writer in Telugu and English and a leading figure in literature, arts and social service for about 50 years. Translator from Telugu to English and vice versa.

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# TRIPLE STREAM

### ENGLISH ON TAP BUT NOT ON TOP

I.V. Chalapati Rao

Mahatma Gandhi is not the monopoly of India. English is not the monopoly of England. Both are common property of the world. One of the blessings in disguise of the British rule in India and the legacy that they left behind is English which served the people of India for decades in many ways as a thoroughly serviceable language, as an All-India Medium and as an international link. As a medium of instruction at University level it did promote inter-university contacts, mobility of teachers and students and interstate friendship. It was not a surprise that a great patriot like Rajaji called it 'a gift of the Goddess of Learning, Saraswathy'.

A statesman with vision like Jawaharlal Nehru declared in the parliament that English should continue as an 'Associate official language' for an indefinite period. He had the courage and imagination to say this even in those lush days of the first flush of freedom, when some well-meaning chauvinists and parochial-minded men wanted to replace it with Hindi in haste. As a rationalist with a pragmatic and workman like approach to problems, Nehru realised that English was an essential tool, or a common property like telephone, wrist cricket, industrialisation and parliament. In reply to criticism from some Arab Nationalists 'The Egyptian Gazette of Nasser's Cairo said English is not the property of capitalist

Americans but of all the world'. One of the best-sellers in the book-shops of Moscow was said to be the English Grammer.

After fifty years of independence it is neither just nor justifiable to say that the British system of education if responsible for all our ills. Even in those pre-independence days introduction of English was supported by a people-oriented movement led by patriots and social reformers like Raja Rammohan Roy, who realised that the reading of the classics in English would strengthen the spirit of nationalism and promote a critical temper and a social conscience besides providing easy access to modern science and technology. If the paneeds of science justified its continuance, the claims of commerce and the dynamics of world contact demanded the strengthening of its study in addition to the mother tongue which is a 'must'.

Law governs people's lives in the modern world. Speaking on 'the role of English for the development of the Indian law' on 3-2-1982 at the Central Institute of English and Foreign Languages, Justice Krishna Iyer, Retd. Judge of the Supreme Court of India, called for a fuller utilisation of the English language. He said 'English Law is one of the blessings of the British rule. Indian Law has its well-springs of growth and development in the languages of English - an instrument

that served to unify and modernise our legal system'. With its faint glimmerings of the Magna Carta our magnificent constitution is made in English but not in England. Having evolved in the direction of simplicity and acquired precision and polish through centuries of use and constant borrowing from other languages, it came to possess a vigour and clarity that is seldom seen in any other language.

English was found suitable for the pattern of higher education as it not only transmits a body of knowledge but also inculcates a spirit of enquiry and the quest for the unknown or 'adventure in ideas' (a phrase coined by Jawaharlal Nehru). Even according to the statistics collected long ago, 400 million people, nearly one in ten, use English as their primary language and 700 million, nearly one in four can understand it to some extent. It was estimated that 12,000 scientific journals, 80,000 new scientific treatises, 20,00,000 research papers were being published in English every year. How can any educational system spurn an inexhaustible treasure? All this wealth and variety of information and new knowledge cannot be translated into our Indian languages in forseeable future. By the time one book is translated by the Telugu Academy or any academy of regional languages, a hundred new Encyclopedias and Journals, will emerge in English. The rate of translation can never keep pace with the rate of production of printed books in English. We cannot put forward the clock of history by a mere manipulation of the dial. Science and Technology are girdling the paglobe today at an amazing speed. By the time translation puts on its boots to go after the original in English the latter hurtles round the earth!

A University degree taken with the help of a single text book on a subject in regional language, however eminent may be the author, cannot really provide a standard comparable to international standards. The present policy of switching over to the regional medium of higher education is justified. However, we need to strengthen the study of English because it gives direct access to the ever-expanding horizons of thought and knowledge in the world. It is only the close collaboration between English and the regional language that can maintain and raise the standards of education. It is for this purpose that English continues today as study as subject for compulsory Education the all by recommended the Kothari including commissions Commission.

The question of Medium of Instruction at collegiate level is no longer in the realm of theory or speculation. The Regional Language was introduced as medium of instruction for the 2-year Intermediate course in 1969 in Andhra Pradesh. Andhra Pradesh was the trend-setter and the pace-setter in this respect! Other states followed suit in due course. As its logical corollary it was extended to the 3-year Degree Course in 1971. In about the same time the 'Official Language Bill' was passed. As the then

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Deputy Director of Higher Education I had the opportunity and experience implementing the policy and watching the experiment at close quarters.

The scheme which constitutes a major reform in the field of higher education enjoys the support and blessings of National Leaders like Rabindranath Tagore and Mahatma Gandhi and expert bodies such as the Radhakrishnan Commission of 1948, the National Integration Council of 1961, the Vice-Chancellors conference of 1962 and the Kothari Commission of 1964. However, the change-over had to be smooth and orderly. carefully planned and efficiently executed in programme with adequate preparation. Keeping this in view the Kothari Commission recommended that the changeover should be effected with a period, not exceeding ten years. This cautious approach was recommended to avoid an unplanned drift and an adhoc manner implementation. But the committee of the Members of Parliament (constituted to examine this matter) and the conference of State Education Ministers suggested a time - limit (dead line) of five years. All this happened earlier.

It is instructive to go through the Comprehensive Report of the U.G.C. on Medium of Instruction published in 1961. It is a well-considered report of 123 pages prepared by the Working Group headed by Prof. Govindarajulu Naidu, Vice-Chancellor of S.V. University, Tirupathi. It cautioned that a good number of books

should be made available on each paper and they should be upto date. There upon Regional Language Academies established to produce text books and also reading material. These books should have been revised updated .paand republished periodically 'to chop off dead wood and put in new grafts'. The suggested policy is to retain the English technical terms which are in International use for sciences and humanities.

Let us recall the directive from the President of India issued in the Ministry of Home Affairs Notification dated 27-4-1960, which reads; 'In the field of Science and Technology the terms in international use should be adopted with minimum change i.e., the base words should be those at present in use in international terminology; the derivatives may be changed to the extent necessary'. The provocation for this notification must have been the misguided zeal of some linguistic fanatics in coining new words and translating the terms in to the regional language in an obscurantist fashion. It is desirable to transliterate the terms (but . not to translate them) and to use simple and near-conversational language, scrupulously avoiding 'bookish', hackneyed and obscure language which one does not find in active speech and functional writing. Although efforts were made to .paavoid the pedantic language of the 'Purists and Pandits', there is still scope for improvement of the language of the text-books. In fact even English text books suffered from the same vice of pedantry.

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Even for those, whose mother tongue is the regional language, special training and orientation courses are necessary because knowing a language is one thing and acquiring ability and facility to use it for a specific professional purpose is another. It requires touch with the substance, the actual words and modes of expression. Those aspects of retraining of teachers who have to teach through the regional language, do not appear to have received the attention that is deserved. As a result of this neglect, a vast majority of students have preferred to join English medium classes! Today there is a rush for admission in English medium institutions. There is meaning in doubling the patriotism of the parents who are more interested in the future of their children than any thing else. A lot has to be done and undone to create confidence in the people.

The following problems are identified as we observe the working of the system of implementation of the present policy of the medium of instruction.

a. In Universities the medium is still English. As we have two streams of under graduate students, (English and the regional language) seeking admission to Post-graduate courses where the medium continues to be English, those who come from the regional medium find themselves to be at a disadvantage. No orientation programme can be adequate to bring them to the level of the other stream of students. (In fact there is no such orientation programme for these

students). Suitable books in regional language are available for Intermediate class.

- b. Most of the competitive examinations/ tests/interviews for recruitment to jobs in public and private sectors place emphasis upon mastery of English. The Regional medium student is by-passed in the job market. This is a sad state of affairs.
- c. As English is available only in metropolitan places and District Head Quarters, students in mofussil places and rural areas and poor students who cannot go to distant places are severelly handicapped. This amounts to discrimination.
- d. At present, institutions of professional education including Medical Colleges and Engineering Colleges offer instruction only in English. All books and journals are only in English.

Inspite of these problems and practical difficulties, there is no going back on the existing policy. But the teaching of English which continues to be a subject of compulsory study should be strengthened. Those who teach non-language subjects are expected to read all the books and journals that are readily available in English and teach through the regional medium. Even the students should read a wide variety of books in English and answer their examination papers in the regional medium. The hidden intent of the policy-framers needs to be made

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explicit time and again. The U.G.C. and the government of India are expected to provide more responsible leadership and guidance in the matter. As education is concurrent subject the states should not be encouraged to drift for themselves. It is specially necessary and urgent because some Hindispeaking states have raised the slogan 'Angreji Hatao' very recently. Of course politicians are behind it. This will be suicidal and a set-back to national integration. Some of these language chauvinists want to impose Hindi on non-Hindi-speaking people of India overtly and covertly, by removing even the Associate Official language status from English.

All things considered, English has an assured future. Its study in higher education should be strengthened. But English cannot continue for ever as a medium of instruction. Eventually even Post-graduate colleges may switch over to the regional media. Even Sanskrit is now taught to some extent in English. Bilingualism may continue. The study of English will assume greater importance.

However in future English should be taught as a 'language' and not as a 'literature' (except for those who choose it as an elective subject). English language will be considered as a tool- as a vehicle for ideas and as a window and gate-way to what is happening in the wide world outside. Rabindranath Tagore said "The use of literature for teaching the language is like trying to use the sword for shaving the

beard. It is bad for the sword and harmful to the chin".

This being so, teachers of English must change their habits of thinking and methods of teaching. They should no longer adopt a sentimental or emotional approach to English literature. They should stop thinking that there is no English without Shakespeare and Milton. Instead of romanticising and rhapsodising on their favourite poets, they should turn their attention to functional writing-simple and business - like prose avoiding words of a "learned length and thundering sound".

It may be paradoxical but true that we should use English to serve and strengthen our regional languages and to put our own great poets and national heroes on the world stage by translating or writing about them in English. We can let the We stern world know about our own cultural heritage and achievements in the Fine Arts like Music, Dance, etc. Many such things could be done by using the English language. There are many possibilities. Two-way translation has immense usefulness. Further we should use it to establish contact with the other countries and their languages and literatures.

The Indian National Commission of UNESCO has declared at its Madras conference on 31-8-1968 that the use of English for study of Science and Technology will be indispensable. Dr. Trigun Sen, the former Union Education

Minister said 'Let us continue to study English which opens a window on the world and enriches our own languages, but not English which alienates us from 90% of our countrymen and becomes a status symbol of a priviledged and exploiting class". We need not pronounce the English words in such a manner that we are mistaken for Englishmen or Americans in

darkness! We need not mimic the superficial fashions.

In conclusions, let me quote Mahatma Gandhi who said 'I keep the windows of my mind open for all the winds to blow. But I do not allow myself to be blown off my feet'. English should be tap, though not on top.

#### **MISCELLANY**

#### **Awards**

Mrs. Manjula Padmanabhan, was awarded the prestigious Greece's top honour, the Onasis International Cultural award for 1997, for her play "HARVEST" which depicts exploitation of poorer countries by developed nations. The Selection Committee of the Onasis Foundation was unanimous in selecting it as the best out of 40 entries and termed it as 'One of the masterpieces of theatrical art'. Greece's President Costis Stephanopoulus will present the award on 16th September, 1997.

The prestigious Raman Magsaysay award for 1997 was awarded to the noted literator Mahasweta Devi for her outstanding contribution to journalism, literature and creative arts for the advancement of the aborginal tribes in India.

#### R.I.P.

We are sorry to state that the following members of the TRIVENI family left for the heavenly abode recently:

- 1. Dr. Bezawada Gopala Reddy, (Nellore) a writer and former Governor of many States and former Chief Minister. He was a Member on the Advisory Board of TRIVENI for many long years.
- 2. Sri Mamidipudi Pattabhiram, (Madras) a regular columnist of TRIVENI on political affairs. He was Associate Editor of the THE HINDU. Like his illustrious father, late Prof. Mamidipudi Venkatararangaiah, he was closely associated with TRIVENI.
- 3. Dr. B. Dayananda Rao, (New Delhi) an eminent Neuro Surgeon and author of a compilation of Karnatak music.

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## FREEDOM: THE MIND OF JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

Dr. C.R. Reddy, M.A. (Camb.)

In this representative selection\* of Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru's writings, it is difficult to single out one letter or one essay for comprehensive comment. The passionate patriotism, of which none can be in doubt, tears through even the socialist inclinations of the Congress President. In fact, Patriotism, the lesser category, overcomes Socialism, the higher; and Nature proves to be stronger than idea. "I work for independence, because the nationalist in me cannot tolerate alien domination". But he has no hatred for Englishmen. He wants 'Independence because he would have no truck or barter with Imperialism, and the British Empire is, in his opinion, the most conspicuous example of Imperialism in action, though how he can reconcile this with the Statute of Westminster and Federalism it embodies is difficult to perceive. Is Ireland under Imperialism today, though she is anti-socialist?

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That does not mean that necessarily we lay stress on an isolation of India or a breaking away of India from such associations as might exist with England of other countries, but it does mean-the word Independence is specially used to lay stress on the fact that we want to break the Imperialist connection with Great Britain. If Imperialism survives in England, we must

part from England, because, so long as Imperialism survives in England, the only connection between England and India is likely to be the connection of an imperialist dominat in India in some form or other .... Therefore in terms of Imperialist Britain, the Independence of India means the separation of India from England. Personally, I can conceive and welcome the idea of a close association between India and England on terms other than those of Imperialism.

Mr. Nehru's case for the country's Independence is based upon his deep conviction that it is in the interest both of world civilisation as of the economic wellbeing of the masses of the Indian peasantry and workers.

Capitalism has led to Imperialism and to the conflicts of Imperialist powers in search for Colonial areas for exploitation, for areas of raw produce and for markets for manufactured goods. It has led to everincreasing conflict with the rising nationalism of colonial countries, and to social conflicts with powerful movements of the exploited working class.....Asia is the main field of conflict between Nationalism and Imperialism. Asia is still undeveloped as compared to Europe and North America. It has a vast population which can consume goods if they had the necessary purchasing power to do so .... Hence the talk of a "push

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to Asia" to find an outlet for the surplus goods for the West and thus stabilize Western Capitalism for another period. Capitalism is a young and growing force in the East; it has not, as in India, wholly overthrown feudalism yet. But even before Capitalism had established itself, other forces, inimical to it, have risen to challenge it. And it is obvious that if Capitalism collapses in Europe and America, it cannot survive in Asia .... Capitalism, in its difficulties, took to Fascism with all its brutal suppression of what Western civilisation had apparently stood for: it became, even in some of its homelands, what its imperialist counterpart had long been in subject colonial countries. Fascism thus stood out as two faces of the now decaying Capitalism ..... Socialism in the West and the rising Nationalisms of the Eastern and other dependent countries opposed this combination of Fascism and Imperialism. "I am convinced that there is intimate connection between world events and our national problem is but a part of the world problem of Capitalist -Imperialism.... India's struggle to-day is part of the great struggle which is going on all over the world for the emancipation of the oppressed".

He regards the freedom movement in India as linked up with the Socialist movement abroad. He would have the English or the French Socialist remember that Indian Nationalism is "essentially different from the new and terribly narrow Nationalism of Fascist countries; the former

was the historical urge to freedom; the latter the last refuge of reaction". There can be no hope for the successful establishment of socialist governments in the politically free states of the world, unless Imperialism is overthrown and subject peoples are given their political freedom. Nay, it is even more important to realise the essential and organic connection between Fascism Imperialism; for only a destruction of both can ensure a stable world peace without which it would be impossible to retain the fruits of civilisation. If only the British Labour Party could realise this connection!

Our freedom movement is thus not merely an Indian affair but forms a part of the historic fight of progressive forces all over the world against reaction. It is also an essential condition for dealing with the problems of Indian poverty and unemployment.

Indian freedom is necessary, because the burden on the Indian masses as well as the middle classes is too heavy to be borne and must be lightened or done away with. The measure of freedom is the extent to which this burden is removed... I see no way of ending the poverty, the vast unemployment, the degradation and subjection of the Indian people except through Socialism. That involves vast and revolutionary changes in our political and social structure, the ending of vested interests in land and industry as well as the feudal and autocratic Indian States system. That means the ending of private property, except in a restricted

sense and the replacement of the present profit system by a higher ideal of cooperative service. ... I work for Indian freedom because it is the inevitable step to social and economic change.

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Whether one agrees or not with Mr. Nehru's reading of the situation, one cannot but admit the sincerity, vigour, and eloquence with which his ideas are put forward in these pages. There is no doubting the fundamental conviction of the man. He may have started life as a pure nationalism is a half way shelter to socialism, and he is a socialist, not only because he cannot bear to see poverty but it is the only 'ism' which appears to him to give reasonable hopes of the maintenance of world peace as well as of world civilisation.

Nevertheless, he is not a doctrinaire politician. He is willing to take count of reality and work with even those with whom he may have fundamental differences. Even Socialists are capable of compromise!

Much as I wish for the advancement of Socialism in this country, I have no desire to force the issue in the Congress and thereby create difficulties in the way of our struggle for Independence. I shall cooperate gladly and with all the strength in the with all those who work for largered with the socialist solution.

His little essay on "Mahatma Gandhi" is a remarkable exposition of the ties that still

link these two famous figures, in spite of their extreme differences, amounting to antagonism in ideas and policies.

To us he (Mahatma Gandhi) has represented the spirit and honour of India, the yearning of her sorrowing millions to be rid of their innumerable burdens, and an insult to him by the British Government or others has been an insult to India and her people.

Their spirit is alike, though their minds are different.

Mr. Nehru is not only a politician; he is essentially humanitarian in outlook and his sympathy always flows to the suffering. Has he not himself suffered? His essays on "Prison-Land" and "The Mind of a Judge" are a terrible indictment of the administration of justice in India, the needlessly heavy punishments, the almost complete absence of any modern ideas of punishment in both prosecutors and judges and the way in which gaol administration sets out deliberately to destroy the soul of the prisoner. His constructive suggestions for prison reform may well illumine the mental and moral darkness of the Authorities in India.

Mr. Nehru has a quiet and restrained style that runs smoothly and yet can rise on occasions of intense emotion to sublime heights of feeling. He can be sarcastic, ironical, and thrust his points deep into the flesh. It is hard to resist quoting an illustration. Relating the study of a Naib-

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Tahsildar and two persons who, in the course of realising irrigation dues from the residents of a village, beat an unhappy peasant with sticks and his subsequent death.

The Naib and peons were subsequently tried and convicted for simple hurt, but they were forthwith released on probation of good conduct. The good conduct, I suppose, signified that they must not beat another man to death within the next six months.

Even those who cannot agree with him in his policies must admit and admire his soulful sincerity and stern resolve for action. He has the grace, not over-plentiful in India, of living the principles he preaches and paying the price that Imperialism exacts of Liberators. The instruction he sent his daughter Indira in his first letter to her from prison: "Be brave and all the rest follows", finds ample illustration in his crowded life. Courage is the key-note of his character, as it is the salt and salvation of life.

All the same, I cannot hail his message as unassailable gospel and infallible remedy. The way the word 'Imperialism' is repeated makes one feel that it is a mantra which does duty for clear, classified thought and definition. Is it merely the opposite of Socialism? And can a State or a race, socialistic within itself, not be imperialistic relatively to other countries and races, more especially such as are regarded as inferior? Nationalistic Socialism a contradictory conception? And may not a Socialistic State, when sufficiently strong, tend to become Imperialistic by imposing its domination on other races and exploiting them for the benefit of its Proletariat? Or is it that a Socialistic State, is a contradiction in terms and that there can be no true Socialism except in a World Socialistic State or rather Society? To Mr. Nehru, the revolt of the Arabs against the Jews and their Protectors, the British, in Palestine, is a fight against Imperialism. Almost every fight of the weaker against the stronger or a subject race against the suzerain, even when bereft of economic motives and led by the aristocracy, is a fight against Imperialism. What the Devil was to the Medieval Monk. Imperialism is in Mr. Nehru's interpretation of history - the author of all evil and the only author of evil.

says, has led to Capitalism, he Imperialism. When Yudhistra invaded the neighbouring kingdoms and subjugated them and even sacrificed a king with all due ceremony as a symbol of his over-lordship, was that, I wonder, a Capitalistic overflow into Imperialism? In terms of race psychology, it seems to me, Capitalism and Imperialism are factors and symbols of Power, and it is Power that the virile races covet and pursue, and it is in the quest for increased Power that they come into conflict with each other. The love of domination appears to be a natural trait in the character of races, and the acquisition and employment of Capital and Colonies a process for achieving the idea of power and proud supremacy.

In linking up the freedom movement in India with the socialistic movement abroad,

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is indulging a metaphysical in interpretation. For, the freedom movement in India, as idea, arose long before Socialism made itself felt in Europe; and the historical urge referred to has been apparently very leisurely in its operation. Nor can he on his own hypothesis hold that there is essential unity between the two forces and that there will be eternal co-operation between them. For he admits that Socialism is not consistent with Patriotism or Racialism; and Nationalism is the embodiment of both. In describing Fascism and Nazi-ism as the last refuge of reaction, he misses their true character. Their great aim is to develop the power of the State or of the Race. Whether this is to be achieved by a Capitalistic or a Socialistic policy, by promoting individual liberty or by suppressing it, are subordinate considerations. It is the easy-going Cosmopolitanism of the Italian Socialists and the low estimate in which, they held or professed to hold the Military forces of the country that was one of the causes that engendered Mussolini's movement in Italy. As has been illustrated by the German persecution of the Jews, the essence of Naziism is Racialism and race power and prestige. All else are means to this end. The reaction witnessed towards Paganism in Germany is a further illustration of this point, viz., that the soul of Nazi-ism is not Capital and Property but Race.

As regards Mr. Nehru's present position in Indian politics, he himself seems to be aware that he has made the position of the Congress and Nationalism more difficult and

less united by the interjection of Socialism and class cleavage. True, he would like to postpone socialism till after Nationalism is achieved and Patriotism has had its brief but transcendent hour. But this explanation cannot undo the mischief disunity already wrought. Human nature being what it is it is no use telling people that patriotism is the lesser thing and asking them to concentrate on it, while revealing a different road supposed to lead to greater glories and prosperity. Furthermore, human nature being what it is, to ask the different classes to join together and wage a fight to-day under promise that they will, after the fight is successfully accomplished, be let loose against each other, does not appear to be the most inviting way of engendering or maintaining national unity.

I have deliberately relegated my criticism to the end after, first giving a continuous exposition of Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru's remarkable book; for a reviewer should not as a rule, stand between the author and the audience, though he may wind up the proceedings as a Chairman.

Post Script: "Since the above was written Romain Rolland, in his greetings to the Indian National Congress, has employed the expressive phrase 'Racial Fascism', which I regard as a confirmation of one of the central points I have emphasised".

[Courtesy "Indian Review, January, 1937].

#### NETAJI'S VISION OF INDIA

# D. Anjaneyulu

Legends tend to grow about the lives of great men and the real facts are sometimes clouded or embellished, if not altogether distorted. The popular image of public men is difficult to correct once it takes a recognisable shape be it however incorrect or incomplete. That of Gladstone as an upright man of moral fervour, of Disraeli as a consummate actor, of Esenhower as a soldier, and, nearer home, of Nehru as the Hamlet of Indian politics, these are accepted with little scrutiny, and on trust, as it were.

In the same manner, the average newspaper reader in this country is apt to think of Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose (born on January 23, 1897), as the illfated leader of the Indian National Army and as the unsuccessful rebel President of the Indian National Congress. Public memory being proverbially short, nothing was heard of him for long except when a swami near Calcutta was mistaken for the lost leader. And, of course, in 1997 in connection with his birth centenary celebrations.

Even among the intrepid youth of an earlier generation, who used to swear by the name of Subhas Bose, little attention is paid to his ideas on national reorganisation and economic reconstruction. It is, of course, generally true that his political idealism was, at times, rather foggy, less clearly defined than that of Mr. Nehru, less original and scientific than that of M.N. Roy, less lofty

than that of J.P. Narayan.

His actions, especially towards the end, gave the impression of his being pragmatic to the point of being cynical, and had the effect, in certain quarters, of branding him as an adventurer and an "opportunist" (though not in the usual, derogatory sense), Malicious critics, however, used to run him down as leader of the Indian "fascists", a protege of Hitler and an agent of Tojo. Those who did not doubt his patriotism doubted his discretion and judgement."

While we associate the inception of all Congress ideas on economic planning and industrialisation with Prime Minister Nehru, and rightly so to some extent, we should not forget that the earliest origins in this respect go back to 1938 when Subhas Bose was Congress President. Addressing the Industries Ministers Conference (convened by himself) Bose outlined the following points in a discussion of the principles of national planning:-

- National autonomy in our principal needs and requirements, though from the industrial point of view the world is to be taken as one unit.
- Need to adopt a policy aiming at the growth and development of the mother industries, viz., power supply, metal production, machine and tools

manufacture, manufacture of essential chemicals, transport and communication industries.

- 3) Emphasis on technical education and technical research. For technical education, Indian students to be sent abroad for training in accordance with a clear and definite plan so that as soon as they return home they may proceed straightway to build up new industries. As for technical research it should be free of government control of every kind.
- 4) There should be a permanent national research council.
- 5) As a preliminary step towards national planning there should be an economic survey of the present industrial position to secure the necessary data for the National Planning Commission.

It was not long after this that the National Planning Committee under Congress auspices was set up as a kind of follow-up to the earlier conference. Of this committee Mr. Nehru was for some time convenor (or Chairman) and Prof. K.T. Shah, Secretary. Inaugurating the first meeting of this committee on December 17, 1938, Bose struck a note of realism at the close of his brief address:-

"...We will have to consider the most important problem of finding the necessary capital and credit for our plan of industrialisation. Unless this problem is

solved, all our plans will remain mere paper schemes and we shall not make any headway in our industrial progress".

Subhas Bose believed firmly (perhaps Nehru was with him on this, but not the out-and-out Gandhittes in the Congress High Command) that planned industrialization would take us to all-round prosperity. He was fairly eclectic in his models in this respect and was all praise for the Soviet example. He observed that "the marvelous progress in Russia in a very short period deserves our careful study and attention, irrespective of the political theories on which this state is based".

In his basic approach to this vital problem Bose took care not to be too dogmatic or doctrinaire, for which the temptation must have been strong enough then as now. He saw no conflict between cottage industries and large-scale industries. He envisaged a scheme of things in which both of them could be developed side by side, on the Japanese model, and cottage industries could be modernised with the aid of electric power. On the main problem, however, he had absolutely no doubts. He would stress on more occasions than one that "the problem we have to face is not industrial recovery, but industrialisation, as India is still in the pre-industrial stage of evolution".

He knew that there was no escape from an industrial revolution. "We can at best determine whether this revolution....will be a comparatively gradual one, as in Great Britain, or a forced march as in Soviet Russia", he said. Adding "I am afraid that it has to be a forced march in this country". Economic planning for India, he maintained, should mean largely planning for the industrialisation of India. "And industrialisation....does not mean the promotion of industries for manufacturing umbrella handless and bell-metal plates..".

On the question of organising the Congress party itself, Subhas Bose took a radical stand. Referring to the collective affiliation of 'workers and peasants' organisations, he said in his address to the Haripura Congress::"Personally, I hold the view that the day will come when we shall have to grant this affiliation in order to bring anti-imperialist progressive all and organisations under the influence and control of the Congress". He was strongly of the view that Congress workers, should, in large numbers, participate in trade union and peasant organisations. It is well known that Left consolidation was one of his political planks, and while presiding over the Congress he favoured the idea that all the Leftist elements in the Congress itself could be consolidated into one party, within the broader framework of the national party.

If Gandhiji was the greatest force in this century in rousing national consciousness among the Indian people, Mr. Nehru was responsible more than any other single individual in creating a lively awareness of

world affairs in recent times. Apart from Mr. Nehru, Subhas Bose was possibly the only leader of national stature who was ever watchful of the significance of political events abroad and their possible repercussions on India's prospect of freedom. In his periodical articles in "The Modern Review" (of Calcutta), he used to analyse the political situation in Europe. Discussing Japan's role in the Far East, he foresaw the dangers to the peace of Asia flowing from the high birth-rate and heavy industrialisation of that country. His long stay in Europe and wide travels abroad had helped him in gaining a broader perspective.

In the early Thirties of this century, Bose under the guidance of V.J. Patel, mooted the proposal for a foreign wing of the Congress to canvass the case for Indian freedom to Europe. "For good or for ill", he said, "we are forced by modern circumstances to share the common life of humanity. We cannot, therefore, be indifferent to what the outside world thinks of us....History further teaches us that for enslaved and suppressed nationsespecially for those that eschew the path of violence-the sympathy of the civilised world is absolutely necessary and in order to win that sympathy propaganda has to be undertaken"... Unfortunately, however, at that time the great leaders who really mattered, including the Mahatma and those closest to him were not too enthustatic about this, though Bose himself never tired of through personal foreign propaganda contacts abroad.

CHICARRIDOM CONCRETT DISCORDANT NOTES

He said in the Haripura Congress address: "I attach great importance to this work for evolving a foreign policy for India and of developing international contacts because I believe that in the years to come, international developments will favour our struggle in India. But we must have a correct appreciation of the world situation at every step and should know how to take advantage of it". But, he was careful to add that "we should not be influenced by the internal politics of any country or the form of its state."

the He suggested creation development of "a nucleus of men and women in every country who feel sympathetic towards India" by means of propaganda through the foreign press, through Indian-made films, through art exhibitions and, above all, personal contacts. Indian students and Indian residents in other countries, who are "like our non-official ambassadors", could do a lot in this direction, provided they are properly guided and encouraged.

Some of these observations have not llost their validity in free India. Actually,

they may have gained some urgency. One sometimes hears from discerning critics of India's external publicity being the weakest link in the chain of our general mobilisation. Insisting that we should make India and her culture known to the world. Bose said in 1938: "I am aware that such efforts will be welcomed in every country in Europe and America. It we go ahead with this work, we shall be preparing the basis for our future embassies and legations in different lands". He urged that the Congress (and the country) should have its trusted agents in Europe, Asia, Africa and in North, Central and South America.

To counter malicious propaganda against India, Bose urged that "we have only to let the world know what we are and what our culture is like". If we could do that, he hoped, we should be able to create such a volume of international sympathy in our favour that "India's case will become irresistible before that bar of world opinion". This is true as much after as before freedom, in times of peace as in times of war.

#### THE FREEDOM CONCERT: DISCORDANT NOTES

Bibhu P. Acharya, I.A.S.

For days on end the media hype and the paparazzi that preceded the Yanni show at the Taj, kept everyone guessing about the shape of things to come. As the now-familiar lion-like mane of Yanni swirled to the accompaniment of multiple crescendoes, the omnipresent Pepsi logo appeared on the screen and the shibboleth of "freedom to be" reminded us about the 50th year of our independence.

What a grand way to celebrate 50 years of our independence! Indeed, India, Yanni Bharat, needs to be reminded by Pepsi that fifty years have gone by after that fateful midnight hour on the 14th/15th August, 1947. Fifty years of triumphs and tragedies, of agony and ecstasy. Fifty years of trying to be ....

Isn't it a bit ironic that fifty years after our independence, we need to be told by a multi-national soft-drink giant about the virtues of "freedom to be". Freedom to be what? To lap up products of soft-drink companies whose ultimate aim was, avowedly, "to make Indians stop drinking water!". In any case, there is no drinking water still in thousands of remote villages of India and womenfolk have to trudge miles after painful miles to get potfuls of potable water.

But for the Pepsi/Coke-swigging 300 million-strong Indian middle class this is just

a momentary disconcerting thought, may be an occasional irritant to be reminded of such chilling realities of India, Yanni Bharat. And for the market-driven, MNC-dominated world of unbridled consumerism, this is just a captive market waiting for hard-sell.

And for the marketing strategy for hardsell any occasion is good enough to be used, even if it is the golden jubilee of a country's independence!. So what is wrong in inviting Yanni, the much-vaunted Greco-American composer, to come and perform before the Taj and tell us that, "the nightingale is actually a human bird!". So what, if a couple of spoil-sports shed crocodile tears over the perceived threat to the Taj, by the glaring lights and blaring loudspeakers? So what, if a few disgruntled farmers, whose lands were ravaged for putting up the stage threaten to immolate themselves? So what, if the implacable babus of ASI raise a few quizzical eyebrows, just to be smothered into stoic silence at the right time by the powerful organisers? For the show must go on .... After all, it is "the Freedom Concert"!

And who would miss this "once-in-a-lifetime" show? So all roads were leading to Agra, as "the rich and the famous", the "bold and the beautiful" set out in their airconditioned Cielos and Opel Astras. They even braved it out by spending adventurous night in the Maharaja's Shikar tent (for all the 5-star hotels were chock-a-block) by The Freedom Concert: Discordant Notes

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spending Rs.5,000 a night, to be there. For, to be there, was the in thing. Isn't, this, indeed, the freedom to be!

But the resplendent Taj, looking majestic as ever, took all this in its stride, with a quiet dignity. Or was it, regal insouciance? As the effluent-filled waters of Yamuna flowed by slowly, and the razzmatazz went on right under its nose, the Taj appeared to whisper to Emperor Shahjahan, "Jahanpannah, forgive them! They know not what they are doing. They are just celebrating their freedom to be ...."

#### REPLY

D.V. Krishna Sastry (1897-1980)

(These are the lines written by the poet. The country is now celebrating the centenary of this great poet who was a convalescing in a Bombay nursing home, after a surgical operation, in which he lost his voice)

Æd.

I open my eyes to greet
the first rays (of the Sun) in red and gold,
That enter my room
and touch my eyelids.

Faintly do I smile

when the soft breeze of Dawn

Strokes my face

With its finger - tips

I reply with a nod

To the fragrance of the
fresh-born flower

That lecknos from the backyard.

But when from the Mango bough
Leaning towards my Window
Calls the cuckoo
I have no voice to Reply
No more voice to Reply

(Rendered from the Telugu original by D. Anjaneyulu)

#### ALCHEMY OF THE ART OF POETRY

#### K. Deva Rao

#### Origin

Poetry (Poem or Song) takes its birth always in heart, never in mind. Poetry is the child of heart, as every other fine art is. Exactly like a mother who undergoes the pangs of child birth, the heart undergoes the pangs when it gives birth to a poem. These pangs are subtler than the Physical pain. The poem originates as an inexpressible experiencing of a Joy, a bliss, an extasy, a dance, which is transcendental and always far beyond from ordinary man's reach. This experiencing overpowers the poet, absolutely disturbs him, and he can no longer contain its tremors of bliss and beatitude. He bursts out, and the experiencing tumults out through his heart, eyes and even through every cell of his body. In that trance, that frenzy, he lives for some moments. After a while he falls back to the valley from those divine peaks of existence. Then he feels to express that inexpressible joy which happened to him. He tries hard and hard to recollect those golden moments, and tries to picturise in beautiful words. All this happens through him. He too does not know he is going to face this task of expressing. In what form it comes, how best it comes, in what word. He too waits like the reader. No poet has ever absolutely succeeded in expressing his inexpressible experiencing. But at the same time no poet ever remained without trying hard to express it. This process of

poetic creation seems to be irresistible and spontaneous in existence like that of Koila, or Nightingale. This is so because this is much bigger, vaster, deeper, higher and broader than the poet himself. The poet is possessed whenever he is blessed by the unknown benediction and Grace from Beyond, his every word becomes an oracle. As and when he is out of it, he himself feels awe and wonder of his own experiencing and expression.

#### The Qualities of a Poem:

GRACE: The grace is the basic, fundamental and essential quality of artist's (Poet's) experiencing and for the expressed one. Grace (Divine) is the grace (beauty) of art. The experiencer and the experienced are one and the same. Observer and the observed are one and the same (J.K.).

BEAUTY: Beauty of one of the most significant inspiring elements in the creative process of any art. It is artist's spontaneous irresistible response, and reverence, respect and love towards the beauty of Existence. Artist is just like a sympathetic wire in a musical instrument, which perfectly tunes with the main wires on which creator (God) plays. A noble piece of art is the sincerest endeavour of an artist to express his inexpressible experiencing of Truth, Consciousness, Bliss. (Sat-chit-Ananda).

SILENCE: Silence is the very base, substratum, source, origin and nourishment, the background for the growth of spiritual tree, and its fullest blossom, and mellow fruitfulness. Silence is like a black board, or white paper, where only you can word or picture, or sing, or dance your experiencing. Silence is the Temple of God. Silence is the Voice of Truth. Silence speaks volumes. But you cannot speak of it even a single word. Without silence neither experiencing nor expression of art is possible. It is the rock bottom of meditation. It is the only medium of the Unknown. Just like diamonds are found at the bottom of the deep seas, the Truth of existence lies, and is available at the unfathomable depth of silence, which is within and without.

# The Language Splendour and Spirit of Poetry:

Poetry is the most beautiful, most spiritual, most enchanting and bewitching language which is forged by the most loving heart of poet as the best medium of his great experiencing. That which we can express, is nothing before that which we cannot express, as what we know, is nothing before what we don't know. There are three realms, Known, Unknown, Unknowable. Poetry is the Divine voice of silence.

THE INDEFINABLE NATURE OF POETRY: Poetry is the nectar of Higher being, word fragrance of a loving heart. The most refined speech of the most sensitive

man. The transforming eloquence of inner silence. The word expressed to express the inexpressible experiencing. A bridge between the known and the unknown, the outer and inner. A boat to sail upon the unchartered sea of life. A beacon light of the other shore to guide. An alchemy which transforms lower life in to Higher one. An eagle flight from mundane to celestial worlds, the very nature of poetry is indefinable.

ITS AIMLESS GREAT CONTRIBUTION: Poet is absolutely aimless, and he is without any idea of motivation in his art of poetic creation. Even he is planless, without any craft of organisation regarding his creation. But mysteriously it comes out superbly organised, most suitable most beautiful will arranging themselves words be spontaneously in his art of poetic creation. The influence is alchemical transforming influence. It simply sets fire the passionate hearts of the people. Its contribution is greater than the planned, aimed, and motivated art, which falls down always in its ranking. The spontaneous poetic creation, or of any art is absolutely revolutionary. It sets fire in all the corners of the world, and the world would be aflame, with the spirit of the great and real revolutionary artist. If it is a philosophy it is a philosophy of practical life, which is in true sense existential.

The Classical Age poets were Maharshis. They trusted One Truth regarding poet, that is "Non-Rishi-Kuruthe Kavyam". One who is not a Rishi, a mystic, cannot compose a poem. Such a high reverence, and Quality

were there for our ancient poetry. It was not only a poem but every line, every word, and every letter of every word of the poem has a spell, it was a mantra. It can protect and save us from all dangers, and bestow upon us the Grace of, bliss and blessings of Universal Divine consciousness.

"Unless word becomes mantra no writer is a writer, and no reader is a reader". On the higher plane Art is for Art's sake, let it stream out throgh us as spontaneously as a brook, we should not stand in between as big rock blocking its flow. This big rock of self identity, I-ness, doer consciousness, planning, aiming, motif, when all these things dissolve by seeing in himself the Divine flow of Art. The Real sublime, Divine Art manifests itself with its unique beauty, music, with its central spirit of universal love and compassion of Existence. It also speaks volumes of great reverence, gratefulness, thankfulness, towards Mother -Existence.

### Conclusion

If we learn to remain still sensitive, open minded, unprejudiced, allow the awareness to grow, the great inner explosion happens and the great art manifests out from us. Let the I-ness be dissolved, and enjoy ourselves, the bliss of am-ness. Be a witness to the all-pervading Divine presence. Don't become anything, just Be. Great miracles happen when a deep Trust takes roots in your heart. Ultimately your very being blossoms in to a Thousand petalled Lotus of Divine splendour, beauty, music, and fragrance, which pervades all the universe, and manifests itself into greatest art and meditation.

"The greatest musician is he who breaks his instrument and throws it away and enters into silence"

-(A Chinese Proverb)

## **CONTRIBUTORS! PLEASE NOTE!**

Contributors who send articles for publication, are requested tomake them as brief as possible, at any rate not exceeding 4 foolscap size sheets type- written on one side in double space, in duplicate. Faintly printed xerox copies will make reading difficult. An undertaking may accompany the article to add that the article does not involve copy- right infringement. A poem or Book Review should be within 25-30 lines.

Authors who send their books for review may kindly note that they should send two copies. One of them will go to reviewer and one will remain with the Editor. They should also note the name of the place or person from whom copies can be had, price if any and other details.

I.V. CHALAPATHI RAO, Editor, HIGI B4/F10 Bagh Lingampally, Hyderabad - 500 044.

## POTENTIALITY OF POETRY

Dr. R.S. Tiwary

(A)

The proposition calls for a cool enquiry for a two fold reason: First, the poets often arrogate to themselves the power to mould society and second, persons of light and leading also pour empty encomiums on the value and power of poetry to change society. If this brief article strikes a discordant note, the writer would humbly apologise, both to poets and their admirers.

The supreme fact has to be borne in mind that ever since the birth of poetry, potes have, by and large, essayed to give to the world of their very best with a two-fold intent: to please and to "instruct", that is, to edify man morally. And Poetry has justified itself only because it has contributed to lifting man out of the dull and drab routine of everyday existence. Even so, history cannot provide any single instance when Poetry has transformed society. No period of history has been destitute of good poetry as it is understood. Nevertheless, wars and conflicts, bickerings and animosities have never vanished from the realms of human thought and action. The majority of readers of this reputed Journal are familiar with European letters and history; and they will, in all conscience, concur with me when I observed that Poetry, or Literature for that matter has been the expression of perception of life and world of a few talented individuals and that perception has never

been able to transform the ugly face of man. Poetry has of a surety, been admired, but it has not proved its capacity to lift man out of the quagmire of ignoble motives and drives. Even today, an enormous amount of good poetry is being written, poetic symposia are being organised and tons of empty verbiage are poured on poets in their praise. But, the world is going its own way.

**(B)** 

Public memory is proverbially short. But the intelligentsia might recall, no matter, with an amount of effort, how Soviet writers and ideologues during the thirties or so claimed the role of "Architects of the human soul", boosted by the phenomenal triumph of the Bolshevik Revolution. Writers composing literature of a non-conformist line and winning the prestigious Nobel award, were either forced to decline the honour or to court banishment from the land of their birth. But, the monolithic structure of the Soviet protected by an iron wall, collapsed like a house of cards in consequence of the liberalisation of the state policy by Gorbachev in the form of "glasnost" and "perestroika". The ruling authority proved more potential than the best products of the literacy mind. At home, the much publicised novel policy of Globalisation of Economy has washed away all concepts of the Nehruvian era. There have been writers who have struck a dissentiate note, but their

voice, naturally weak and diffident, has been a cry in the wilderness.

(C)

The foregoing brief discussion leads us to hold that transformation of the social set-up or the state tenor of functioning cannot be accomplished by poetry or letters for the matter of that ... awards and honours bestowed on literary geniuses notwithstanding. The ruling authority holds the key to any transformation in the social set-up or the popular tenor of life.

It will be downright folly, however, if we attach the entire credit of human progress to the powers that be during a particular period of time. The essential enlightenment of the human kind has been the gift of religious forces, despite the drawbacks coming to surround them in the practical domain on the popular level. Man has lived ever since his first rise on the terrestrial plane a two-fold life: External and Internal, or in the Biblical language, life of the flesh and life of the spirit. The former has been subjected to social and political upheavals, but the latter, the internal life, has always been moulded, more or less, by a belief in some Transcendental Power, call it by whatever name you please. And, that faith in a Suprahuman Entity, omnipotent and omnipresent has lent an edifying orientation to human thought and feeling and also action, though in a limited measure. The end-result has been that has consistently, despite man continued .patemporary set-backs,

progressing from age to age in mental enlightenment with a spiritual leaven, at any rate, faintly colouring it.

But all the same. the external manipulations and material pulls have proved more potential than the inner enlightenment of man. Lack correspondence between the internal enlightenment and external crystallisation of behaviour has been the bane of human history.

The modernists decry the rituals and ceremonies obtaining in society under the umbrella of religion as manifestation of what they call "superstitions". But, let it be home brought them that to these superstitions are not blind beliefs, both "popular" beliefs, embedded in the soul from times immemorial and they have conduced to protection of the human psyche from falling into the limbos of utter philistinism. Man does not live by bread alone ... this teaching has silently governed mankind and the rise on the face of the ugly earth of an array of temples, churches, masjids et cetera represents man's inner faith in that Extrahuman Reality which has prevented him from utter relegation to levels of beasts.

Coming to the main point, it has to be conceded, willynilly, that Poetry or "belles-letters", chiefly concern of the spirit, cannot effect any tangible transformation in human dealings and norms of behaviour. Now where does Poetry stand? Stand between the Ruling Authority and Religion? To use an

unpalatable expression, poetry keeps hanging like the famous pauranic "Trishanku" between the two contradictory pulls. Trishanku, a celebrated scion of the famous Solar Dynasty, aspired after reaching "Swaraga" in his material frame which violated the sacred provisions of the scriptures. Vashishtha, the traditional "Guru" of the family, declining to perform the necessary "Yajna", Vishwamitra, his noted rival, undertook the responsibility, but failed to accomplish it as the doors of Heaven were closed by Indra, King of the Gods, which angered Vishwamitra and he stationed Trishanku in the skies between the earth and the Heaven, surrounding him by a new galaxy of resplendent stars. In likening Poetry to Trishanku, my meaning is quite clear. Poets and Poetry have acquired a halo round themselves by tradition because of their touching the inward springs of the human soul somewhere whose natural aspiration is to rise higher and higher, far from the madding crowd of demeaning drives and appetencies, often alluring.

When I stress the basically internal aspect of poetry, I certainly do not hold that poetry can be created in a vacuum, out of "airy nothing" as the "Bard of Avon" has stated. It has, on the contrary, to take into cognisance the realities of life, its perception thereof which is of necessity, coloured by racial heritage and the ruling ethos of the age or the milieu. Thus, Poetry is moored into material realities, should have its eyes fixed into the earth to justify itself, but should "edit" them so to say, in order that it might

serve as a catalyzing agent to refine and edify the human spirit. Wordsworth's Skylark which remains "true to the kindred points of heaven and home", in its upward flight to higher and higher altitudes, furnishes the best model for the poetic afflatus.

## (D)

I think I have elucidated my stance with respect to Poetry. The social dimensions cannot be denied. But, more significant is the greater larger "Dimensions of Life" which, frankly, oversteps the social or temporal dimension. Accordingly, poetry should address itself to life as a whole, to life as a perennial entity, and poetry has gathered round it a perennial aroma only because of its capability of affecting the springs of the soul. Basically born of the inner perceptions, it should illumine in inward spectrum of the soul, and by so doing, paradoxically enough, it will perpetuate its tradition of illuminating the path of human enlightenment in an unobtrusive manner. If it awakens man's sensibilities, renders man more sensitive to life's problems, it will have accomplished its object. True, the recognition and appreciation of these problems contingent upon the poet's faculty of. perception which, in its turn, is coloured by his racial and personal acquisitions. That is not to be refuted, much less deprecated. The multifaceted, multihued, multi-dimensional perception of poets ... let me add, honest poets ... will unfold the

richness of life and the richness of man's possibilities of enlightenment.

Before closing our present enquiry, let us observe that commitment to any specific ideology, social, political or otherwise, runs counter to the essential spirit of the poetic Muse. The poet's commitment should be only to his perceptions, his unbiased understanding of life, flowing round him and

also as it has kept its stream flowing since its birth in the primitive past. The appeal of Poetry is internal and so remote, not immediate. Accordingly, the temptation to make immediate contribution to transforming or ameliorating society should be kept at bay. The sun cannot light your cigarette; likewise, Poetry cannot light the cigarette of the society. Its function is deeper and more lasting.

## THE PERSON I AM LOOKING FOR

Prof. Hazara Singh

If you do not get lowered in your own eyes While you raise yourself in those of others If you do not succumb to gossips and lies And care not for them saying 'Who bothers' You may be the person,

I have been looking for

If you crave not for applause when you win And look not for sympathy while you lose If praise makes not your head toss and spin And after a setback you offer no excuse You may be the person,

I have been looking for

If you listen to counsel without getting sore And re-assess yourself in the light thereof If you pledge to be not obstinate any more And accept others without frown and scoff You may be the person,

I have been looking for

If you have the will to live and courage to die You are a beacon-light for people far and wide If you ignore the jeers, thus, nailing the lie That virtue and success go not side by side You are the person,

I am looking for

## DILAPIDATED HOUSE

Dr. M. Sivaprasad

Raghavaswamy's mind has not been all right for some days now. Always there is some agitation, turmoil, some unknown agony.

To tell the truth, ever since he got separated from his younger brother, Sri Swamy was destroyed mentally. The whole town was greatly astonished when the brothers, who were like Rama and Lakshmana, were separated. Everybody said "We never thought Narasayya's wife is that crafty".

At the time of distribution of property, paternal house went to Narasayya. With no other go, Raghavaswamy, after handing over the house to his younger brother, went into a one room tenament and sat there shedding tears like a small child. Those coconut trees, those red oleander plants, that almond tree in the backyard, the worship corner, the idols of Rama and Lakshmana in there, one by one, all are recurring in Raghavaswamy's mind. He is not worried about brother enjoying the house. Even if his brother wanted the entire property, he would have left it to him and come away. But that house .... the affinity between that house and his soul .... who will know? How would it be known?

Days are passing by. Raghavaswamy's elder son, second son, wife, all are leading their lives as usual. But some loss settled in

Raghavaswamy's life. A loss which no body can fulfill!!

Diwali festival came. Narasayya had lime stone brought. Cart brought the limestone and is heaping it in front of Narasayyas's house. The rattling of the limestone could be heard. But no one played special attention to it excepting Raghavaswamy. Raghavaswamy could sense that limestone is being brought for white washing the house. - Raghavaswamy called his younger son "Ask mother whether or not soap nuts are there in the house".

Son came and said "NO"

At once he sent him to market for getting all the things needed for taking an head bath, he called his wife saying "Give me head bath, it is long since I had head bath with castor oil on the head". His wife's eyes became moist. Yes, it is many years since he has traditional head bath. Her eyes, which shed tears like jasmines that fall from her fancy hair knot, also blossomed that night.

On the festival day a feast was coked. Raghavaswamy first sent "Pulihora" and "Payasam" to his younger brother's house. Younger son gave it and came. He came and said "Mother, aunty said - do you think we have not prepared ourselves for you to send these?"

Raghavaswamy laughed. Along with that laugh saying (abba) oh! he held his heart ... Elder son helped him and laid him on the cot ....

Winter is horrible. Wherever you see, sore throats, bonfires - humans, animals, inanimate conscious, all are shivering with severe cold. Raghavaswamy felt as though the ancestoral house, getting wet with dew, is asking help for warmth -

For him, coal stove is there near the cot, giving warmth. He is looking at the house through the window. House top is not seen properly .... So eyes are becoming defective nowadays. The tiles on the roof are scattered. Dew drops are falling down the eaves. A crow, its beak frozen due to cold, is rubbing it this way and that way against a tile. In the yard, marigold, like an unmarried woman, like a snowball, stood dumb without flowering, looking innocently from inside the workshop corner a song is heard - some utterance on Raghavaswamy's lips also.

Raghavaswamy was looking at the house the same way.

What a house this is!!
Wonderful house ... crumbling house,
decaying house —
house with the roof top scattered ... house
that became old

Sun has come up. Sound of a cart is heard in the yard. Getting the tiles on a cart, younger brother is covering the drizzle/ shower. Doctor came inside to give an injection. Raghavaswamy came into this world by his call, he gave an injection and went away. Again, Swamy started staring in the direction of the house.

... One day the elder son came and said "Father, uncle is thinking of selling the house because of difficulties". Raghavaswamy felt as though his backbone were broken - he felt as though some one were selling him off putting him in the middle of the road. There - Kasi - is coming to buy Veerabahauvu - unknowingly he shouted 'cannot be sold'.

That same night Raghavaswamy mortgaged his land and gave the money to his younger brother.

Elder son did not like this. Still he did not say anything. Narasayya's wife was surprised.

Raghavaswamy begged his younger brother, saying, 'Brother never in life do you say that again'.

Summer arrived
Sun is breaking the land.

Hot winds are boiling mankind. - Raghavaswamy's health got deteriorated. - The two sons are becoming anxious - arranged for cool and shade all around the room with khuskhus.

Raghavaswamy still keeps looking at his house through the window.

'What is this madness father', elder son asked one day.

'What is this attachment for that old house'.

'What a statement you made, Sowry! Which is a old house! Isn't your father an old man! Proper roof top is not there. Backbone which is the main pillar is bent. Dust is falling off from the walls. Rats and bandicoots of disease are digging holes in the body. In that house are living beings, in this house is God - Sowry - what do you know, what do you know -" he could not speak further in that excitement.

"Body is meant to be God's abode ..." chanting some sloka unknowingly.

That same night a terrible incident which should not have happened, happened. Catching fire, the house got burnt - Narasayya's family was forced onto the streets. Fire engines made unsuccessful attempts to put off the fire. Raghavaswamy

did not utter any words. Remained detached. At dawn, Narasayya came and said "Elder brother - the house got burnt".

Raghavaswamy said "Yes, dear, getting burnt is its nature". All were surprised. With that reply, again Raghavaswamy said "We got two properties from our father - that is immovable property - this is movable property-". Coughing loud in succession he said 'Time alone destroys the constructed house - that is natural. But from these fires, lamps also got lit, Narasayya - that is the gift we give to Time" Raghavaswamy looked at his two sons.

These people are unable to understand his words.

An unknown fear enveloped them.

By ten in the morning the elder son lit the fire for another old house in the outskirts of the village.

# **INCOMPLETE POEM**

## Savitri

I found an incomplete poem among the account books
The unfinished poem
I mused:

The ubiquitous intruder stopped the flow else the files to be pushed the drab documents to bruise

The poem brought memories hidden like the fish on the hot ground my feelings struggled

The incomplete poem among the accounts papers went into slow death due to asphyxiation - you know that is my soul?

## **CHARLES PHILIP BROWN (1798 - 1884)**

## J. Hanumath Sastry

"TO REVIVE THE LITERATURE OF A LANGUAGE WAS AN ARDUOUS TASK FOR ONE MAN AND HE BE A FOREIGNER"

C.P. BROWN

Among the European Scholars who contributed to Telugu Studies, Charles Philip Brown shines very prominently. He rendered an extraordinary service to Telugu with restless zeal and deep interest. His service to Telugu in different branches like Grammer, Prosody, Lexicography and editing and publishing of Telugu classics and critical studies in the history and culture of South India is epochmaking.

He was the first indologist to publish classics with commentaries. He collected a large number of palm-leaf manuscripts from remote corners of the Telugu country. He had in his pay "ten to twenty pandits employed in transcribing native authors, in preparing correct editions, in framing indexes and commentaries. By providing a much needed historical and rational out-look, he taught new insights to the pandits who worked with him. Without confining his labours only to the growth of Literary (Kavya) dialect he was concerned with the much neglected spoken (Vyavaharika) dialect also, and tried to effect a synthesis between them and foster the democratic processes that were long absent in the Telugu literary scene".

He served as a civilian officer during the gloomy colonial period. He dedicated himself to the service of Telugu language and literature with a missionary zeal and toiled for the alround advancement of Telugu studies. The literary culture in Andhra was then at the lowest ebb. He said "Telugu literature was dying out, the flame was glittering in the socket". He devoted all his spare time to Telugu and spent every farthing of his earnings for the revival and promotion of Telugu language and literature. C.P. Brown may be aptly described as the father of renaissance in Telugu.

"He successfully battled against the native pedantry and prejudices, against the initial difficulties of mastering a foreign language, against the dishonesty of his own country-men and the apathy of the College Board, against the professional jealousy of rivals, stuck to his Telugu studies, despite multifarious activities and pursuits and remained contentedly poor." "Want of leisure so often lamented in India, usually denotes want of inclination. I have always had leisure".

Charles Philip Brown was born in Calcutta on 10th November, 1798. His father Rev. David Brown was a senior Chaplain of the East India Company in Bengal, David Brown was a scholar in Hebrew and was popular as a good Christian, among the European people at Calcutta.

It was Rev. David Brown's desire to give that bent to his children's minds and to put them in that track. He gave his children a learned education. They were taught the elements of Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Persian, Greek and Latin. From childhood C.P. Brown was taught to correct errata and fill up deficient pages in books. The driest enquiries had a great charm for C.P. Brown.

After the death of David Brown in 1812, this family moved to London. C.P. Brown was educated at Haileybury College to take tup service in the East India Company.

He landed at Madras on 3rd August, 1817. He joined the Fort St. George College. Where he studied Telugu and Marathi and passed out of it in June, 1820. His career as a student at the Madras College was not very bright.

"Writing about his initiation into Telugu studies he said in his "English Translation of the ... Telugu Reader (Madras 1852 P 55)" this Brahmin (Velegapudi Codandarama IPantulu) taught me the Telugu alphabet when I entered the Madras College".

In 1820 Sir Thomas Munro, Governor of Madras, addressed the College students in a brief speech. He exhorted the students to learn the language of the people.

C.P. Brown was first appointed second cassistant to the Principal Collector,

Cuddapah in August, 1820. He presided in a Police Office for two years and carried on all the work in Telugu, Kannada, Marathi or Hindustani. He was there for full two years. After four years, he was again posted there on January 10th, 1820 as Registrar to Zilla Court and served there till February, 1829. He bought a bungalow with a garden attached to it (15 acres) which he kept for himself for more than a decade. A portion of the bungalow was rented out while another was kept for a retinue of pandits. He was paying salaries from his private sources for preparing correct manuscript versions of Telugu Kavyas after collecting several palmleaf copies.

Hunbury the Collector of Cuddapah, spoke Telugu fluently. His example filled Brown with emulation. "Impelled by zeal as well as necessity in two years he became very fluent in Telugu and excelled Hunbury in Telugu Scholarship. In 1824, he was transferred to Masulipatnam. He began making a regular study of Telugu poets. He was a Judge in the court there. He began to collect a library of Telugu and Sanscrit manuscripts.

In June 1836, he wrote that "The Library of Sanscrit and Telugu manuscripts numbering 5000 which I have collected cost me more than 30,000 rupees".

In the course of his study of Telugu classics, he observed that "Books alone will not teach the living language. I therefore studied the every day dialect in the police office or in the court where I presided. There cannot be a better school. And whenever I had a conversation with a plaintiff, witness or prisoner with a learned native judge of an ignorant menial, every one became my teacher for the time. His passion for the accumulation of knowledge was very strong. He saved no money. He employed native authors in preparing correct editions, in framing indexes or commentaries in Telugu. He paalso attempted to establish a printing press at Masulipatnam in 1832. He had to give up the project because of the deceit of an Englishman he employed.

While at Masulipatnam, he read about Vemana in the book "Hindu manners, customs and ceremonies" and began collecting palm-leaf copies of verses of Vemana. He translated 693 verses and published them in 1829.

Brown's magnumopus was his Dictionary Telugu-English; English-Telugu and mixed dialects and foreign words used in Telugu which appeared in 1852, 1853 and 1854 at the expense of the Society for promoting Christian knowledge. The Telugu-English Dictionary contains a long array of quotations from the Telugu classics in support of the various meanings of each word. His dictionaries in Telugu are still considered prominent and are reprinted often.

Though he did not spare the vain pedantry of the pandits, he was not without a word of appreciation for them. "I discovered some excellent scholars, poets, grammarians and critics, half of whose learning I never attained, living in poverty. mere mendicants and they were glad to be thus employed on wages as moderate as those we pay to our menials". He had to face many hurdles because of the prejudices of the pandits. He wrote letters to distant villages for manuscripts and secured manuscripts through gentle persuasion. He came to know that the Hindus regarded printing a profenation. He explained to Telugus the advantages of printing. As Krishnadevaraya did in the past, Brown presided over scholars' disputations to renovate a great book. We find in all such things the scientific attitude of the Westerner operating amidst the difficult oriental conditions

The way in which he settled the text of a classic is interesting. Every manuscript was faulty and the learned pandits adjudged them by guess. He devised a plan to tackle the problem in a scientific manner.

It will be but interesting to know how he carried out the task of getting the manuscripts corrected by the pandits. He employed scribes to make a fair copy of 60 to 70 stanzas daily on average and paid one rupee each towards wages for 200 stanzas. He paid Rs.15/- monthly to a pandit and Rs.12/- for correcting the script, and Rs.8/- for reading out and one rupee towards making a fair copy of 100 stanzas. He fixed responsibility for testifying to the correctness of these fair copies to a pandit who could

examine and sign them. He gathered information from the other institutions in India regarding the wages paid there in order that his pandits might not incur any financial loss. He used to impose a fine on those who were negligent of their duty and who failed to identify the errors and who did not correct the variations in different texts.

He wrote "My leisure for these pursuits was chiefly between five and ten in the morning, six days every week".

While his monthly salary was then only Rs.500/- he spent on a fair copy of "The Mahabharata" (Telugu) Rs.2,714/- which amounted to a hard - earned five months salary.

All this was a labour of love. He was not the richer by a penny. His books never brought him money. "By some I lost the money I expended," he says cheerfully, "but I looked for this result and was satisfied".

Among other books written by Brown for students, may be mentioned his Telugu Reader, Telugu and English dialogues, English irregular verbs explained by Idiomatic sentences in English and Telugu. The vakyavali or Exercises in Idioms English and Telugu, the wars of the Rajas and Insputations on village Business in English and Telugu. Some of these were translated in Canarese, Tamil and Hindustani.

The most important of his other works were the Zilla Dictionary, Cyclic Tables of

Hindu and Mussalman chronology, and Ephimeris showing the corresponding Dates according to the English, Telugu, Malayalam and Mahommedan calendars from A.D. 1751 until 1850, the memories of Hyder Ali and Tipoosultan, translated from Mahratta and the Tatachari Tales. He wrote a Latin translation of twenty two cantos of the "Lalitopakhyanam".

Brown made valuable collection of documents, extracts fron newspapers and research material running to 54 volumes of over 20,000 pages which he donated to India office Library. He gave 5751 manuscripts to Government Oriental Manuscript Library, Madras. He took care to see that the Mackenzie manuscripts were neatly written on paper and published in 'Madras journal of literature and Science' serially.

He had tolerance and sympathetic understanding. He removed an attack on Hinduism when he was printing "Nistara Ratnakaram" - short account of Christianity in Telugu metre.

From 1820 to 1829 he remained in the subordinate service. He was elevated to the status of 1st class servant in 1852. He was the Acting Collector of Guntur district at the time of devastating 'Guntur Famine of 1832-33' and it was he who first reported about the gravity of the famine and deaths due to starvation. For the sin of using the "famine" of his term in one communications to government, Brown had to face the displeasure of the Secretary

of the judicial department".

Brown was interested in arts and crafts. He had a rich collection of antique and museum pieces from different parts of south India. He opened free schools for the native children at Cuddapah, Masulipatnam and Madras, where he worked as a British Officer in Madras Civil service. He was a Philanthropist. His European friends whose life style in India was luxurious and quite different from "Brown's considered a Character". In fact Brown himself thought at times, as he recorded in his Literary Autobiography, that he was not sane but reassured himself that he was sane and sensible. No wonder that Brown, a great intellectual, who had the traits of a genius, was considered odd and idiosyncratic by his fellowmen. He lived and died a bachelor. He was a humanitarian who made it his mission in life to help people, in distress.

Bishop Caldwell described Brown as a 'Restless Pandit'.

Brown was employed for upwards of twelve years in revenue magisterial and judicial work in the Telugu districts. In 1838 he was appointed Persian translator to Government and in 1846 he became Postmaster General and Telugu Translator to Government. He resigned from the service in 1855 and left for London. He was regarded as a Living Authority in 1865. He delivered lectures in 12 towns on the post-Mutiny India. His work as Telugu Professor in the University of London and as Telugu

Examiner for the I.C.S. recruits has not been clearly traced out. He brought out a revised edition of his Literary Autobiography in 1872. C.P. Brown died an octogenerian on 12th December, 1884.

C.P. Brown was the first man and perhaps the only notable foreigner, who paved the way for "the European method of study" in Andhra for subsequent generations of writers and critics to follow. To perpetuate his memory and thereby promote Telugu research as well, C.P. Brown Research project was started in the Department of Telugu of Sri Venkateswara University, Tirupati.

"Books predominantly in or on Telugu, whether printed or Ms., were always a staple food for C.P. Brown, who all through his long life preferred to remain a dedicated Telugu Scholar. It is but natural that even in his testmentary arrangements they figured prominently.

To perpetuate the memory of that great savant of Telugu Literature, a Library Building was constructed in Cuddapah on the very site of Brown's Bungalow known then as "Brown's College".

The C.P. Brown Memorial Trust was formed in 1986 with the Dist. Collector as Chief Patron, Mr. C.K. Sampath Kumar as President and Mr. J. Hanumath Sastry as Secretary and eight other leading men as members of the governing body. The Trust has been managing the affairs of this library.

Dr. J.P.L. Gwynn, I.C.S. (Retd.) London donated 3 valuable Dictionaries of C.P. Brown and enrolled himself a patron of the library. The Government of Andhra Pradesh has released a special grant of Rs. 5 lakhs for extending the building. This Library has been serving the reading public since 1991.

A separate wing with all the necessary study material for students preparing for several competitive Examinations conducted by the UPPSC, APPSC, LIC etc is functioning.

## A TELUGU SAGE!

## N.V. Subbaraman

This land of ours had a hoary culture Fell into the hands of a hungry vulture Lost its glory to be retrieved in future Regained freedom without much of a rupture!

Natives were looked down with frown Treating them as not more than clown An English was born with name of BROWN\*

Adorned the native language with lovely crown!

Telugu tongue is great and sweet Lyrics and literature vast and deep To unearth the meaning tough and steep BROWN made us learn with peace and ease!

Learnt the language with love and passion Spread its fragrance with vision and mission Made us look with sense of shame and admiration
Inspired us through his boundless dedication!

Effective tool of learning is dictionary
Brought out the same with the zeal of a
missionary
Sure was a traceure to the posterity

Sure was a treasure to the posterity
One can quote it with sense of authority!

Lived his life as a TELUGU SAGE
In all his service in the centre stage
Service offered inscribed in golden page
Ever green in our hears is his noble image!

(\* C.P. Brown was an English Civil servant in the nineteenth century and rendered yeomen service to the cause of Telugu language and literature.)

## THE BIRD

### Dr. B. Parvathi

Countless crows flew away in cacophony
Fluttered and hovered about, dark shapes
And dark shadows against the bright blue sky.
Trees swayed gently, a soft breeze hummed
While the crows pestered a small yellow
brown bird
Which chirped, twittered and leaped about,
but could not fly
Stunned, afraid and half-dead.
They saw it, the children, beneath the ledge
Beyond the wall.
They flocked to it, the helpless little bird

They flocked to it, the helpless little bird, Cursed the crows which now indifferent Sat silently unmindful of it. They took it into their hands

Placed it in their palms
Gently touched its body and beak

And talked incessantly.

One brought water, another asked for milk

One ran for grains, another for nuts
The bird pecked at all, drank a few drops
Its round unblinking eyes stared at all.
When night fell a cat smelled food
They ran helter skelter "A cage for my pet",

One demanded, "now, or it will die".
They fished out a clothesline

Twisted and turned and abandoned at once.

A big box they brought
A bare palace for the little creature.
Put it in their midst, watched it by turns
And fell asleep around.

"Water, milk, honey, grain, fruit and friend", Determined little friends for their pet.

"Please, mother the bird", they said, and went to school.

Busy mother gave a glance and knew it would go.

The bird blinked and moved but touched no food

Its heart followed and haunted its friends in school.

They flocked to it, talked and talked. The bird moved not yet saw concern. Around the bird they played

A sleepy vigil went on in the night The day took them to school.

Sun was going down as they ran back home, With some incomprehension declared it dead.

Their faces fell, eyes became silent Frozen tears failed to flow

A little earth they turned over

To bid the bird farewell

The tiny little creature whom the crows

## FLIGHT OF THE EAGLE

## Sai Shivanarayana

Here below you find a poetic flower culled from the fragrant bouquent pregnant with deep meaning and philosophy, produced by a child of 16, whose life span lasted between 22nd June, 1971 and 4th April, 1988. Like a Rishi whose penance in the previous birth was broken, he revisited this planet for a brief while poems and prose pieces which reveal world-weariness and profound philosophical thought

- Editor

The flourishing mists of forgotten yesterday
Disclose more to the mind, than
The fog of tomorrow

For memories, indistinct, still
Taunt and say
Why have you traded your
Bliss for sorrow?

Is this what you dreamt of Ensconced by love Rechining in comfort on the Beach by the sea?

Is this the Eagle flight sought for
By the dove?
High up on the sky where the
Eye cannot see?
The dreary, weary Earth?

# **QUEEN SUMITHRA - THE ENLIGHTENED**

### T.V. Balasubramanian

Among the three queens of Dasarata, Sumithra stands apart. She is a contrast to Kaikeyee by her self-efacement; even to Kousalya by her spirituality. Like a distancehidden star, she is of self-withdrawing nature. Under a steady gaze, Sumithra emerges with a fascinating glow. Her faith and adherence to Dharma were unflinching and unfaltering. Purity made her heart crystal like. Her intuition, insight and vision were sharp and far penetrating. She saw in Sri Rama divinity, and spiritual stature; exceeding human measure. She perceived Sri Rama, as an embodiment of Dharma. Sumitra did not discourage her son Lakshmana, when he proceeded to forest following Sri Rama to share with him, the rigours of the life of fourteen years of exile. She felt by her mother's intution that Lakshmana was born to her to serve Sri Rama to share with him, be it adversity or prosperity. In bidding farewell to him, she said

"Go forth Lakshmana
put-up with the discomforts.
Think the forest is Ayodhya;
revere Sri Rama as your father Dasaratha,
and regard Seetha as your own mother".

Lakshmana inherited his adoration and devotion to Sri Rama, from his mother Sumithra. He lived as Sri Rama's second outside-prana. Without Sri Rama, he would decline the Lordship of even the three Lokas

or immortality. Lakshamana gave himself away to Rama, won over by his 'Atma Gunas'.

Sumithra believed at heart that Sri Rama was Heaven-Born. She consoled and assuaged grief-stricken Kousalya and tried to drive away from her, her illusion that her son Sri Rama was a mortal. She said

"Your son Sri Rama possessing heavenly virtues, is a "purushottama". Born to you after years of thapas, japa and homams and after you took 'payasannam' brought from Devaloka by the performance of "Puthrakama Yeshti" Yaga by Sage Rishya Sringa. Viswamithra Brahmarishi has initiated Sri Rama into Astra and Sastra Vidyas.

Before he was sixteen Sri Rama killed 'THATAKA' and freed Dhandakaranya from her menace. He killed the Asura Subhahu and protected the Yaga performed by Viswamithra at Siddha Ashrama. He broke the Siva Dhanus at the Janaka's court and won Seetha as "Veerya Sulka". He established the supremacy of his powers over Parasurama by wrenching from him the Vishnu Dhanus. Do you think, Kousalya that any enemy can face the aim of Sri Rama's arrow and escape?

He could have easily thwarted Kaikeyee's evil design; abstained from going to forest; continued in Ayodhya as prince - Elect; and ascended the throne after Dasaratha on his own right, unquestioned. But he would not deviate from the path of *Dharma*. To redeem Dasaratha, his father, from his promise to Kaikeyee though he made it under her duress, was his supreme duty "pithru Vakya paripalanam" is his life's mission. When Sri Rama thought that Kaikeyee suspected him of lingering on the pretext of Bharatha's return from Kekaya kingdom, he made public his firmness by a declaration that he was not hankering after worldly wealth or enjoyment. His aspiration was not for the sovereignity.

He was a striving saint. He stands by the support of *Dharma* only.

The fame of Sri Rama as satya-vrata has spread landwide and the flag of his fame hoisted high, flutters over all the three worlds. When Sri Rama, your son is treading such a path of the great, it is really unbecoming of you to grieve for him. My son Lakshamana with the love as that of a father and with the devotion of a faithfull servant is with him, ever on vigil to guard him from any harm, with his terrible sword and infallible arrow and bow. Seetha is with Sri Rama undeterred by forest life and with an unshakable faith that under Sri Rama's protection, Ayodhya and forest will make for her no difference. They are with him as Mahavishnu is with Mahalakshmi Adhisesha, Sri Rama's body shines with lustre and heavenly glow by the Atmagunas housed in him. Sun will be deterred from scorching Sri Rama with his hot rays in the forest. The forest wind will always blow on him and dare not visit his face too roughly. The moon, with her nectar oozing cool rays will hug him in the night and lull him asleep with a mother's love. By the departure of Sri Rama to forest, not only the people of Ayodhya but the lakes and rivers and even the trees have become mute and motionless in sorrow. All look as if they lost their life's cheer.

Believe me, Kousalya, the atma - jothis of the inner self of Sri Rama, permeates and engulfs the entire cosmos. The source of effulgence of the sun is from him. Moonlight cool and enjoyable rays of the moon are from him. Without Sri Rama, Ayodhya is a forest, with Sri Rama, a forest is a Rashtra.

Leaving off your grief, you look forward to the glorious days ahead. As sure as the day after the night, your son Sri Rama Chandra with Seetha and Lakshamana will return on the expiry of fourteen years of exile, shining with all his magnificience and glory, as the sun and moon, on the passing away of the shadow of the chava Grahas over them. Bathed with the water of tears of joy flowing from your eyes, Sri Rama will soon ascend the throne of Ayodhya and crowned by the sage Vasishta, along with Seetha 'Rajya Shree' and 'Veerya Shree'! This will happen for certain, not through human design, thwartable, but by the plan and decree of God, UNTHWARTABLE, Rama Rajya will be established on Earth to

confer on people ever-lasting peace and prosperity through un-surpassable benign rule of Sri Ramachandra, your son of Godly incarnation. After these words, Sumithra spoke no more and became silent. Kousalya heard these astonishing assuaging words of Sumithra, wiped off the tears from her eyes and looked up her face beamed like a full moon on the rain-washed clear sky at the advent of the month Sarad.

## EARTH AND HEAVEN

S. Samal

Heaven is the goal and eternal lure for all

each wants
to attain
and enact
Heaven on Earth

but paths endless
and routes diverse
for some, it is wealth,
love, fame and power
devotion and prayer

for others
it is drinking
feasting.
dancing, singing
sporting, fishing
travelling
or sight-seeing

But Heaven
is always Heaven
unreachable and elusive
beyond the palm of
earthly man.

# MY LIFE IS YOUR ETERNAL GAME

Braja Kishore Dash

If I am in darkness, You are my beam
If I am in desert, You are my Spring.
When I am in hell, You are my heaven
You are my escort when I am fallen.
I am a bird and you are my wing
I am a prince as You are my King.
You are an Ocean and I am your wave
You are my heart's infinite Song.
If you are fire I am your flame
My life is your eternal game.
Oh, God you are my dawn and dusk
Ever with me in birth and death.

## KARNA

K.B. Sitaramayya

For right reasons he did what was wrong, A noble heart, he served ignoble ends, Open-handed he had a closed mind, The Lord's words he ignored on moral grounds

Which tragic hero on Greek or English stage Could surpass this son of the Sun, Forsaken by his mother at his birth And betrayed at the end by the very Earth?

# 'KANYASULKAM' (AN EVER RELEVANT SOCIAL REFORM DRAMA)

## Dr. N. Anantha Lakshmi

'Kanyasulkam' was written in support of the social mission of the Maharajah Sri Ananda Gajapati Raju, of Vizianagaram to eradicate the social evil of kanyasulkam or the practice of bride price. The play-wright said in his words of dedication to the Maharaja that his work is "a feeble effort to arouse public opinion on the subject by exposing the evil in a popular drama".

Kanyasulkam, (sale of girls) was a traditional practice in a sect of Brahmin families of coastal areas of Visakhapatnam District. Maharajah Ananda Gajapati Raju tried whole heartedly to eradicate it. As a part of it he gathered the statistics.

Today the subject on which the drama was composed has lost its relevance. Even in those days when it was staged for the first time, the system of *kanyasulkam* was not prevalent in all the parts of the country, at least in Andhra Pradesh. It was a tiny problem seen in a small section of people for some time.

Mahakavi Gurajada gave importance only to the problem of kanyasulkam in the first edition of the play. By the time the second edition was published the drama bulged in size by imbibing some more perennial problems. Though the problem is not of all times, the drama has an all-time relevance. It can be enjoyed at any time, as the characters do not look as if they are

created artificially. They are natural and lifelike. They seem as if they entered the stage straight from real life with Gireesham, Madhura Vani, Meenakshi, Ramappantulu, Bucchamma et al., Lubdhavadhanulu, Agnihotravadhanulu, Soujanya Rao Pantulu are the idealized characters for certain qualities which are suggested by their very

The plot of the drama is as follows: Gireesham poses as an intellectual of great ideals. This self-styled Nepolean of antinautch always appears in the house of Madhuravani, the nautch girl.

Talking about widow remarriage, he tries to exploit the widow who runs a mess for her livelihood, with the least intention of marrying her. When he goes to the house of his student Venkatesham, he was attracted by Buchchamma, Venkatesham's sister, who is an young, beautiful, rich virgin widow. When Venkatesham's father Agnihotravadhanulu decides to sell his second daughter to a man of 60 years for Rs.1,300/ - he tries to win over Buchchamma by foiling sister's marriage. Ultimately encourages her to elope with him by alluring her with the promise of re-marriage. Mean while Buchchamma's uncle Karataka-Shastry assures his sister that he will spoil marriage. He goes Lubhdhavadhanulu's village. With the help of Madhuravani he offers his student in the

disguise of a girl to Lubdhavadhanulu with a lower bride price of Rs.1200/-. In this Ramappantulu, episode the cunning manipulator also uses his own scheming brain unaware that it is only a part of the master plan devised by Madhuravani. This man has relationship not only with Madhuravani but also with Meenakshi, widowed daughter of Lubdhavadhanulu. The false bride runs away with the gold ornament of borrowed from Madhuravani which was given to her by Ramappantulu. Unaware that was given back ornament Madhuravani, Ramappantulu asks for it and when he could not get it files a criminal case for the murder of the bride against Lubdhavadhanulu.

Agnihotravadhanulu comes with his family for the marriage. Knowing that Lubdhavadhanulu got married files another case against him. Lubdhavadhanulu goes to Visakhapatnam and takes refuge Soujanyarao's house. Gireesham also goes to him on the pre-text of helping his cousin Lubdhavadhanulu. Madhuravani is the only one who knows all the moves. After taking an assurance from Soujanya Rao to protect Karataka Shastry and his student, (the fake bride) she unveils the plot and saves Lubdhayadhanulu. In this context Gireesham stands exposed in his true colours. He feigns to have been reformed. Soujanya Rao Pantulu advises Gireesham properly and sends Buchchamma to the widow-home. Lubdhavadhanulu donates all his property to the widow-home and sends his daughter there.

All these characters are portrayed in minutest detail in life-size, The constable, the Head Constable, Polisetty, Asiri and the other lawyers, the Deputy collector add to the fullness of the drama. Among these "Gireesham the Great" is a unique character whose creation gave this drama its eternal value. He does not have the characteristics of an ideal hero. He is a good looking common man, with a little knowledge of English. He uses intelligence unscrupulously his livelihood. With his glib tongue he could win over the gullible. His actual behaviour is a contradiction to his preaching of ideals. By nature he is not bad. Given a congenial atmosphere he can use his intelligence for propagating good. Best circumstances made him rogue!. As they are moulded by social forces influenced by hypocritical elders, the present youth seem to be the shadows of Gireesham who is a fictitious character created a century ago.

Though the Telugu people are known for their love for humour, there is a complaint that there is no indigenous humour in Telugu literature. Whatever humour is available is either taken from Sanskrit, Prakrit or English. However, 'Kanyasulkam' is a treasure of humour indigenous to Telugu people. Almost on all the occasions humour acts like a sharp knife to expose and castigate social evils. There are occasions where the purpose of humour is either to entertain the reader or relieve the seriousness of the situations.

There is a comic situation of the hiding of Gireesham and Ramappantulu under the cot of Madhuravani when chased by the woman who runs the eating house. When a messenger comes to collect the debt, his action as a deaf man entertains the audience.

Whenever Gireesham was present he gives a tinge of humour to the situation by his subtle or sarcastic way of talk. With his limited knowledge he interprets the epics and upanishads in his favour. He comments that 'Chamakam' is nothing but asking for the eatables.

Gireesham's talks on religious reforms and his comment on dependence and independence of man are humorous. Gireesham comments on the education system. His list of the books to be purchased by Venkatesham including "Kuppusamiayyar made difficult" are satirical. This satire makes the modern educationist think a while about the system of guides and notes which have replaced the original text books. He praises the habit of tobacco smoking and links it up with the invention of the steam engine.

When his new bride runs away, Lubdhavadhanulu thinks that her first husband's ghost is threatening him. Then the servant Asiri brings Gavariah. After pretending to do some rituals Gavariah says that he sealed the ghosts of the bride and her husband in a bottle. Immediately Meenakshi asks him what if the husband and wife's ghosts put in the same bottle gave birth to ghost children? This innocent humour

lightens the seriousness of the situation and none of the above humourus situations is borrowed or imitated. There is a striking originality about them.

Though the main object of the drama is to expose the evils of selling the brides, other social evils also are dealt with.

One of the burning social problems of those days was nautch system. By that time the "Devadasi" system deteriorated into cheap exposure of the body and prostitution. So the reformers wanted to eradicate that evil by educating them and turning them into house-wives. Madhuravani represents that section. Though her livelihood is selling herself, she keeps her dignity. She says that the status of a poor farmer's wife is better than that of her's. She points out the flaw in the anti - nautch movement to Soujanya Rao who is convinced with her argument. She says that keeping the nautches (prostitues) away does not solve the problem. Reformers should understand them and inculcate goodness in them. This suggestion is not only to Soujanya Rao but to all social reformers. Rehabilitation is more important.

Kanyasulkam and child marriage are twins. Widow re-marriage is associated with it. In his preface Gurujada refers to the practice of betrothal even before a girl was born. For all these girls the bride-grooms are old men. As parents do not like to give their girls to aged men, the older the bride-groom the more attractive is the *kanyasulkam*. Greedy fathers used to search for old sonsin-law to get more price. By the time these

old men die their widows would be in the prime of life. They are also human beings. All of them cannot lead a saintly life without any desires like Buchchamma. That is why even a rogue like Gireesham could not wag his tail in her pious presence. On one side Gurajada depicts Buchchamma leading the life of a pious widow, on the other he portrays the eating house woman who wanted to re-marry and indulged in illegal relationships. There is Meenakshi who was seduced by Rammappantulu and could not resist her desires.

Superstitions like presence of ghosts, bairagis, who pretend to possess super natural powers and fake sanyasins who sell liquor and meat are castigated in the drama in appropriate situations.

The guides in the form of made - easies, litigation, the greedy lawyers who exploit the clients, engaging false witnesses, the fear of the police, the behaviour of the people at places where liquor is sold etc., depict not only the social conditions of those days but

also the present day experiences.

The times may change, conditions may change but human psychology will not change. The problems will be perennial as long as selfishness and exploitation of others are there in the human beings. That is why the drama composed by a master mind a century ago is alive even today. The problem he dealt with, the characters he created, the situations he contrived crossed the limitations of time and place.

According to Mahakavi Sri Sri, this is the first ever drama aimed at social reform in India. As far as Andhra Pradesh is concerned there is no doubt that this is the first social reform drama which influenced people to a great extent. Gurujada used the common man's language instead of the bookish language used by the poets and writers of those days.

The social awareness and sincerity in his efforts made Gurajada a Mahakavi and Kanyasulkam a drama of all times.

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## **SHORT STORY**

# FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT

## Govindaraju Sita Devi

It was around six in the evening and the City of Hyderabad was dazzling with neon and flood lights. Tireless vehicular traffic was streaming past and people were racing on the streets in an apparent hurry. There was a wayside bookstall on the road leading from Errammanzil to Panjagutta Police station, adjoining a compound wall, before which all types of magazines, newspapers and periodicals were gaily hung in arches.

Twenty year old Anita, doing her final yyear BA Degree Course, visited the shop odaily to pick up the mag she wanted. That oday also she was there. She liked spending sometime looking at the other girls like her who came there and she lingered a little blonger, after she picked up her copy of the FFILM FARE, and paid for it. The leaves of the SITARA were enticingly fluttering and sishe looked into it.

She was disturbed by a low humming
"There was a young thing who wore white,
For two good reasons, you are right!
One was it kept her light and bright,
The other, showed her assets tight"

She abruptly turned round and found two yeoung fellows in their twenties, who immmediately turned their heads away and

(Translated from Telugu by Vemaraju Narasimha Rao)

pretended looking at the journals. One of them was short and stubby and the other lean and lanky, and looked very much college-going. This was not the first time she was accosted and teased. They were at it for the past one week. When the shop-owner noticed them, they dug their heads into the papers and acted respectable and when he was busy, ogled at her, and passed obscene comments. They even followed her upto some distance. Anita was very much irritated at their passes, and controlled herself with an effort. She gave them a contemptuous look and reverted to the mag she was looking into.

"There was a young ...", the humming started again.

She was very much disturbed that day and inspite of herself began losing her cool.

"Stupids, idiots, rascals.. These detestable males: Don't they have any sense of shame? If there is a woman, they act like real mad, and hang around and make a nuisance of themselves and to others. Pests!" She rattled her teeth in anger. Her friend, Mary had advised her previously.

"Look, Anita! The best thing to do, is not to react. The elephant trudges along with dignity as the street dogs bark. What does it lose? Don't look at them! Don't react! They will be tired and go away themselves". She agreed that was, of course, the right thing to do in such circumstances.

It was getting darker and time to leave. She collected her mag and turned back. After some distance, as she turned into the bylane leading to her newly coming up colony, she looked back but did not find the youth. She heaved a sigh of relief and started walking briskly. A couple of houses had come up and a few other structures are in various stages of construction. She realised that the street lights were not put on and her house at the end of the lane was still some distance away, and that she was alone.

As she walked across the open land towards her house, the youth descended in front of her as if from nowhere and blocked her way. They were giggling.

"Hi, Anita darling, how long are you going to keep us waiting? Speak a word! Please! We are so much in love with you, don't you know? You are a real darling!" The short one rattled on as he came rear her.

Hey, An'ta, something is moving on your plouse dea! Wait, let me take it out! "He put his hand on her.

She stiffened at the outrage, for a moment.

"Rascals! How dar you do that? "She gave the man a very hard hit.

"My God, I'm finished," the fellow Screamed as he backed out and tumbled into the pit dug for excavation, which was full of rain water of the previous night.

"What, you're after all a woman and you dare to play pranks with us, don't you? Now, look what I'm going to do- we'll see who's going to come to your rescue!" The other one prattled as he neared her. For a moment she stood still, and he was emboldened.

"Hey, baby! What are you looking at? Your heart must have dropped down and let's see how far it had gone down!"

As he approached her, she gave him a mighty hit on the shoulder. He yelled in pain as he felt his joint was dislocated. He turned round in mortal fear and took to his heals without looking back.

The fellow who fell in the ditch was still struggling to come out of the mud.

"To Hell with you, you dirty rascals! This is of enough for nasty creatures like you!". She spat on him contemptuously as she looked at the approaching figure of the old teacher who was a tenant in their house. The man in the ditch managed to get out, and he ran for his life

anxiously, "What's wrong, dear? You are linguing in the darkness? Why is the man running away from here? I suppose he has

not done anything bad?". He showered questions on her. She narrated the event very briefly, and he exclaimed "Aha!".

"Uncle, you remember you were advising me time and again that something like this may happen any time?"

He picked up "Yes, yes dear! A woman has little protection in this jungle of men full of jackals, wolves and demonic elements, and that this protection cannot be got by mere asking or slogan-shouting or passing resolutions at the meetings. What protection can these really give you? In this world, every living being fights for survival till the end. But what does a woman do? She panics and craves for help and protection from man and does not do anything to defend herself. This is madness, my child! Every woman must receive training to defend herself in any eemergency and there are many ways, if only you care! Karate, Judo and other self defence systems can be very easily mastered."

Yes, Uncle, because of your advice, today II am bold and I do not know how to thank yyou enough!"

"No need for thanks dear. I am happy that you had the presence of mind not to panic but put your skills to good use. But, please be on yyour guard, they may try again!"

"What do you advise?"

"Always keep an eye on what is happening around you. You know such men are arrested and are taken to the court and are punished for the evils they do. Basically good men learn the lesson and reform themselves and do not do that again. But there are hardened men with criminal minds, who are out to take revenge. It is these that you have to guard against. These people have no sense of belonging to the society or sense of right or wrong. They tend to attack again, even to kill if only, to take revenge. They pose a danger to any society and who is to reform them and bring them back to senses? It takes a lot of time to educate them and make them civilised and responsible citizens. Unless there is a change in the heart of man, these incidents are bound to happen and a woman has always to be careful".

"Thank you Uncle, you are quite right", She agreed.

"That's a good girl. Girls these days are not only intelligent but are also brave. Let's move on, it is getting darker"

He put his arm around her for support and Anita walked along with the teacher from darkness towards light.

# "TAXILA" A STUDY CENTRE AND UNIVERSITY

### D.L. Narasimha Rao

### Introduction

Taxila University was one of the famous universities of the Ancient world. Taxila Takshasila) became famous by the age of Buddha. The University might have been established in that City before 5th century B.C. Buddhist Jataka stories have clearly mentioned about the place as an important educational centre.

There is a strong evidence to show that this University attained much fame during the reign of Ashoka. The writings of Western Historians and The enrolment of many foreign students in this University may be noted. This University was noted for its Vedic Studies.

## Its Speciality and Importance

Taxila was a higher learning Study Centre. Scholars arrived there for completion of higher studies. At the age of 16, they joined this Study Centre and they returned to their homes by becoming bachelors or Degree Holders. First, they would pay the requisite fee and get the permission to study there. As per Historical recordings the fee was a thousand coins of that period.

It had a Residential School, a College and a University. Poor disciples served their

Masters/teachers/lectures/professors during day time as they were unable to pay the fee. During the night time, they were taught by from their respective teachers, who were called "GURUS". This indicates that they were permitted to study in the evenings. If some scholars wanted to study during their entire lives and if they did not want to serve their respective masters, they got an opportunity to pay the fee, only after the completion of their studies. During that period in Ancient India, the fees of the teacher or master could be paid by the students even in the shape of gold. There was a hostel in that Education Parishad also. The hostel provided accommodation to 5000 students. And there was also a mess, which would provide food to both the teachers and the disciples.

Sometimes, students went to school or Parishad by accompanying the Princes of their Countries. The respective States bore the expenditure of their students' studies. Some students were sponsored by their Kings, for early completion of their studies. One Brahmin student of Kasi was sponsored by his King for his special higher studies in archery. The teacher of that school was not an officer of Education Department to provide even financial help. To provide lodging and boarding facilities to the students only the concerned teacher acted as Warden

and collected a nominal fee from them.

# Curriculum and Syllabus

Students from all castes except from the fifth caste, were eligible to study there. They would study there, till they were able to earn their livelihood, and conformed to the norms and conventions. This indicates that they studied in the conventional education system.

Taxila University became World famous for its special attention to the higher studies in Law and Medicine. Scholars from far off places like Ujjain were attracted to study Logic there. The Taxila Logic Centre was extremely popular. Its study centre in Archery was also a well-known one. The Pandits in Archery Studies, trained with great concentration and special interest. Jyotipala, a Brahmin Student of Kasi was sponsored by his ruler and got admission there to study in that subject, and later became a teacher for 500 students on the basis of the Certificate and Instruction received there.

During that age subjects like Vedatraya and Dhanurveda attracted more students. As per the records, 103 Princes of various kingdoms of India received training in the Army Centre of Taxila.

Taxila Musicians visited Varanasi and brought much fame to the Art of Singing. Varanasi Scholars went to Taxila, embraced "SANYASAASHRAMA" there, built their Ashrams in the peaceful woods of Taxila and attained popularity. A Scholar named "Swetaketu", who came first among the 500 students of Varanasi School, went to Taxila for his higher studies. It is said that "Swetaketu" visited many places around Taxila and ultimately built an "Ashram" there.

Studying Medicine at Taxila University, was a craze in those days, and there was a great demand. Herbal gardens were reared, around Taxila, upto 15 miles. "Jeevaka" a "Ayurveda" research scholar studied medicine there for 7 years. He did research in Ayurveda and brought many secrets to light. History records that he treated "Bimbisara", king of Magadha and Goutama Buddha, himself "Atreya" was a Professor there during that time. "Charaka" succeeded him and brought popularity to Ayurveda "Kaya" system. treatment a "ASHTANGA VAIDYA" was spread by him to the whole world.

"Jeevaka", who treated Bimbisara, was also an eminent Surgeon in Ayurveda. He acquired much dexterity in it, as was mentioned in the Jataka Tales. Jeevaka was the physician to Buddha and his Monasteries, after Bimbisara adopted Buddism, Married people, who suffered from severe ill-health adopted Buddhism, got membership in the Buddhist Societies and got good treatment from Jeevaka. After they were restored to health, they left the Societies. To avoid this, Buddha ordered that

they should not allow any married persons with ailment in their Societies. This indicates that Taxila became extremely popular, by the period of Lord Goutama, the Buddha.

According to Fahien, the Taxila University started teaching Buddhist Studies, after the incarnation and invaluable preachings of Buddha.

The Jataka Tales give us a glimpse of the esteem and importance with which Taxila was held with the "Bimba-Prati Bimba" ideas of Literature and Society. It is said that Scholars from Kasi, Rajagriha, Midhila, Ujjain, Kosala and Central Northern places joined in this University. The main reason for the importance of Taxila was, it had outstanding teachers on various subjects, who were popular for their teaching skills, efficiency, merit and talent. With these excellent qualities, it is not surprising that they became world famous. Taxila was a centre of knowledge in different disciplines. There were so many Study Centres and Colleges in the country which were affiliated to this University. It was a sort of Central University.

## Well-known Persons of this University

Chanakya, "Guru" to Mourya Chandragupta was first a student of this University and he became a teacher in the University later on. Jeevaka, the Court Doctor to Bimbisara, king of Magadha, was a medical student and a later a professor of

Ayurveda medicine, in this University. Panini, a Sanskrit Grammarian and writer of "Ashtadhyayi", also studied in this University. Ashoka who was the Governor of this place, during the reign of King Bindusara crushed a revolt here.

## Geographical importance of Taxila

Taxila is situated in ancient Gandhara kingdom in North-Western India. It became a "Centre" later on. It became a City and State afterwards and was spread in between the river Sindhu and its tributory Jhelum.

According to Ramayana, Bharata, brother of Lord Sri Rama, named his son as "Taksha" from whom the city took its name. Due to the frequent attacks by foreigners, its prosperity and glorious legacy declined. Persians, Greeks, Kushans and Huns raided this place and founded their kingdoms. Whenever there was a change in the ruler, the curriculum and syllabus of Taxila underwent a change. Taxila State came up on the foundations of Taxila City Centre in Ancient India. By the time of the arrival of Alexander, Taxila was already at its trinnacle of glory and by 3rd Century B.C., it became a Buddhist Cultural Centre.

## **Other Specialities**

Students studied their subjects thoroughly and in depth under the able guidance of their Acharyas, who ran different residential schools in this University. Teachers, Lecturers and Professors, were authorities in their respective fields were on the staff and it produced disciplined disciples, brought credit to the University. Due to their tireless endeavours, this became an excellent Study Centre in Ancient India.

Sculpture, Magic, Diplomacy, Political Science, History, Vedas, Philosophy, Grammer, 18 types of vocational courses, War, Ethics, Astrology, Geology, Agricultural Commerce, Snake-bite cure, etc., were same of the subjects taught there.

There was an interaction with Greek Culture and Civilisation and some scholars were proficient in Greek Language also. Special training camps in Grecian Artillery, were also conducted.

#### Conclusion

This University was nourished by the kings and rich citizens upto the 4th Century A.D. and later on was destroyed. In 1947 during partition, it became a part of Pakistan

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THE REAL PROPERTY.		

## PATTABHIRAM A SEASONED JOURNALIST

Dr. D. Anjaneyulu

[Sri Mamidipudi Pattabhiram was a regular contributor of a widely appreciated feature article on the political scene to our TRIVENI after the demise of his illustrious father Venkatarangaiah garu who used to write for our journal. When his article did not appear once (on account of his illness) readers made anxious enquiries. His absence is a great loss to the 70 year old journal. - Editor].

If youth habits excitements, age has its anxieties. Especially after completing the biblical span of three score and ten. The exit of old friends and close contemporaries leaves one all the more lonely.

Mamidipudi Pattabhi Ram (who passed away on 28 June, 1997) was one of my oldest friends and colleagues in the profession. I knew him for almost half-acentury (49 years to be exact). When I joined the .paIndian Express, in Madras in May 1948 as a sub-editor, he was already there in the Editorial Department, with a service of a couple of years.

He had shifted to The Hindu later in the same year (i.e. in November) and continued there, without a break, till the end of his career, his life in fact. He died in harness, after a service of 49 years. It was probably a record in English daily journalism in India, may be with a few exceptions. It was by dint of sheer hard work and unstinted loyalty to the institution that he rose to the position of Associate Editor.

Pattabhi Ram (Pattabhi to close friends and MPR to others) made a mark in the profession because of qualities that wear well. He was not flashy or flamboyant. Whatever he wrote was well documented, comprehensive in scope, balanced in judgment, restrained in expression. He kept a low profile and was allergic to sensation and pacontroversy. But he stood his ground, when anyone tried to challenge his facts or contradict him with insufficient evidence and other data at one's disposal.

He was also an able all-rounder. After adequate experience as a sub-editor, he was put in reporting. He did well, first as a Staff Correspondent in Calcutta, later as a member of the New Delhi bureau of the paper. In 1973-74, while in Delhi on transfer, I had the opportunity of meeting him now and then. Once he took me along with him when he met Dr. S.D. Sharma, then Congress President for gathering news. It was obvious that he was respected by all the dignitaries concerned, as he was reliable and kept confidences.

Earlier, while in Madras, he was sent out on a tour of Andhra Pradesh for gauging the mood of the people on the eve of the elections in 1957. His reports were perceptive; and he was able to anticipate correctly the victory of the Congress.

Journalism is a profession in which entrants come in all shapes and sizes. Or, to put it more precisely, with different academic backgrounds, intellectual equipments and professional skills. Pattabhi Ram came to it with ample resources in all these respects. After Economics Honours from Loyola College, he took his Law degree and was apprenticed in the chambers of V. Govindarajachari (who was later elevated to the Bench). But before long, he switched over to journalism.

In 1947-48, I used to see him, a slim six-footer, clad in Khadi, entering the Express Office, them situate on Round Thana in a building, later to be occupied by Udipi Sri Krishna Bhavan. Having trodden the same path, i.e. Honours and Law, with training in journalism, I was, partly atleast, encouraged to emulate his example by joining the Express first, and later The Hindu, where I could see him at work as a colleague for about five years.

Businesslike in his work, he was quick to grasp and prompt in subbing. Never fussy about anything, he seldom spoke about himself. It was part of his good breeding. His respect for his father (Prof. Venkatarangaiya) was unqualified. He collaborated with him in the preparation of a book on Local Self-government besides writing one on Indian elections on his own. Small wonder that in cultivating a spirit of objectivity, he was deeply influenced by the example of his father, who was a distinguished academic.

Indian politics, with particular reference to Andhra affairs, was his forte. For many years till the end of his life he contributed a regular feature on the Indian political scene to the TRIVENI quarterly as his father did earlier in his time. He had wide contacts with political leaders and civil servants in Delhi and Hyderabad, apart from those in Madras where he spent the best part of his adult life. His friends and acquaintances were drawn from all linguistic and cultural groups.

In his personal life, Pattabhi Ram could be described as an enlightened conservative. He was widely travelled, but he had not gone "Phorren" in his way of life. He represented in himself a happy blend of enterprise and caution, sociability and reserve, opennes and deep roots.

## **BOOKS AND AUTHORS**

## Dr. D. Anjaneyulu

By the time these words appear in print, the country would have elected a new President. The outcome of this election was treated only as a foregone conclusion. Then, what exactly was notable about it? It was being mentioned in many quarters that India would be having a Dalit as its President for the first time. Not a Dalit woman though, as envisaged by Mahatma Gandhi, accepted as the Father of the Nation.

This kind of compliment or comment does inadequate justice to the incoming Head of the State. Mr. K.R. Narayanan deserves to be the First citizen on the strength of his intrinsic merits, unrelated to the accident of his birth. To him go the best wishes of all his countrymen. Earlier, we had Dr. B.R. Ambedkar, who takes pride of place among the founding fathers of the Constitution, a social thinker of great significance. His thoughts on all aspects of Indian society remain as stimulating today as they were when first made six to seven decades ago.

If the Dalits are seen to be at the crossroads of history, it cannot justly be held against their great leader. It can only be a measure of the weight of the deadwood of tradition and the power of obscurantist vested interests in Indian Society.

It is to the credit of Dr. A. Padmanaban, who had come up the hard way in the official hierarchy and since chosen to be a social activist, that he has not only grasped the message of Dr. Ambedkar in its entirety but has been striving to keep it alive. In his book on "Dalits at the Crossroads" (Poompuhar Pathippagam, 63, Prakasam Road (Broadway), Madras - 600 108), he presents their struggle past and present, in the light of that message.

He says:

"Dr. Ambedkar's ideal of a Hindu society without caste and untouchability has not been achieved so far. Religion and Caste continue to play havoc in the minds of the masses in villages. The .pastruggle of the untouchables continues in the backdrop of Dr. Ambedkar's lasting and lustrous legacy which he has left to his followers and Countrymen".

In the 21 compact chapters of this book, Dr. Padmanaban discusses a wide variety of subjects, covering all aspects of the Dalits and their problems. They range from Enumeration in the 1911 census, reservation in services and provisions in the constitution, basic differences in approach between Gandhi and Ambedkar, Dalit Christians, Civil rights, the emergency of Mayavati as Chief Minister of U.P. up to an Agenda for Action. The Agenda emphasises the need for effectively implementing the items already provided for in the constitution.

The author reminds the SCs and STs about the urgent duty of the community to 'Educate, Organise and Agitate', as exhorted

in Dr. Ambedkar's motto. It is also important that the educated men and women of the community espouse the cause of their less fortunate brethren .paand help them in all possible ways. He regrets that inspite of good intentions and good schemes, the lot of these people has not improved in the fifty years since Independence.

There are a number of useful annexures at the end of the book, giving details of the Supreme Court judgment in a case relating to the Mandal Commission Report; the three communal G.O.s; the number of cases of crime against the S.cs; and a State-wise list of the number of seats reserved for S.C's and S.T's in the Parliament and the State Assemblies.

Those who invoke the name of Gandhi in season out of season nowadays would have everyone believe that he had solved the problem of Muslims as well as that of Harijans. The leader who protested: "Pakistan over my dead body", was fated to see its emergence in his life time, while its consequences are being faced by those who are alive today in this country.

It is worth asking ourselves now: Was Pakistan part of an inevitable historical process or the end product of an inflated ego struggling to find expression in an inflammatory atmosphere. Prior to 1940, few would take the slogan of Pakistan seriously. Not even Jinnah, perhaps. After 1945, few could remain unmoved at the disturbing prospect. Neither Punjab nor

Bengal were amenable to Jinnah's dictates until 1943-44.

Punjab was then under the control of the unionist party, a secular organisations of agriculturists founded by Sir Fazl-i-Hussain and led later by Sir Sikandar Hayat Khan, Sir Chhotu Ram and Malik Khirr Hayat Khan Tiwana. Jinnah, as the hot gospeller of the Pakistan formula was kept at bay in Punjab until 1944, when Chhotu Ram died. Mr. Madan Gopal, in his biography (Sir Chhotu Ram - the Man and the Vision, Bhagirath Sewa Sansthan, Ghaziabad - 201 001) feels that Chhotu Ram had lived another three or four years, there would possibly have been no partition of the Country.

It was only after his death that the Unionist party succumbed to Jinnah's onslaught of contrived fundamentalism, leading to separation. Then as now, Pubjab (or West Punjab) formed the hard core of Pakistan. It was the party's stronghold. The grip on it of Chhotu Ram was so firm that Jinnah was literally made to flee from it in 1944. Chhotu Ram vehemently opposed communalism and was able to carry his colleagues with him.

In this biography, which is informative and readable, the author, who knows Punjab like the palm of his right hand, presents a vivid and lucid portrait of a strong and straight forward man, who shaped the destinies of that province for many years, before Independence. He cherishes his image as a man of personal integrity and political sagacity. Rather a rare combination nowadays.

There are stereotyped views, accepted with no questions, in the appreciation of literature, no less than in the understanding of politics. In Telugu literature, in particular. One of them is the grudging place given to literacy criticism, well below almost all the other branches of writing. To some extent, C.R. Reddy was able to assert the value of criticism, in his 'Kavitvatattva Vichaaramu' (an Enquiry into the nature of Poesy) written about a century ago. Not that there had been no competent critics thereafter. But their influence was not adequate or effective.

recent times. Dr.G.V. In more Subrahmanyam has been striving his utmost, by precept and by example, to demonstrate the importance of literary criticism in Telugu. During the last nearly forty years, first as Lecturer and then Reader. Osmania and later as Professor Hyderabad (Central) University, he had covered a wide variety of aspects of literary criticism in Telugu. Recognition had come to him in ample measure in the shape of awards and honours, culminating in the award by the (Central) Sahitya Akademi in 1986, for his book, 'Andhra Sahitya Vimarsa - Angla Prabhavamu' (ie The Influence of English on literary criticism in Telugu).

The souvenir volume, Chandana (literally 'Sandal Paste') presented to him recently on his completion of 60 years (GVS Kala

Peetam, Nallakunta, Hyderabad - 500 044, A.P.), contains a wealth of material, both in Telugu and in English. The Telugu section comprises mostly tributes and appreciations by his teachers, friends, colleagues, former students and other well-wishers. The English section presents his own articles, papers and speeches on subject close to his heart, like the identification of an intrinsic principle of evolution in literary history, influence of Jaina puranas, on 'Basava Purana', Research in Telugu, Poet Srinatha, among other things.

It is amusing but paradoxical to find that half-a-century after the English had left, more people speak and write in English than ever before. Many write in verse too, unmindful of the unsolicited discouragement and disapproval. But the more sophisticated and successful of them choose to be modishly obscure with no provocation and puzzling with no profundity. Luckily, we still have quite a few who prefer to be sincere and spontaneous.

Dr. I.H. Rizvi is one of them. With six collections of verse to his credit, he has come to be identified as a poet of love, of humanity and of social consciousness, without going far away from the Indian ethos. He is an impenitent Romantic, in whom are blended the Keatsian element of sweet sorrow and the Shelleyan mood of thoughtful dejection. Most of his poems are marked by a depth of sensibility, as could be seen in the present collection, 'Gathering Broken Glasses' (Prakash Book Depot, Bara

Books and Authors

Bazar Bareilly - (UP) - 243 003' Rs. 75/=).

Typical of this is the title piece, which reads:

"The glass pieces are lying on the ground in the dark on a lonely path. Rays of red, blue and yellow hues try to shoot out of the pieces - Do not pick them up, please; they may pinch your fingers and if even one drop of blood comes out of your tender fingers my heart will start bleeding again".

These from the poem, 'In Vain': "I sigh for the faded blooms which dry and twist and fall.

#### THE GODLY

#### Prof. Hazara Singh

Why bother about an Olympic medal Gold, silver or of any other metal?
Why run, jump, swim or vigorously pedal?
Physical feats are not a gainful mettle.
Barbarians box, the thick-headed wrestle
The godly like not to strike or grapple.
Through hawala, all top deals they settle
Their progeny they, thus, groom and nestle.

Is organized for removing national shame.

Now and then a city gets the corrective name For regaining its snatched historical fame.

Whatever charges, the investigation may frame For exposing scams that led to financial drain Are stoutly scuttled through brawn and brain.

Through intrigues the godly top in every domain

#### SILENCE

#### Krishna C. Ratakonda

Alone, enveloped by silence
I sat still underneath a tree
Faint sounds from far away
Waxed and waned with the wind

A child's laugh A dog's bark

A bird's tweet

They formed a shimmering back drop
That was a some-how a part of the silence.

Thoughts, fragments from the past
Flitted by in a monotonous procession
A reminder of pleasure and of pain
They were waves in the calm sea of silence
Arising only to ebb away.

I watched them detachedly
As each made its own path
Time passed by ineffably
It took may be a minute
Or maybe it was an aeon
I too was one with the silence

#### **BOOK REVIEWS**

#### **ENGLISH**

THE FUNCTION OF 'ENIGMA' IN ARUN JOSHI' - A CRITICAL STUDY by Dr. Ch. A. Rajendra Prasad, Published by: Amulya Publishers, Narasapur 534 275
PAGES: 137: Price: Rs.95/-

The author, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, after a brilliant career in the Andhra University, from where he obtained his M.A. degree and also his Ph.D., had worked as the Head of the Post Graduate Department of English at Sri. Y.N. College, Narsapur, Andhra Pradesh. Just at present, he is Professor of English in the University of Eritrea on the African shore of the Red Sea.

The book has a very appreciative foreword by Prof. G.S. Balarama Gupta, Professor in the Department of English in Gulbarga University and Editor of Journal of Indian writing in English.

The book is a change from the usual appreciation of Arun Joshi's works. Dr. Rajendra Prasad stresses on the "textual strategy" of Arun Joshi-the Enigma-by means of which the novelist projects and realises his vision of the alienated man in his works.

The "Enigma" of Arun Joshi has been defined by the author as "The ambivalent position of every novelist creating an illusion of reality from an imagined reality".

The author has labelled Arun Joshi as a past master of psychological probing-along with Kamala Markandeya and Anita Desai. But Joshi's focus is on the inner emotional ethos of man rather than on the external, social or moral environment.

The author gives a brief critical assessment of four novels of Arun Joshi-The Foreigner, The Strange Case of Billy Biswas, The Apprentice and The Last Labyrinth, where his central characters reflect his conviction that every man has a duty and a responsibility to chalk out his own destiny.

Through all these reviews, the author traces the paradigm of enigmas through which Arun Joshi "Communicates the music of ideas that gave meaning to the destinies of his heroes", and also "The values that transformed the destinies of the heroes and shed light on the various philosophic queries that had been baffling him".

Dr. Rajendra Prasad shows real maturity and sophistication in both in his methodology and evaluation - as attested by Prof. Balaram Gupta.

The book is extremely readable though the language tends to be a little heavy here and there. But the subject may warrant it.

The print is easy on the eye-an essential feature if any book has to be read.

A little more care could have been devoted to the correction of the proofs.

On the whole, the book is an invaluable addition to all Collectors of the work of modern Indian English Novelists.

#### -Y. PADMAVATHY

## DHARMA - THE BEDROCK OF INDIAN CULTURE

by D. Panduranga Rao,

Published by Dharmajyoti Publications Copies can be had from D. Naga Kumari, H.No. 19-48/2, Goutham Nagar, Malkajgiri, Hyderabad - 500 047,

pp. X VI + 184 price Rs.60/-.

'Dharma-The Bedrock of Indian Culture' by Sri. D. Panduranga Rao brings out significance of Dharma which stands for, in a truly scientific spirit and with penetrating mind devoid of malice or prejudice. He says that we have to dive deep into scriptures of this ancient land to hold the pearls of wisdom that could be of immense help in spreading happiness, love and harmony in our present day society.

The book contains nine chapters from an erudite scholar with profound spiritual slant and massive learning. It covers all the aspects of India's genius, her culture, philosophy, religion and her contribution to world thought.

We are living in a rapidly changing world. Science and its marvellous achievements have shaken our old faihs and a new way has been opened to modern man. Civilization has advanced far. Man has conquered distance and the craze for further discoveries leads man to restless life. As the eminent scientist Hackeal writes, every effort of genuine science makes for a knowledge of truth

Sri Panduranga Rao has rightly stressed that India's rishies regarded religion as a science. Our culture is based upon divine love and religion.

In the chapter 'God-And His Workship in Indian tradition Sri Panduranga Rao explains the significance of temple workship. Construction of temples making the idols and their installations are done according to Agama Sastras which are a science by themselves. The author gives a detailed account of various aspects of workship.

He wishes that the temple should again become an active centre where all human creativity in art, music, dance etc., with spiritual orientation and the festivities contributing to the promotion of unity among all people in service of the Almighty. There should be minimal interference of the government in the administration of the temples.

Sri Rao upholds the system of Varnashrama Dharma. He says, 'the root principle of Varna Dharma is the merging of individualism (as different from individuality) with its concomitant notions of exclusiveness, egoism etc., into the active universal whole and to bring into existence a complete form of perfect communal life.

The author observes the Varnasrama Dharma as Vedic Communism. He stresses the need for underlining the importance of Brahmin as one devoted to the quest for truth. He expresses his anguish at the present condition of Brahmins and exhorts them to follow their holy traditions of Japas and sacrifice.

The author says that Religion and Caste whose ideals are spiritual have now become instruments for political manoeuvering and manipulations and to divide people and dismember the nation.

Sri Panduranga Rao leads the readers gently from worlds to thoughts and then on to contemplation. The work is a splendid service to the cause of sanatana dharma. This is a book to be savoured and not swallowed. There is no doubt that this well written volume will find a coveted place in the shelves of Dharma. The entire subject is in a language easily comprehensible to the readers. Sri Panduranga Rao derserves all praise for his splendid work.

The printing and get up is attractice and without any printers devils.

The price of the book is quite reasonable for its size.

#### - J. HANUMATH SASTRY

MAHATMA GANDHI'S LEADERSHIP AND QUIT INDIA MOVEMENT IN COASTAL ANDHRA. by Prof. Ch. M. Naidu.

It is a laudable attempt to study India's Freedom Movement at the micro level, the period of study restricted to the Quit India movement of 1942 and the area chosen for study being the coastal Andhra districts then forming part of the erstwhile Madras Presidency. The book is research-oriented with copious references to source material, particularly the verbatim reports of the thrilling events in the local vernacular press besides the day to day reports of the people's agitation.

The Quit India Movement was the outcome of Sir Stafford Cripps Mission in April, 1942 which ended in failure leaving a pall of gloom in people's mind and strengthening their resolve to seek new ways to win full political freedom. Japan after swallowing South-east Asiatic countries during the Second World War started knocking directly at the eastern-gateways of India by subjecting to aerial bombardment the port towns of Calcutta, Visakhapatnam, Kakinada and Madras. The darkened political horizons provided a singular

opportunity to Gandhiji to organise what he claimed as the biggest non-violent struggle ever contemplated by him. In his peroration to the A.I.C.C. delegates assembled in Bombay on 7th August, 1942, Gandhiji amidst thunderous applause said, "I must not suppress the voice within me. Call it conscience call it anything you like, call it the promptings of my basic nature. I don't mind how you describe it, but there is something there... That choice tells me that I have to fight against the whole world ... "Still Gandhiji kept the gateway negotiation open by stating in his speech thus: "Only the glow of freedom now can release the energy and enthusiasm of millions of people which transform immediately the nature of war" thereby almost hinting that free India would side Allied Powers in the war against Germany and Japan. But no Britisher at that time at Delhi or London level were willing to take the hint and start negotiations with Gandhiji, The British totally underestimated Gandhiji's mass appeal and even thought him to be a rebel and a saboteur. The author is correct in writing thus: "The Viceroy Lord Linlithgow could not understand why they (the people) revered him (Gandhiji) so overwhelmingly ... perhaps the Viceroy being a thorough westerner, did not have proper conception of Hindu ethos and Gandhiji's extraordinary skill in blending religion and politics and the way in which they respected him as a demi-god" The author rightly commented that it was the Viceroy who provoked the movement by imprisoning the Mahatma.

The author went on to describe the role of M.A. Jinnah the Muslim League leader who proved to be a stumbling block to Gandhiji in many ways particularly by trying to give a twist to the movement by asking the British "Divide and Quit". He also explained how inspite of serious political differences in the approach to the problem of liberating India between Gandhiji and Subhas Chandra Bose. the latter by organising Azad Hind Fauj had indirectly influenced Gandhiji's mind and Bose himself claimed that Quit India Movement was 'the war front from within the country' and 'non-violent Gorilla War'. The author also drew attention to the Two Nation Theory advocated by M.A. Jinnah not having much impact on the coastal Andhra Muslims who participated in the Quit India Movement in fairly large numbers.

The author referred to the Twelve Point Programme, the Manifesto issued by Gandhiji for people to follow in case a crisis was precipitated by the arrest of leaders and stated that everyone was free to go to the fullest length and Ahimsa to precipitate deadlocks by strikes and other non-violent means and incited them to action with his new slogan 'do or die'. But the manifesto no where suggested any destructive activity like sabotage and all appeals for strikes and other forms of agitation were meant to be organised within the parameters of non-violence set by him.

The author went at length into the genesis of the 'Andhra Circular' and other prohibited

literature printed locally which however did incite people to violence. The movement was marked by spontaneity with new leadership coming everywhere to the forefront when all the accredited leaders were kept under arrest and the author went into many details giving their names and their activities and the largescale destruction caused to government property, particularly by attacks on railway, telegraph and telephone lines, railway station, police stations, post offices and other government offices. The movement was at its peak during August and September, 1942 though in some areas it went on till January, 1943. The author gave full details of the punitive action taken by the government by way of arrest of thousands of persons, imposing collective fines in areas where sabotage or destruction of property took place apart from lathi-charge or shooting or firing on the crowds, till finally the movement petered out.

The author did well in bringing out the book synchronizing it with the Golden Jubilee year of Indian independence. The book appears to have been written in great a hurry as language mistakes have crept in. Altogether it presents a vivid portrayal of an absorbingly interesting saga of coastal Andhra people's role in India's freedom struggle.

#### - R. SURYANARAYANAMURTHY

#### TELUGU

VAISAKHA SAMUDRAM by Dr. D. Subba Rao, Pages: 51 (Kavita in Telugu)

This slim volume of Telugu kavitas deals with a variety of topics - nature, human nature, philosophy and ideas of freedom and environmental study. We find delightful description of things and events like rural life and the village fair. Comparisons of natural beauty mostly had their basis in human experience in real life.

The poems reveal a sensitive heart which responds like a seismograph to the slightest tremors and vibrations of life. The impressions of his mind recollected in tranquility have been recorded with fidelity. Some of the poetic pieces like 'Tatwamasi' are characterised by search for truth and spiritual hankerings arising from a meditative mind.

Simple language and suggestive phrases make the book readable. The publication carries appreciative comments from eminent writers like Justice Sri Avula Sambasiva Rao, Sri Sada Siva and Dr. V.V.L. Narasimha Rao.

- I.V. CHALAPATI RAO

#### READERS' MAIL

- 1 -

IN PAGE 23 OF triveni (No. 65/4) the remark "FAIR is foul and foul is fair" has been mentioned as from HAMLET. This remark occurs in MACBETH and not HAMLET.

- P. Bulliah, Cuddapah

This has been pointed out by several others also - Ed

- 2 -

Your timely editorial TRIPLE STREAM stressing to revive the values and standards of our ancient India will certainly imbue the readers

- N. Varadarajan, Dept. of Tamil SV University, Tirupati

- 3 -

Recently there was an article in "The Asian Age" where the writer had written that TRIVENI has stopped publication. I was sad then. I was very happy to see TRIVENI again. Long live TRIVENI.

- S.K. Padhi, Dept. of English Keonjhar (Orissa)

-4-

After going through your article (Triple Stream) the spirit of emotion generated in me prompted to write to you. Now-a-days democracy exists in slogans only. We the fifth estate are the arm-chair critics but

cannot ignore what is happening around. We have to do our bit of service to the country as the mother and motherland are greater than heaven.

- N.S. Raju, Hyderabad

- 5 -

I have one suggestion... to arrange an annual conference of Triveni writers at some place. It will certainly help us to develop a real consciousness of Triveni community and know each other much better

- R. Suryanarayana Murthy Hyderabac

-6-

As usual your editorial essay in the issue is most inspiring. I wish I had the maturity to write like you.

> - Dr. R.K. Singh Indian School of Mines, Dhanbad.

-7-

I have just read your editorial. It bespeaks depth of your appreciation of realities.

- R.S. Tiwary Faizabad

-8-

I got the December issue and read your editorial on 'Vanishing values'. It must be refreshing to jaded minds with sluggish sensibilities. It looks as if nothing shocks us, when our feelings get coarse.

-Dr. D. Anjaneyulu Madras

-9-

In the latest issue of TRIVENI, (65:4) Dr. Sastry's **EMILY** Pramila essay DICKINSON's KINSHIP WITH TELUGU POETS is a fine study in Comparative Literature. The first words of the last sentence are, perhaps, "the universality of mysticism", not university. The learned scholar translated the Sanskrit adage. NANRISHIH KURUTE KAVYAM, with the words. One who is not a seer or saint cannot be a poet. Seer and saint are not synonyms. A Seer sees with his inner eye. A saint is any holy man who dedicates himself to God. He need not see with his inner eye. Rishi is a seer, not a saint. The epigraph to the essay on Srinivasa Ramanujam from Gray's Elegy in its first and third lines, as all know, begins with "Full many a ... " It is obvious that opening the lines with "Many a" is deliberate in following the footsteps of the great Indian orator who "corrected" Gray's Elegy. A student of Literature knows that poets are "seers" at some level and our cerebral conceptions of "correctness" should not be carried to "the realms of gold". This is not to question the greatness of the orator in his own realm. "Full Many" has a sonority and grandeur which the more "correct" form does not have.

- K.B. Sitaramayya

- 10 -

I read his (Sri Vemaraju Narasimha Rao's) article on Freedom Movement in the latest issue (No. 66/1) of Triveni which is full of nice anecdotes. It is indeed nice he knows how to develop the theme at the village level, a sort of micro study. It is indeed fortunate that he is also taking care of Triveni along with you.

- R. Suryanarayana Murthy

# The West of the second second

INDIA'S LITERARY AND CULTURAL QUARTERLY

FOUNDER EDITOR: KOLAVENNU RAMAKOTISWARA RAU FORMER EDITOR: Dr. BHAVARAJU NARASIMHA RAO



GOLDEN JÜBILEE YEAR OF INDEPENDENCE

EDITOR:
Prof. I.V. CHALAPATI RAO

Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri

### INDIA'S TRYST WITH DESTINY

#### PANDIT JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

[Following is the text of Pt. Jawaharlal Nehru's "Tryst with destiny" speech which was part of the resolution he moved at the transfer of power session of the Constituent Assembly on August 14, 1947 midnight. – Ed.]

- Long years ago we made a tryst with destiny, and now the time comes when we shall redeem our pledge, not wholly or in full measure, but very substantially. At the stroke of the midnight hour, when the world sleeps, India will awake to life and freedom.

A moment comes, which comes but rarely in history, when we step out from the old to the new, when an age ends, and when the soul of a nation, long suppressed, finds utterance. It is fitting that at this solemn moment we take the pledge of dedication to the service of India and her people and to the still larger cause of humanity.

At the dawn of history, India started on her unending quest, and trackless centuries are filled with her striving and the grandeur of her successes and her failures. Through good and ill fortune alike she has never lost sight of that quest or forgotten the ideals which gave her strength. We end today a period of ill fortune and India discovers herself again. The achievement we celebrate today is but a step, an opening of opportunity, to the greater triumphs and achievements that await us. Are we brave enough and wise enough tograsp this opportunity and accept the challenge of the future?

Freedom and power bring responsibility. That responsibility rests upon this Assembly, a sovereign body representing the sovereign people of India.

Before the birth of feedom we have endured all the pains of labour and our hearts are heavy with the memory of this sorrow. Some of those pains continue even now. That future is not one of ease or resting but of incessant striving so that we might fulfil the pledges we have so often taken and the one we shall take today.

The service of India means the service of the millions who suffer. It means the end of poverty and ingnorance and disease and inequality of opportunity. The ambition of the great men of our generation has been to wipe every eye. That may be beyond us but as long as there are tears and suffering, so long our work will not be over. And so we have to labour and to work and work hard to give reality to our dreams. Those dreams are for India, but they are also for the world, for all the nations and people are too closely knit together today for any one of them to imagine that it can live apart.

Peace has been said to be indivisible: So is freedom, so is prosperity now, and so also is disaster to this one world that can no longer be split into isolated fragments.

I beg to move, Sir, that it be resolved that:

After the last stroke of midnight, all members of the Constituent Assembly present on this occasion, do take the following pledge:

I, member of the Constituent Assembly of India, do dedicate myself in all humility to the service of India and her people to the end that this ancient land attain her rightful place in the world and make her full and willing contribution to the promotion of world peace and the welfare of mankind.......

# TRIPLE STREAM Editorial

### HITCH YOUR WAGON TO A STAR NO ALIBIS

- I.V. Chalapahi Rao

Golden Jubilee of Independence is the fit occasion for our youth to follow the example of great men and women in the various fields of activity and have a high purpose in life instead of frittering their energies in frivolous activity. All great men have a chief aim in life. By cultivating and exercising strong will power, they overcome hurdles and handicaps and finally achieve their goals in life. Life is not a purposeless pursuit of whims and fancies. History is full of instances of ordinary men achieving by conquering adverse success circumstances and surmounting the seemingly insurmountable barriers. They had a high aim in life. As Emerson said they "hitched their wagon to a star". Some like Jason and his men pursued the Golden Fleece. Some like Sir Galahad of King Arthur's Round Triable found and fetched the Holy Grail. Outside literature there were heroes who worked wonders and became legends in their life time. There are historical heroes and heroines, Julius Caesar and his hordes were confronted with the Rubicon on his march towards military glory. Shouting "I have cast my die", he leaped into the turbulent waters of the stream and bravely crossed it. Had he lacked strength of mind and the urge to go forward, he would have remained on his side of the bank and beaten a retreat!

We all have our Rubicons in life to cross. Tenzing Norkay and Edmund Hillary had their own high aim of conquering Mount Everest, the highest mountain peak in the world. Had they gone on thinking and worrying about the danger on the way instead of crossing each obstacle as it came in the passage of their upward climb, they would have remained at the bottom of the foot hills staring despairingly at the peak!

Our ancient scriptures always taught that we should have strong resolution and will before we attempt to do any thing. Even while performing religious rituals like Vinayak Vrata or Vishnu Pooja, we begin with what is called SANKALPA. For example we say "I...so and so on this day .... of the month ... in the year ... will now perform the ceremony of Vinayak Vratal Satyanarayana Vrata". This is only an expression of our will to do a particular thing and making an announcement of advance declaration announcement of our resolve acts as self-hypnosis of positive nature.

On the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of Indian Independence we should remember how India won freedom under the leadership of Gandhiji. He mobilised the masses, instilled patriotism in their minds and fought the British imperialism with the weapon

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of non-violence. We know how he succeeded in the end. Abraham Lincoln was a classic example of determined effort and will power achieving his highest goal in life. When he was 22 years old he started business but did not succeed. He unsuccessfully contested the election to Legislature in 1832. He again stood for election to the Speaker's post in 1838. He was defeated. But he did not give up. He once again contested the election to the Congress and was defeated. Any other man in his circumstances would have become frustrated and cynical. But he persisted in his trials. Only in 1844 he picked up practice as a successful lawyer and finally became the President of America. His Gettisburg speech is considered to be one of the best in the world.

Even in the life of a handicapped person, it can happen, Christine(Joe) of Ireland was the son of Bernadotte. He was a born cripple. For two hours at birth his brain did not receive supply of Oxygen. Nobody expected that he would survive. He learned typewriting by fastening a pen to a belt which he tied round his head. He was determined to become a writer. He used to type seven hours a day. It took 3 - hours to write a sentence. In this painful concentration, he wrote articles and eassays and produced his auto-biography which had the sale of 40,000 copies! He snatched victory out of the jaws of defeat.

Renowned geographical discoverers like Columbus, Marcopolo,

Livingstone, Henderson, and Peare were travellers who travelled long distances and made themselves famous. They performed dangerous voyages across the continents. They were not discouraged by the perils on the way. Amundsen, another globe-trotter said: "I used to think only of the distance to be covered in the next 24 hours!" Fellow mariners of Columbus revolted against him complaining against a futile journey on stormy, shark-infested sea. But his patience and will power paid-creator rich dividends.

Erle Gardner, the creator of Perry Mason an unforgettable character, 175 million books of legal fiction. Each day 20,000 copies were sold. He was the most translated author of the world. His books were translated into 60 languages. He was not a practicing lawyer of outstanding abilities. But all his novels have a grand finish in the final court room scene.

Yellapragada Subba Rao, the renowned medical researcher who discovered the wold - famous life-saving drugsTetracyclin, Hetrogen, Auromycin and
Liver extract etc. was an average student
of modest means. But his high purpose
in life made him the Director the prestigious Leaderle Laboratories in the
United States. Even as a boy he had
sympathy for the sick and was keen on
doing something for them.

Albert Einstein, one of the greatest scientists of the world was poor

in studies. He was expelled from school. His high purpose in life made him the greatest mathematician of the world. He declined the offer of presidentship of the new-born state of Israel. Political power had no lure for him. Science was the be-all and end-all of his life.

Rabindranath Tagore who won the Nobel prize for Literature for his 'Gitanjali' was considered to be poor in English spelling and Mathematics. But he pursued his literary and educational activities with determination and confidence and became world-famous as the founder of Shanti Niketan and Srinkiketan.

Thomas Alva Edison who had a hundred inventions to his credit including the Electric bulb and the Gramphone was refused admission in the school for being deficient in I.Q. But his intense interest in scientific inventions made him one of the greatest inventors and benefactors of society.

Amitab Bachan and Hema Malini, two leading film stars of the Indian silver screen were initially rejected by the Directors who applied camera and other routine tests to them and finally pronounced them as unfit. But they became matinee idols and ruled the silver screen for decades! Hardwork and an aim in life paved the way for their resounding success.

Louis Pasteur who discovered the Theory of Germs (a cure for Hydrophoebia) was an average person with no promise of future greatness. Silently he pursued his experiments till he achieved his goal.

Sudha Chandran lost her leg in an accident but with grat will power she provided herself with an artificial leg, mastered Dance and became a heroine in the film'Mayuri' and other films. Her high aim in life and invincible faith in herself brought her success and fame.

Helen Keller was stricken with illness when she was 19 months old and became deaf, dumb and blind. Yet she learnt braille and wrote useful books which motivated millions of readers. Any other women in her position would have committed suicide.

Louis Braille himself was blinded in an accident when he was 3 years old. He attended School for the Blind and developed the Braille system of writing based on Morse Code. Today thousands of blind people are able to read and write. Where there is a will, there is a way.

Beethoven, the great German Music Composer, was stone- deaf. Yet he managed to compose excellent music and his compositions became world-famous. Similarly Surdas was blind but his devotional songs enraptured the hearers. His devotion to God and an irrepressible urge to express himself were unstoppable.

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Srinivasa Ramanujam, the mathematical genius, had failed Intermediate twice and worked as a Lower Division Clerk in the Madras Port Trust on a salary of Rs. 25/. He worked his sums on one -side used paper. As his solutions attracted the notice of Prof. Hardy of Cambridge University, he went and worked there to win international reputation. What a gulf between a clerk and a mathematical genius! His burning passion for mathematics conquered all odds.

Rooservelt, the most popular President of America was polio stricken when he was 40 years old but his aim in life brought him to the highest political position in his career. He moved in a wheel chair as he ruled the world's most powerful country getting elected three times.

Napoleon Bonaparte, the greatest General in the world and Emperor of Europe started his career as an insignificant corporal. Adolf Hitler the Nazi Dictator who terrorised the whole world was only a painter.

Mao Tse Tung, the great Chinese leader, started his carrer as a library clerk in Peking University and worked hard to achieve his political goal against severe opposition and threat to life. These men of self- made had an over-powering aim in life and a matching will.

Swamy Ranganadhananda, the internationally famous scholar and head of the Rama Krishna Mission joined the organisation as a cook. Swamy Chinamayananda the founde of a reputed Mission of that nam was originally a school teacher.

Elvis Presley, the singing star who took the western world by storm was a school failure. The music teacher of the 8th class rejected him and he had to work as a lorry driver for some time. The records of his innovative country music introduced him to the music world. Soon he became the heart throb of the younger generation of music lovers.

Michael Jackson, the mega entertainer was born in a poor Negro family. At the age of 5 he became a popular singer and dancer. With his will power he became an all-time great winning eight Gramie awards. He got into the Guinnes Book of World records.

When Harvey the great inventor tried to address meetings to introduce and popularise his Theory of Blood Circulation, he was greeted with rotten eggs, tomatoes and broken glass and hooted down! People were not ready to accept him, but he persisted in his efforts and the world is grateful to him today for his stead fastness of mind.

When Wright brothers, the inventors of the aeroplane gave their first demonstration of the flying machine at Kitty Hawk, only three people cared to attend. But they were not discouraged.

As the poet William Long Fellow wrote:

The heights by greatmen reached and kept were not attained by sudden flight. But they while their companions slept, were toiling upward in the night.

Successful men never believed in alibis and grand excuses. They propelled themselves forward and upward toward predetermined goals. Low aim is a crime. Even small men can attempt big things and achieve success with will and skill which can be cultivated.

#### NETAJI AND FREEDOM STRUGGLE

- Prof. Hazara Singh\*

The celebration of birth centenary of Netaji Subhas Chander Bose overlaps that of golden jubilee of independence and thus provides an occasion for assessing the role of that crusader against imperialism not only in the freedom struggle but also in the eradication of colonialism in the Far East.

Maulana Abul Kalam Azad had been the President of Indian National Congress during the crucial years of 1939-46. His posthumous book INDIA WINS FREEDOM (The complete version) refers to the conflicting attitude of top national leaders towards freedom struggle.

> 'It was a very critical time in the history of the Congress. We were affected by the world shaking events outside. Even more disturbing was the difference among ourselves. I was the Congress President and sought to take I dia into the camp of democracies if only she was free. The cause of democracy was one for which India felt strongly. The only obstacle in our way was India's bondage. For Gandiji, however, it was not so. For him the issue was one of pacifism and not of India's freedom. I declared openly that the Indian National

Congress was not a pacifist organisation but an instrument for achieving India's freedom. To my mind therefore the issue raised by Gandhji was irrelevant.' (1:31)

Gandhiji stressed his commitment to pacifism to the extent that he disapproved India's participation in the Second World War along with the Allies even if it led to independence. (1:39) Though he had stated in 1919 that imperialism was the worst crime against humanity, yet Gandhiji, caught as he was in the whirlpool of his faith in non-violence, observed:

. 'We do not seek our independence out of Britain's ruin'. (2:8) Maulana Azad corroborates this inclination of Gandhiji:

'....He had held that India should stand for non-violence and not deviate from it for any reason. That is why in spite of my efforts he would not consent to any mass movement for he felt such a movement might lead to violence. In fact it was with great difficulty that I could persuade him to agree to the individual Satyagraha or Civil Disobediene Movement. Even then he laid down so many conditions, that the movement could be nothing more than a moral gesture.' (1:73)

<sup>\*</sup> A noted freedom fighter

In spite of his utopian attitude Gandhiji held a great sway over the Congress Working Committee. In July 1940 all of its members except Jawaharlal Nehru and C. Rajgopalachari wrote to the Congress President that the communication be considered as their resignation, if he took any policy decision not finding favour with Gandhiji. (1:33-34) The situation was similar to the one created in 1938 after the re-election of Subhas Chander Bose as Congress President, when twelve members of Working Committee including Maulana Azad sent an identical ultimatum to Bose, which compelled him to resign and form a new political party, Forward Bloc, for carrying on his revolutionary programme.

The Mahatma had been so tenacious in his commitment to pacifism that he even sought audience with Viceroy Linlithgow and suggested to Nazis with spiritual force. (1:35) Thus Gandhiji preached a precept which the western intelligentsia accepted academically but hesitated to practise; whereas the Indian masses believed that he would bring freedom for India by some magic or superhuman method. (1:83)

Maulana Azad records about Nehru that he looked at various affairs from international point of view rather than what was in national interest. (1:66) Jawaharlal held the view that the Congress should side with democracies in their war against fascism without insisting o. a firm assurance from the British about the date of independence. He felt inclined to give a

talk from All India Radio in that context. Maulana Azad observes that if he had not prevailed upon Nehru in time, the latter's action would have made the position of Indian National Congress quite ridiculous. (1:65)

According to Maulana Azad the other members of Working Committee viz. Sardar Patel, Dr Rajendra Prasad and Acharya Kripalani seldom tried to judge things on their own and were accustomed to suboradinate their judgement to that of Gandhiji. who invariably found a way out of each and every situation. (1:76)

Maulana Azad deplores the role of Rajgopalachari who of his own after the failure of Cripps Mission persuaded the Madras Provincial Congress Legislature Party to pass two resolutions, viz.

- i) Supporting the demand of All India Muslim League for the creation of Pakistan;
   and
- ii) Seeking approval of Congress High Command for forming again the Government in Madras. (1:67)

The first resolution was stunning because it offered support by a predominantly Hindu province for the creation of Pakistan to which the Muslim majority provinces like Punjab, N.W.F.P, Sindh and Bengal were still indifferent. The second resolution seeking permission for forming again the Congress Government in Madras questioned the very wisdom of

having launched the Individual Civil Disobedience Movement which appealed to Indian people not to suport the war efforts.

As for himself Maulana Azad stresses that he favoured accepting any offer by the British Government for co- operation during war if it contained a firm time- bound assurance regarding the independence of India. (1:58) This inclination of Maulana Azad was sheerly wishful as Winston Churchill, Prime Minister of U.K., contradicted, not once but thrice, the statement of F.D. Roosevelt, President of U.S.A., that the Atlantic charter guaranteed, that after the war all nations would be given the opportunity to decide their future according to the principle of self-determination. Churchill emphatically in the House of Commons that the so- called charter would never be applied to India. Thereafter Roosevelt admitted that his statement had no political vali and did not bind Churchill. (1:108 -109)

It is important to note that Gandhiji had not been a member of Congress Working Committee ever since he took to constructive programme during twenties, but still he controlled its reins. On July 5,1942 he wrote to Maulana Azad that as they differed sharply in their views regarding achievement of independence, therefore, the latter should not only resign from Congress Presidentship but along with Nehru keep away from Working Committee also. (1:77) Though Gandhiji withdrew that letter within hours, yet it had its taming

effect both on Nehru and Azad. The latter confesses that he felt unhappy about the whole situation and did not oppose the resolution passed by the Working Committee on July 14,1942 urging direct action (non-violent open rebellion), because he was not hopeful about its outcome. (1:83-84) If Sardar Patel and others subordinated their judgement to that of Gandiji, Maulana Azad succumbed there to in spite of his tall claims.

All these incidents reflect the confusion which had been pestering the top Congress leaders. Maulana Azad refers casually to Subhas Chander Bose in this book, but that observation is meaningful.

'.....I also saw that Subha Bose's escape to Germany had made a great impression on Gandhiji. He had not formerly approved many of his actions, but now I found a change. He admired the courage and resourcefulness Subhas Bose had displayed in making his escape from India. His admiration for Subhas Bose unconsciously coloured his view about the whole war situation.' (1:40)

#### STRATEGY OF BOSE

Subhas Chander Bose was convinced that the passive policies of Congress instead of injecting any good sense in the British colonial outlook would rather harden it. He planned to escape from India to crusade for independence from abroad. His assessment was that:

- i) the rightist forces within the Congress had succeeded in dislodging him from the Congress Presidentship;
- ii) the leftist forces could not be mobilised against the Gandhiites on one hand and the British on the other;
- iii the British could not be driven out without any armed uprising in India; and
- iv) the Second World War having created an opportunity for such an uprising, he should secure the armed help of a friendly country, viz. the Soviet Union. (3:59)

Accordingly he managed his escape ifrom India to Kabul in January 1941 with the support of Kirty Party owing affiliation ito the Communist Party of India with an iintention to reach Moscow. It was not Iknown then that Russia had a secret non-aaggression alliance with U.K. and would consider it harmful to incur latter's wrath by giving armed spport to Bose for India's Illiberaion. (2:14) The Russian Embassy at Ikabul gave a cold shoulder to Bose. (3:90) Accordingly he revised his plan and reached Berlin with the help of Italian ILlegation.

#### **EVENTS IN THE FAR EAST**

The blizzardous advance of Japanese forces in the Far East and the fall of Singapore, considered to be an invincible mayal fortress of the Empire, on February 115, 1942 made the British so panicky that they formulated a scorched earth policy regarding India which included blowing up

of important bridges and destroying industrial installations in order to deny them to the Japanese in the event of their invading India. (1:73) The Japanese landed in Burma in early 1942.

'Many British and Austrlian soldiers as could be evacuated by sea were shipped off. Those who could not be sent by sea were escorted under air portection by the Burma Road, a route reserved of Europeans only, even local Europeans and Anglo-Burmese men and women were assured this safe route of escape to India.

Indian soldiers were left behind to surrender or fend their way through thick jungles and rugged mountains, without food or water. More than a million Indian citizens were made to evacuate and to seek a journey to home with their children and babies in arms, through thick unexplored jungle country. It is estimated that 900.000 of these Indian refugees perished in the jungles and mountains.' (2:41)

This callous action of the British manifested that in spite of their claim of being champions of democracy, they practised racialism even against their codefenders.

#### IMPACT OF BOSE

The speeches of Bose from Berlin Radio influenced Mahatma Gandhi so profoundly that despite his commitment to non-violence he was all set to launch the 'Quit India' Movement, an open non-violent rebellion, (1:78) which acquired the war cry 'Do or die'; a slogan not consistent with his policy of pacifism.

The assumption of Supreme Command of re-organised India National Army, named threafter as Azad Hind Fauj on August 25,1943 and the establishment of Provisional Government, Arzi Hakumate -Azad Hind, by Subhas Chander Bose on October 21,1943 rendered the British quite jittery. As many as 88 confidential orders were issued in persuation of Denial Policies regarding removal of transport means and large- scale lifting of paddy from the denial areas for creating famine-like conditions so that adult male population might feel compelled either to seek recruitment to army or move away to other places in search of livelihood.

'....This nefarious strategy of desired scarcity of food, causing devastation in Bengal, had the sole design behind it i.e. to offer nothing in the form of human resources in case Netaji successfully appeared with his victorious army. The main bulk of the revolutionary forces would draw from the soil of Bengal, they apprehended.' (2:62)

More than four million human lives perished in that famine. The responsibility for that in human action lay squarely on Winston Chruchill the then Prime Ministercum-War Minister of Britain. While accusing the Nazis for having perpetrted a state-sponsored genocide against the Jews the world opinion should also take notice of the fact that the British Government too was guilty of an equally gruesome war crime against humanity in Bengal.

Rear Admiral Mountabatten, Suprem Commander of Allied Forces in the Far East, dreaded Netaji's charisma so much that the 3rd Indian Division positioned by him around Imphal to face the I.N.A. was Indian in name only. Its twenty four battalions in the forward areas consisted of English, Nigerian, Amerian and Burmese soldiers, but no Indian, as it was apprehended that they would leave the British side and join th I.N.A. (2:103)

#### VICTORY IN DEFEAT

Ater the surrender by Japan in August 1945, I.N.A. had to stop its operations. The British Indian Army was sent in September 1945 to re-occupy the British positions in Singapore and Malaya.

'On learning the truth about the I.N.A. the British Indian Army also started itching for India's independence. The effect of I.N.A. was so deep that at the time of arranging victory parade, the Allies were forced to hoist the Indian National Flag also along with the national flags of the victorious big five powers - U.S.A., U.S.S.R., Britain, France and China.' (2:122-23)

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For meeting the exigency the Indian National Flag was sent for from the I.N.A. Headquarters at Ipoch (Malaya). It is unprecedented in the history of wars that the victors got forced to hoist the flag of the vanquished as well in their victory parade.

The mutiny in the Royal Indian Navy at Karachi and Bombay during February 1946 was the repercussion of patriotic sentiments stirred by the heroic deeds of I.N.A. Maulana Azad states

'Mrs Asaf Ali took up the case of naval officers and became their ardent supporter. She came to Delhi to win my support. I told her that the officers had not acted wisely and my advice to them was that they must go back to work unconditionally.' (1:141)

It is a sad reflection on the ability of Congress leaders that they failed to give pproper lead to that patriotic upheaval in tthe navy. The British not only crushed that mutiny but also made full use of the iindifference of the Congress for wrecking the I.N.A. by categorizing its captured ppersonnel as White, Grey and Black-White were retained with their original seniortiy; Grey were discharged with permissible boenefits and Black (who did not repent their anction of joining the I.N.A. but admitted booldly that they did so to fight aginst the Biritish to liberate India) were dismissed. The Interim Government formed under the leeadership of Jawaharlal Nehru in Sceptember 46, acquiesced to that colonial concept of discipline in the army and felt no qualm of conscience letting the fighters for freedom to be punished as deserters. A rare human resource, exceptionally patriotic and dedicated, who could have been easily absorbed in other para-military forces was suffered to be wasted.

Clement Attlee, post- war Prime Minister of Britain, stated on March 15,46 that imperialism was dead as dodo. Commander- in - Chief Auchinleck got convinced that the British Indian Army, Navy and Air Force could no longer be kept as tamed to the Crown and conselled the Raj to pack up and quite.

Clement Attlee during his visit to India in 1956 admitted

"It was Nataji Subhas Chander Bose and the I.N.A. the immediate cause of independence but for which the transfer of power might not have been as quick and unequivocal as it was'. (2:144)

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#### SALAR JUNG MUSEUM, HYDERABAD GOLDEN JUBLIEE OF INDEEPENDENCE (ART)

(Contributed)

The Salar Jung Museum, derived its name from Salar Jungs (I to III) the erstwhile Prime Ministers to Nizams of Hyderabad. It is a Museum of National importance and houses rare and varied art collection from all over the globe, acquired by the family, more specifically by Nawab Mir Yousuf Ali Khan, Salar Jung III (1889-1949) The most important activity of the Museum, as envisaged in the Salar Jung Museum Act, is to properly exhibit the art collection to the visiting public from all walks of life, so that they get an adequate glimpse of the treasures of world art housed in this Museum. Govt. of India under the VIIIth Five Year Plan scheme sanctioned two more additional wings on the East and West of the existing Building so that the Eastern and Western art colletions apart from Indian, are appropriately displayed. This scheme will be realised during the Jubilee India's Golden Year of Independence.

Besides, the Museum is geared up to provide a variety of educational and cultural programmes based on its contents, the history behind them, as also the devotion and artistic aims of the founders of this Museum. Accordingly, diverse popular programmes are undertaken every year for the benefit of the public, and students of all ages as well as scholars.

#### Objective and relevace:

The role of this Museum which came to be established immediately after India's Independence as also the role played by great Indian administrators like the Salar collecting, in preserving. Jungs appreciating and enriching the global art content of the Museum will be highlighter through various programmes like exhibitions, workshop, Seminars and publications. Public attention will also be drawn to the various aspects of the global collection from the point of view of a variety of styles, themes and group of objects, belonging to the creative life of the society, from the 16th to 20th centrury. The academic and cultural programmes on the treasures of the World Art will be held on a National scale between August, 97-August, 98 as approved by the Dept. of Culture. Govt. of India.

#### I. PROGRAMMES DURIG THE MONTH OF AUGUST, 1997

The 50th Anniversary of Independence is regarded as a solemn occasion for assessment and evaluation of achievements and the role played by the Museum in the field of Cultural Propogation.

A part from the fitting observance of th National Flag hoisting Ceremony on Friday, the 15th August, 1997 in front of the Statue of the Founder, Nawab Salar Jung Bahadur, the Museum is poised to observe the following Cultural and Academic Programmes during this month.

#### (1) Exhibition on Wheels: "HIGH-LIGHTS OF FREEDOM MOVEMENT AND EMERGENCE OF SALAR JUNG MUSEUM"

The Moving Exhibitions on Museum collections has assumed importance and attracted the leisurely audience. The Salar Jung Museum has a specially designed van to move occasionally with "Unique Exhibitions on Wheels" and takes the rare historical documents to the door steps of certain public places, Educational Institutions and remote corners within the twin cities as also nearby rural habitats. The present exhibition with rare photo illustrations and write up in English/Hindi, Telugu/ Urdu languages, highlights the historical events related to the Freedom movement and role played by distinguished personalities like Mahatma Gandhi, Jawaharlal Nehru, Sardar Vallabhai Patel, Rajendra Prasad, Abul Kalam Azad, etc. besides a galaxy of National Leaders- and personalities connected to the emergence of India's Independence.

The display here also includes rare photo-views of the art collections, their arrangement in Dewan Deodi (16th Dec. 1951); Passage of SJM Act (No. 26, 19th May, 1961) during the 12the year of the Repblic of India, declaring the Salar Jung Museum as of National Importance; shifting of the collection to the new building (1968) and visits of National Personalities, select programmes and special extra bitions held during the years find place in this Mobile Van.

#### (2) SPECIAL EXHIBITION:

#### "BIRDS AND ANIMALS IN THE ART COLLECTIONS OF SALAR JUNG MUSEUM"

Salar Jung Museum is a result of a one Man's quest for the rare and great passion to acquire things beautiful. Nawab Salar Jung's unparallelled art collection around the globe included rare objects depicting birds and animals, through various media Pottery, Metal, Wood, Ivory and Paintings. Nawab himself was fond of pets like Siamese and Persian Cats, Bull dogs and Japanesse pugs. Large stables with Arab and English horses existed. Polo ponies were cared fondly, Polo ground at Boyenapalli was famous during the period. The monogram of Salar Jung itself depicts two stately horses flanking and floating legend "MY TRUST IN GOD". A large variety of birds were cared and lured in the Ainakhana. They include multicoloured parrots from Zanzibar; from Far East, Cannaries birds hanging in every couch of the verandahs of Dewan Deodi, A large variety of birds and animals are replete among the Children's Toys in the galleries (7to13) and open verandah.

# (3) NATIONAL SEMINAR ON "ASPECTS OF PROTECTION, PRESERVATION, CARE AND DISPLAY OF ART OBJECTS IN MUSEUMS OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE"

The Museum objects constitute physical evidence of Cultures passed from one generation to another. They provide inspiration and wisdom to many generations to come. One needs a lot of organised effort to display the collections effectively, take care of them, protect and preserve by different techniques. It is so because all the material relics are subject to the process of decay and deterioration over years, due to their interaction with various natural factors, like pollution, uncontrolled conditions of heat and moisture, light, human ignorance and neglect, etc. The modern scientific studies and technological development have opened up many new areas not only in creating adequate control conditions in temperature and humidity but new products and techniques are forthcoming. These need technical evaluation beforehand while adopting them in preservation and protection of multimedia art collections like those in the Salar Jung Museum which is poised for a thorough re- organisation in an expanded set up during the Golden Jubilee Year of India's Independence.

#### II. FOTHCOMING PROGRAMMES

(1) National Seminar (Oct-Nov.97)"SELECT ART TREA-SURES AND ILLUSTRATED MSS. IN THE SALAR JUNG MU-SEUM"

This unique display provides a rare feast among the Far Eastern, European and Indian Art Collections apart form a glimpse of outstanding illustrated Mss. and Miniature Paintings of Deccan.

(2) SPECIAL EXHIBITION: (To coincide with Museum Week Celebrations (Jan. 98) "MASTER PIECES OF BUDDHIST ART IN SALAR JUNG MUSEUM

- ( Japanese, Chinese, Tibetan, besides Indian)
- (3) NAWAB SALAR JUNG III: 112th Birthday Celebrations (12th Feb. 1998) Memorial Lecture by Eminent Scholars.
- (4) RELEASE OF PUBLICATONS: (1998)
- a) SJM BI- ANNUAL RESEARCH JOURNAL, Vols, XXXIII -XXXIV for the Years 1996 -97
- b) An illustrated work in colour:

  MASTERPIECES OF SALAR

  JUNG MUSEUM, to conclude the

  50th Anniversary Celebrations of India's Independence.
- III. REGULAR PROGRAMMES
  (AUG. 97TO AUG. 98)
- a) SPECIAL VIDEO FILM SHOWS on Every Saturday/Sunday A.N.
- b) EDUCATIONAL COMPETIONS:
  CHILDREN WEEK (14th 20th
  Nov. 1997) Essay Writing and
  Elocution in four languages, viz.
  English/ Hindi/ Telugu/ Urdu for
  School students and College students
  upto under graduate level are held.
  Besides, Painting competition
  exclusively for the Disabled students
  is also organised during this period
  as per the Tradition of the Museum.
- c) MUSEUM WEEK CELEBRATIONS:
  (8th 14th Jan. 1998) Apart from
  lectures, Rangoli competitions for the
  ladies are conducted on the Pongal
  Festival Day.

#### FREEDOM AT MIDNIGHT

-N.S. RAJU

Is it an occasion to celebrate the Golden Jubilee, the 50th year of Freedom without providing the basic needs like water, power and food to the millions of people in the country? It is not a matter of jubiliation but a matter for introspection for what could not be done for well over half a century.

Had it not been for the post- haste decision of the leaders in a hurry to get independence we would not have accepted the splitting of the country into two that too under darkness. We are at a loss to know why this important deal was struck with England. Even today we are facing border troubles including the Kashmir problem, almost an unsolvable problem.

Gandhiji who was not even a Congress member asked the newly formed Government of which Nehru was Prime Minister to dissolve the Congress. The people of this country have learnt to do satyagrahas, dharnas and bandhs even on some pretext or the other and so much so millions of manhours are wasted in this poor country.

The cancer of corruption is eating into the vitals of our country and it is becoming weaker and weaker day by day. Nehru used to say that the corrupt person should be hanged on the nearest lamp-post. Even though our's is the biggest democratic country, for well over four decades it has become one person's rule i.e. hereditary Rule. Indira Gandhi brushed aside corruption as a global phenomenon.

The country is ruled in such a way that an honest and real patriot like Lal Bahadur Shastry used to say that he was a glorified clerk when he was a Cabinet Minister. But for Feroz Gandhi the sensational Mundhra affair would not have seen the light of day.

For well over a quarter of a century the country has been facing scams and financial frauds from Nagarwala to Hawala. After 50 years of independence 40% of us are still illiterate. Yet ours is the biggest democracy in the world and every country is watching how we manage so many languages, caster and religions which are peculiar to our country. Rowdyism and smuggling are the order of the day. Probably 50% of the M.P.'s andM.L.A.'s are elected from this class of society. Politics has been criminalised.

Ever since the death of Nehru the country has been demoralised and democracy is existing on slogans. Right from Dadabhai Nooroji to Gandhiji leaders sacrificed their lives for getting freedom to our country. As all India Congress President D. Sanjeevaiah once said, the rich

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are becoming richer and the poor are becoming poorer in our country. Our country is neither developed under developed, but "developing" and it is midway like *Trishank Swarga* (Creation of heaven by Vishwamithra).

Poverty, illteracy and unemployment are the problems facing the country even today. None of these problems was tackled to the satisfaction of the people. The major problem facing the country now is lack of political stability. The Government should cut their abnormal expenditure and eradicate corruption. Black money is doing havoc and running parallel economy.

The country is in the quagmire of huge debt running into lakhs of crores and every year we are borrowing perhaps to pay interest on the existing loans. The Government that least governs is the best Government. Due to too much of their interference in every field of activity, the common people are the worst sufferers.

The basic need for human survival is water, that has not been provided yet and the scarcity still persists in cities, towns and villages. There are villagers who walk 20 km or so to get dringking water. We are painfully reminded of Winston Churchill's speech in the House Commons in 1947 on the eve of getting freedom to our country. "Liberty is man's birth right. However to give the reins of Government to the Congress at this juncture is to

handover the destiny of the hungry millions into the hands of rogues and free booters. Not a bottle of water or a loaf of bread shall escape taxation. Only air, that too polluted will be free and the blood of those hungry millions will be on the head of Mr. Atlee. India will be lost in political squabbles. It will take a thousand years for them to enter the periphery of politics"

Our country is no longer the land of Budda and Sankara. The hoary past, traditions, customs and our heritage are the links established through out the ages though our ethics and morals have been eroded and shattered to irrepairable extent.

Last but not least, to put in the words of the late lamentied journalist G.K. Reddy "A Vast and turbulent society like India in a state of constant flux, burdened with a heavy back log of baffling problems, often finds itself caught up inextricably at the cross roads of history, as it makes a faltering attempt to catch up with the lost opportunities and leap forward into the next century".

We are engulfed in hydra-headed problems. There is a need for social awakening, political enlightenment and economic growth to keep pace with the changing times. Let us look forwrd to a stable Government, speedy development, and socio-economic progress in our rich country inhabited by poor people.

# RESURGENCE OF THE NATIVE: THE THEMATIC PARADIGM IN THE SHORT FICTION OF NGUGI WA THIONGO

- E. Suresh Kumar

Post- Colonial literature in the Commonwealth nations is marked by a nostalgia for the native culture, customs, styles of life, familial and social relations, class hierarchy which have been suppressed under the British Imperialism and the associated unreasonable adulation for the colonial ethos. Most of these Countries shared common sufferings, exploitation by the British Raj, cultural, intellectual and socio-economic suppression but these countries could set free themselves at least politically from the whiteman's domination. Ironically, political freedom has not brought total freedom as expected, because the impact of the colonical rule is deep-rooted in these countries as can be witnessed even today in the spheres of education, religion and linguistic predilections.

... the socio- cultural experience portrayed in Affrican literature written in European languages is so much similar to our own socio- cultural world in India.....1

(Narang 1995:xi)

It is in this context that Indians, as co-sufferers, should seek solace or derive moral and spiritual strength from the sister African and Asian Countries. Indian writers like Mulk Raj Anand, R.K. Narayan and Raja Rao reacted in their own individual styles to this problem of post-colonial encounter and voiced the newly emerging Indian resurgence in their works of fiction. Likewise Africa reacted powerfully to curse of the British colonial

imperialism. Nigeria, Ghana, Kenya are only the few nations of the vast continent of Africa which recorded their postcolonical experiences in their literatures. As most of us are familiar, the Nigerian novelists Chinua Achbe's Things Fall Apart which dramatises the crisis of one important Igbo Nigerian native tribe and the tragic end met with by its strong leader Okonkwo. Other African Countries like Kenya and Ghana are no exception to this tragedy. The travail and trauma as experienced by these countries is therefore best recorded in their literatures, more so in the literatures they produced in English. Among the African writers, who recorded the sufferings of their countries, the most important names are of Chinua Achebe and Wole Sovinka from Nigeria, James Ngugi from Kenya, Peter Abraham from South Africa, Camara Lave from Guinea, Lenrie Peter from Gambia and Ieavie Kwei Armah from Ghana. For an Indian student of literature, the experience and the output of these great African creative writers is highly relevant.

Against the above backdrop an attempt is made in this paper to seek a post-colonial experiential paradigm in the short fiction of Ngugi Wa Thiongo, the leading writer of Kenya. For this purpose about ten short stories of Ngugi have been chosen. Most of them were published in various magazines including Pinpoint,

#### Kenya Weekly News, Transition, The New African, Zuka, Ghala, Joe.

A close look at Ngugi's short fiction reveals a common pattern in all his short stories, the writer or a native attempts to revive a certain traditional practice or custom lost because of the onslaught of Westernization or a native Kenyan with strong local roots is miserably displaced and strives hard or sacrifices his life to revive the lost glory of his native roots. Keeping this thematic paradigm in view the short stories of Ngugi can be divided into different categories. Yet all of them commonly depict a resurrection of an individual against native superstition, western interference in the form of Christianity or socio- political suppression under the white man's rule. Ngugi himself classified his stories under the following categories.

- 1. Mother and Children
- 2. Fighters and Martyrs and
- 3. Secret Lives
- Mother and Children: As one educated in the western tradition exposed to liberal and scientific thought and a choice of political ideologies and above all as an enlightened man and a creative writer, Ngugi was greatly pained at the plight of the Kenyan women in his community. An average Kenyan woman was illeterate, suppressed and the most downtrodden as seen in the stories of Mukami, She was a helpless woman neglected, humiliated and persecuted by her husband, her family and her community in 'Mugumo', of another childless and quarrelsome woman, Nyokabi in 'And the Rain Came Down' who overcomes her petty jealousies and quarrel-

someness when she finds and protects the last child in the ridge on the outskirts of the village, to the surprise of her husband, and the mad woman whose madness was due to the ruthless and prolonged drought during which time she lost all her children in 'Gone with the Drought' - are all examples of the average illeterate and helpless Kenyan woman, She carried the curse of barrenness, social ostracization, hardwork, loneliness and starvation.

This misrable plight of the Kenyan woman can be compared to that of millions of women suffering in the villages of India.

2. Fighters and Martyrs: The second important strand, in the thematic paradigm of Ngugi's short fiction is the image of the native African of Kenya who grapples with an adverse situation and comes out successfully through either a fight or self - sacrifice.

The following stories short illustrate this theme. Mr. Joshua in 'The Village Priest' embraces Christianity under the influence of Rev. Livingston who is his god father in a way, and attends to his priestly duties in the village very sincerely. The price he pays for his new religious affiliation is a total expulsion by his tribe. When drought seizes the villages, the tribal people perform a traditional sacrifice of a black ram. To Joshua's consternation and his prayers to disprove the power of the tribal ritual, it rains torrentially. Joshua is puzzled and seeks Rev. Livingston's shelter. The only answer the latter gives is -- "Let's pray". Joshua's case is a clear instance of puzzlement to choose between Christianity, the white man's religion, and the local tribal religion which he has come to believe as a cul-desac of superstitions.

In the story, "The Black Bird" also the theme of superstition manifesting into reality is repeated. Mangara, a healthy, strong and talented youth suffers periodical obsession and failure because he is haunted by a belief (superstition?) that his family was cursed. His grand father, who had embraced Christianity did not believe in the local or tribal black magic. There was an old wizard and medicine man of the village by name Mundu Mugo whose equipment was destroyed by Mangara's grand father in a fit of Christian zeal, Mudo Mugo had left the village and after many years came back in the form of a Black Bird. Then followed a chain of tragedies. His grandfather died, his grandmother died, other children of the family also died. For fear of life, Mangara's father fled from the village and settled in another village. In the new place also the Black Bird did not leave them. First his father died and later his mother, both meeting the final end after an encounter with the Black Bird. This became an obsession with Mangara who otherwise was an extraordinarily intelligent and talented boy. He secured admission to a medical course as a result of creditable performance at school but ultimately he failed in the examinations and also in life. Eventually, he met with a miserable death, reported to be the consequence of an encounter with the Black Bird.

Another story, 'The Return' depicts the plight of young Kenyans who were detained after the Mau- mau and return after serving imprisonment during

the emergency, in the detention camps. A young man Kamau by name returns to his deserted native village after serving the detention period. To his dismay he finds the whole village deserted and his own wife has left the village after marrying another man, his rival. It was believed that his parents and wife received news that he was dead in the detention camp and to avoid starvation and forced prostitution, his own parents were instrumental for this turn of events. He leaves the village, attempts suicide but reconciles himself to reality and proceeds to start a new life.

'A Meeting in the Dark' is the story of a young man John who is brought up under the strict tutelage of his Christian father who is also the ideal priest of the village. John falls secretly in love with a beautiful girl, Wamahu but he meekly succumbs to his father's seemingly noble but dictatorial commands and tries to get rid of the girl who is already pregnant by him. He kills her with good intention.

3. Secret Lives: A related theme is that of 'Secret Lives' of individual men and women of Kenya caused by the Mau-mau insurgence and the consequent Emergency.

Wanjaru, a native African girl, aspires to justify her Christian name, Beatrice. Coming from a poor rural family, she works as a bar maid in several restaurants and fails to make money. Another African girl, Nyaguthii steals the show. In a desperate attempt to capture glory as a beautiful girl and as a centre of attraction for the neorich customers of the Treetop bar, she sleeps with a lorrry driver, steals his money and displays herself ostensibly in stolen

plumes. She is caught red- hauded by the police and ends up behind the bar.

The story, 'Wedding at the Cross' shows how Wariuki, a talented, but a poor native young man steals the heart of a native girl, daughter of a devout Christian family elopes with her and marries her. Later he becomes a prosperous timber merchant and ideal Christian in the village to the utmost dismay of his own wife who has been a child of the soil. The more he becomes prosperous and socially important. the more she sufers estrangement from him. As if to avenge his past humiliation, Wariuki makes elaborate arrangements for a respectable Christian marriage with his own wife after begetting two children which his in-laws are too glad to attend. But poetic justice guides the events in such a way that his own wife stoutly refuses to marry him at the eleventh hour when the priest begins to administer the oath of the sacred wedlock.

The two stories illustrate how native African men and women were forced into artificial, unatural and hypocritical styles of life under the impact of the materialistic civilization of the West and Christianity, the white man's religion.

Classifying African fiction thematically into five categories, Charles Larson describes the long fiction of Ngugi as "situational novel".

According to Larson, Achebe's Things Fall Apart and Ngugi's The River Between illustrate the situational novel.

If we extend this definition of the situational novel a little further to encompass the short fiction, we find that it clearly accounts for the thematic possibilities of Ngugi's short stories as discussed above. Each of the stories portrays one or two characters caught in a particular socio- cultural situation, but the characters or situations are not at all confined to one or two individuals. They are representative of a majority of the community, thereby representing the "collective consciousness" of the community. Threfore one will be justified in describing Ngugi's short stories also as "situational" fiction, after Larson.

Finally it is very important for us to notice a striking parallelism between the contemporary social life in Kenya and that in India. The two countries which are still struggling to free themselves from the impact of colonial chains, one can come across similar people anywhere in rural India, which still groans under the burden of illiteracy, ignorace, superstition, gender discrimination and hypocritical values imposed by colonial culture and English education.

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#### JUDICIAL ACTIVISM

- Justice Alladi Kuppuswamy

In recent times there has been considerable talk of 'Judicial Activism' I am afraid the expression 'Judicial Activism' has been misunderstood by the media, the lawyers and even by some of the judges. It has been equated to judicial review or interference with the acts of the executive and the legislature.

In any democracy particularly in the case of a federal system of government, judicial review is not only necessary but desirable. In a federal system of government there are bound to be disputes not only between the citizens and the State, but also between a State or States and the Union and between States interse. Some independent and impartial body is necessary to resolve those disputes and the natural choice is the judiciary. The framers of the Constitution therefore vested in the judiciary the power to review the acts of the executive and the legislature. This power is found in Art. 226. and Art. 32 of the Constitution, Under Art 226 the states judiciary is given the power to issue what are called writs or directions in the nature of such writs. The High Court isse s a writ of certiorari to guash any order of the government or public body which is contrary to law, a writ of mandamus to direct them to perform their duties or to prevent them from performing any act contrary to law, a writ of quo warranto to prevent a person from acting in a public office to which he is not entitled and so on. Under Art.32 the Supreme Court can be directly approached for the issue of a writ if a citizen's fundamental right is infringed. Apart from this the Supreme Court has an overall jurisdiction to prevent or correct illegal acts of the executive or the legislature. All thse powers are collectively called the power of judical review. It is this power which the Courts have mostly been excercising. Here no judicial activism is involved. The court merely sees whether the law has been infringed. Examples of the exercise of this power are in regard to illegal allotment of petrol pumps, out of turn allotment of flats, cases involving, corruption or pay offs, interference in case of bonded labour or child labour; environmental issues. Judicial activism is something entirely different. It means the interpretation of a law by a judge who is supposed only to interpret law and not make law. However, the language of statutes is sometimes vague and is capable of more than one interpretation. Again the

framers of a statute cannot envisage conditions which may happen in future. A judge cannot therefore always give a strict interpretation of the statute according to the intention of the legislature. He has perforce to make law by giving his own interpretation of the statute. His views of right or wrong may be conservative or liberal. In the former case judicial activism will be conservative judicial activism, in the latter liberal judicial activism.

In the early years of the Supreme Court when the legislature sought to abolish the Zamindari system the Supreme Court took the view that the expression compensation meant just conpensation though the word 'just' was not used in the constitution and thus they thwarted to some extent progressive legislation seeking to abolish the Zamindari System. The Supreme Court was in such cases excercising conservative judicial activism.

In recent times however judicial activism has tended to be liberal. Judges are increasingly taking the view that while law must be stable it cannot stand still. Many are of the view that while interpreting the law judges must take into account the hopes and aspirations of the people and the needs and requirements of the society. A classic example of such liberal activisim is the Menaka Gandhi's case, where the Supreme Court held that the

right to go abroad though not a specificially enumerated right in the constitution was a fundamental right implict in the concept of personal liberty laid down in Art. 21 since personal liberty was of the widest connotation and included every aspect of personal liberty. Under Art 21 a person cannot be deprived of his liberty except according to the procedure laid down by law. In A.K. Gopalan's case the Supreme Court placed a strict construction in this Article and held if the law had laid down some procedure the court cannot go into the question whether the procedure was just as in Menaka Gandhi's case. The Court held that the procedure referred to in Art 21 is not any procedure but had to be fair, equitable and just thus taking a view differring from the view expressed in A.K.Gopalan's case.

An instance of conservative judicial activism according to the protoganists of social justice is the Mandal Commission report case. The framers of the Constitution while enuciating the principle of equality before law in Art 14 rightly provided an exception in the case of backward classes and women. While dealing with the Mandal commission report the Supreme Court felt that if rightly applied it would result in inequality among backward classes themselves. They felt that if backward classes in high positions like judges, ministers, big businessmen, buraucrats

were treated on par with less fortunate backward classes it would result in great injustice to the latter. They therefore enunciated the doctrine of 'creamy layer' thus restricting to an extent the meaning of the epression 'backward classes'.

In some cases judicial activism which is regarded as liberal by one section of society is treated as conservative by another section. The case of the judgement of nine judges regarding the appointment of judge of the Supreme Court has to be appointed by the President (the union executive) in consulation with the Chief Justice of India. The Supreme Court however in effect held that the appintment should be in concurrene with the Chief Justice of India though they did not say it in so many terms. This was not the intention of the framers of the Consitution who deliberately used the word consultation in preference to the word'concurrence'. By resorting to a twist to the expression 'consultation'.the Supreme Court established the supremacy of the judiciary over the executive in the matter of appointment of Judges. While this is considered liberal activism by those who advocate the exercise of power by the judiciary the executive considered it a retrograde step and constituted anencroachment on the power of the representatives of the people. Peeved at this decision the Union Government is endeavouring to come forward with an

amendment to the articles regarding the appointment of Judges making it clear that the power of appointment should be with the President and though the Chief Justice of India is to be consulted the President is not bound to follow his advice. It always happens that one exercises his power too far and too frequently and the affected goes to the other extreme. In this case judicial activism had adversse consequences. The sensible course in the circumstances is to vest the power of appointment in a National Commission of eminent jurists and representatives of all organs of government. There have been many permutations and combinations regarding the members suggested but that is a matter of detail. It is however desirable to restrict the number so that a speedy decision will be arrived at.

Another area in which there has been judicial activism is in public interest litigation (referred to hereafter as PIL). For a long time it was felt that a person must be aggrieved before he could approach the Court for redress. A person should be hurt before he could cry. This principle, known as the principle of 'Locus standi' resulted in great hardship to poor people who could not have easy and direct access to courts. The Courts therefore began to permit any person or group of persons interested in the welfare of the public though not directly aggrieved to bring to the notice of

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the court matters of public interests and even matters of great harm to private persons. Thus evolved PIL due to judicial activism. Exercising this jurisdiction the Supreme Court and the High Courts have succeeded in preventig to a large extent bended labour, child labour, pollution in rivers, destruction of forests, misuse of the powers, of preventive detention, torture by the police of persons especially of women in police custody and matters affecting human rights. The exercise of jurisdiction by the courts in PIL has resulted in immense benefit to the public and has been welcomed by almost every section of society. But at the same time there has been a few instances of excessive judicial activism. As the media frequently refers to any decision as a far reaching judgement or a 'land mark judgement' if it considers it as a bold interference with the acts of the executive irrespective of its correctness, there is a tendency on some judges to play to the gallery and attract media attention. They interfere too much and too often with the result that there is a move on the part of the government to curb PIL by imposing a number of restrictions. The mere fact that in a few cases the judiciary has gone too far is no reason for imposing curbs. The greater the power that is vested in our institution the more carefully it must use it. The judiciary must be careful to weed out PIL which is intended to backmail or to gain publicity. The judiciary cannot indulge in policy makig. The citizens of India are becoming more and more aware of their rights and beginning to protest against their transgrssion. It is a welcome sign that they are not cursing their fate as before but are asserting and fighting for their rights. In this fight PIL is playing a useful role and the judiciary is coming to the aid of the people by entertaining PIL and doing justice.

Judicial activism on the whole has been liberal in recent times and the courts have rendered great service in curbing executive excesses and coming to the rescue of the public.

# GOLDEN JUBILEE YEAR OF INDEPENDENCE

TRIVENI wishes to highlight the 50 years of India's Independene throughout the year 1997. ARTICLES are invited from contributors, (concise and typewritten) with a brief bio-data of the writer and pass-port size photo, addressed to

The Editor, TRIVENI B-4,F10, HIG, Bagh Lingampalli Hyderabad – 500 044.

PREFERENCE will be given to articles of topical interest concerning the Indian Independence- critical appreciation of our gains and losses and successes and failures and on various issues that confront us as a Nation.

#### THE EXCELLENCE OF LOVE

Tiruvalluvar (Translated from the TAMIL Kural by K. Srinivasan)

To each hungering sense, from eye to touch, Love is a feast of delight rare.

Other ills are by other drugs cured, But Love is cured by Love itself

Have the Heavens a greater joy to give Than sleep in the arms of the Beloved?

Cool when near, scrorching when far away, Whence got she this strange fire?

Rich in the yield of delights are her arms, Rich with the joy of each fabled dream.

Her arms the quintessence of nectar bear, With each new embrace Life comes to me anew.

Soul-touching is the joy of requited love, Like wealth enjoyed after every debt is paid.

Sweeter than other delights of heaven of earth Is uninterrupted company to the loving pair.

The sulk, the protest, and the final embrace, Are but stages in Love's daily rush.

Each new embrace yields new delights, As old poems when read and re-read anew.

#### THEY ASKED ME

#### - Lakshmi Ramachandran

They asked me in the strange land where was may home? How could I say that home for me had no name. no circumscription, no geography and no plan, but where you are there for ever is home, far far away, where winds blow and come back to me wafting the music of your soul.

#### **HOW LONG**

-Sobha R. Cherukuri

I grieve in my heart And my eyes tear, But scars invisible keep them from shredding

I stretch my imagery Brave visions float, But rules unwritten Hold them static.

I meditate in my Self Calm quietitude rules, But the mind wanders Spilling word and sound.

How long all this, how long. Neither am I an ocean Stretched out self-bounded, Nor am I an Ahalya Still, yet alive.

# PEEPING THROGH THE WINDOW

-Prof. Akshaya Kumar Jena

I catch a glimpse of your glamorous glow Glisten with rapture at a sidelong glance; Sending a galvanic shock of quiver Seduce me to a crest of trance. Reminded of my begone time, Vainly I retrace to rejuvenate my role; Spread over to the present gallows of mine, Caught me from behind up the pole. Yoked as I'm'nd staked against pawn, Recoiling within 'nd beseting with own, Difficulties mounting yet heedless to them, Convert to a prey in her capricious game. All of a sudden a flash of light. Illumine you as I watertight-Peep'nd peer through the toilsome tower, Shimmer you yonder off the air. Oh dainty damsel enthroned in charms Would your honour retrieve me of my past. The servant of your beseeching your arms. Cherish your juxtaposition as you're must.

#### R.I.P.

# Bhattacharya dead

JNANPEETH award winner and former Sahitya Akademi president Dr. Birendra Kumar Bhattacharyya died on August 6 at Guwahati following a heart attack. He was 73.

Bhattacharyya, who received the award for his Assamese novel *Mritunjoy*, was the only Janapith winner from the northeat. The poetnovelist's ideals were influenced by Jayaprakash Narayan and Ram Manohar Lohia.

# THE THEME OF LONELINESS IN TAGORE'S VERSE

- M. Padmarani

The theme of loneliness was much sought after by most of the Romantics. Wordsworths' 'Daffodils' begins with the line " I wandered lonely as a cloud...". In Keats' "Ode To A Nightingale", we have the narrator sitting all alone and musing over the melody of the bird's song. The Ancient Mariner is all alone on the wide wide sea. This aspect as seen in the poetry of the Romantics can be noticed in Tagore's poetry too.

Loneliness is not merely being alone; it is an outlook, a mood that is reflected by the aid of external phenomenon-like a lonely road, a lonely star or a lonely tree. They are just symbols to portray the loneliness present in the inner self.

Loneliness is sometimes enjoyed. At times it is shown as something frightening, and at most of the times, very depressing.

In Tagore's poem loneliness lends intensity to the theme. For example in the poem 'THE GOLDEN BOAT' loneliness is presented with a tinge of pathos. The narrator is all alone sitting on the river bank and his harvest is ready. He puts the harvest load in a boat that goes to the other side of the place left for him. The boat sails away leaving him all alone on the bare river bank. The poem starts with the lines

"Clouds rumbling in the sky, teeming rains, I sit on the river bank, Sand and alone, The scene is all set, "The river is swollen and fierce in its flow As we cut the paddy it started to rain."

So one can intute that things are heading towards something tragic. The boa coming nearer and taking all the paddy are all incidents linked with each other. Ultimately the narrator's only companion is again loneliness.

"On the bare river, bank, I remain alone-

What I had has gone, the golden boat took all-"

Basically the fact remains that this loneliness is a culmination of helplessness. On all sides he is faced with situations he cannot escape from. There is the harvest that is ready, it has to be cut and stored, on the other side there is rain, so the narrator is left with no choice but to put the paddy in the boat... These incidens are just symbolic representations of man's life which is at all stages dominated by circumstances and the various vissisitudes of life. At each stage when man gains something he loses some other thing. At each stage he goes through the lonely phase of depression, which he tries to overcome gradully.

The poem 'Bride' is a realistic portrayal of the feelings of a new bride. She is all alone.

"As I sit alone with my thought I seem to hear Day's ending....

#### THE THEME OF LONELINESS IN TAGORE'S VERSE

She is worried for there is nobody to share her feelings. She is a village girl and the city atmosphere frightens and depresses her.

\*Oh this city with its stony body
Its massive loveless fist has squeezed and crushed
A young girl's feelings, pitilessly."

She misses the "boundless fields". "the open paths", "the bird's song" and the "trees."

She weeps; but there is no one to comfort her; she feels lonely- but the city folk take no heed of her feelings and she "loiters alone", she longs for her mother and wishes to die and ultimately questions-

"When will my evening come?
All playing end!
The cooling water quench all fires?
If anyone knowns, tell me when."

The poem is a true picture of the new village bride unable to adjust in the city. The loneliness hangs on. It is a loneliness amidst a crowd. Internally the bride suffers from the pangs of loneliness. Neither the brightness of the moon, nor the flowers can give her any pleasure because she is starved of love and gaiety. When the heart moans, nothing around the world seems pleasant.

In other poems like 'Flute- Music' and the 'Border land'- We find the narrator is lonely. In 'Flute - Music' - the routine life of a clerk - his broken alliance with a girl and life full of disappointments is highlighted. We can get a glimpse of the lonely life that is led in the city. The only solace to his tired self is the music he hears from the neighbourhood - which towards the end rings out a note of brightness.

The other poem 'Border land' presents the musings of a narrator who feels, he is floating down on 'ink- black stream', surrounded by a host of memories.

All the sounds go faint and there is the fading 'bird song offering self sacrifice to huge silence'. With this as the background the poet creates a gloomy theme and the narrator's body seems to fuse with the endless night. He is

"Alone, amazed" and ultimately prays
"Sun you have removed your rays, show
now your loveliest kindliest form That I may see the person who dwells in
me as is you"

Loneliness is shown with the help of different images. There is darkness silence, fading lights, which signify the loneliness.

William Radice says "Through symbolism, imagery and rhythm,"

Tagore's poems "Communicate with uncanny power states of consciousness beyond or beneath the normal."

The poem 'Border land' is one such poem where the narrator is at the meeting point of life and death. The finges of the metaphysial element can be felt in this poem of Tagore.

Tagore's poetry belongs to the preindependence era and the anxiety, gloom,
uncertainity prevelent in the time, no
wonder, made Tagore write poems that
were partly patriotic, partly romantic and
partly meloncholic. Loneliness thus too is
a phase which pervades his poetry for a
short span.

The poems referred to in this article are from Rabindranath Tagore, Selected Poems, translated by William Radice (Penguin Books Ltd., England).

# AGAIN, BHARAT

- Prof. V.V. Ramanadham

May Bharat (India) shine again As an eternal flame on earth; May men behave as angels With earth in glow as heaven.

May it shape into Kanw's hermitage
Where deer and tigers played as friends;
May it be the Asoka tree
Which offered light, desires subdued.

May today and yesterday
Move in siklful blend;
May union with feminine grace
Emerge' twist east and west.

May it stand like the blue sky
Which, while breaking, gives others life;
May it be the abode of God
With incense in gentle fragrance.

May the diseased branches drop
On the ground in prompt rhythm;
May fresh flowers flourish
In every spring with beauty.

May the ocean gush ashore The hordes of hidden gems; May the mines yet not dug Open themselves up fully.

May great learning be redeemed
From lapse in the bowels of time;
May slighting cease of old cultures
With little thought of understanding.

May flouting doubts cease to be That Mahatma Gandhi did live once; May children be firmly informed That Vyasa and Valmiki did exist.

If ever our ancestors come down
May this seem their old land;
At the minimum may they not regret
Their nostalgic descent.

May noble hearts flourish
That are offered to the mother;
May sleaze that squeezes the mother
For selfish ends disappear.

May Bharat (India) shine again
As an eternal flame on earth;
May we, with pride, proclaim
That we are the progeny of Bharat.

(A translatian by the author of his poem in Telugu)

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# 'SCORN NOT THE SONNET'

- R.M. Challa

No, not the ice that scorches the skin, nor the sun that cools the blood, not even the flower that breaks the bones— such images as are the source of modern poetry's proud power — the sane sweet sonnet of old needs to sing! Plain speaking and high thinking set the tone for the Sonnet wherein sense is everything.

Yes, the sounds- sense continuum is its lone splendour, even as its letter and spirit fuse life mortal and love immortal within the sublimation of the soulful muse thriving on its emotion genuine...

Oh worthy Wordsworth, we know your words, worth: 'Scorn not the sonnet', hail its deathless birth!

# O, DEAR MINE

- B. Indira Kumari

When I look at you, O my dear pen Something most painfully stings mine heart Then a flood of tears gushes into my eyes anon For, of you to make use, I have be some unfit How readily you did with me co-operate Whenever my thoughts their free expression sought! How like bosom friends we always lived together! How unceasingly flowed on our intimacy so dear! Your presence once so sweet now I feel unbearable For, my thoughts, to reach you are found incapable At the thought of past sweet things grows so heavy mine heart That I feel like running away but I can not Away from your sight I can keep myself But can mine heart part with your Dear self? So, only one thing of you I request Dear Mine That is, if I were to be born with sweet thoughts again and again You be my everlasting dear companion And let us mingle in the end as one in sweet union.

# OF BEING PROUDLY ASHAMED

- Kuppli Padma

"And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and it was pleasat to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took the fruit there of and did eat and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat.

"And the eyes of them both were opened and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig leaves together and made themselves aprons."

(Genesis. 3: 6,7)



We Women!

Marvellous creatures!

Beauty is our lives!

Build a prison for us. We will wash it clean and lay pretty patterns on the floor.

Give us a twisted thread. We will dab it with turmeric paste and do puja to it.

Drape iron curtains between us and our happiness. We will stitch frills and decorate them.

Give us as much misery as you can. We will create a beauty out of it.



Aren't human relations our empire? The home our Heaven? And, the body our sole possession?

· However narrow is our stage, we will make it wide enough.

The whole vast world is yours. But, see how narrow are you minds!

You have kept with yourself the incomparable valour, and the mighty toughness, and gave us as our share, the tenderness, the sensitivity and the delicateness.

Though the division was unequal and unjust, we have reared with love what has fallen to our lot. We stitched up pieces of coloured cloth and laces on it endearingly.

True, we now dispute all this sharing.

. We are questioning these divisions and the cages made by you and the very systems of this society. And are dreaming of getting transformed into new human beings.

But do you know that we carry along with us on this new journey, all the skills and techniques acquired and preserved from you-in all the meanest, most miserable and highly detestable slavery of bygone times?

(Translated from Telugu by Vemaraju Narasimha Rao)

#### OF BEING PROUDLY ASHAMED

Do you realise that when your magnanimity, valour and manliness fall flat, pale-faced, under the very feet of the new world being created by you, we are forging ahead like double- edged swords? Does it occur to you that while we are entering the man's world, without ourselves becoming men, we intend filling the whole world with feminine grace?

Even while we are set to conquer your world, the charms, the guiles, the coquetry and the coyness- which you iinflicted on us and made fun of- are accompanying us. Do you understand that?

#### \* \* \*

Sarcastically you may say, "When a vwoman says one thing, she means another."

IBut the male dictionary has always double centendre for the features, the physical sattributes and the movements and the expressions of women. Every thing that sadds to the beauty or fits in with feminity sare mean and lowly in your eyes, that is ssociety's.

#### SSHAME:

The shamefulness felt by men is prelated to the sociological conditions. They have no sense of shame about their bodies cor the biological needs. Even if they do, it is circumscribed by embarassment and programs of civilised behaviour.

The shame we experience is very largely personal. This personalised shame

is imposed on us by the society. Not only the sense of shame due to inhibitions or the physical and biological reasons, the values of virginity and chastity are intricately entwined with it.

The sense of shame felt by Dharmaraj, when his wife, whom he staked and lost, was being dishonoured and he had to hang his head in righteous helplessness; or, that of Rama, who was unable to look into the eyes of Sita and tell her why she was being banished into the deep woods; or the shame felt by the numerous legendary and historical figures who succumbed to selfishness or fear or temptation or jealousy and inflicted injustices on the people. We are not familiar with this type of shamefulness.

They have manly tasks to performgreat things to do in their lives and that of society's. Obligations to be fulfilled which they only can.

And they feel mighty ashamed on every single occasion they are unable to succeed.

We do not have that opportunity at all!

What are the great achievements that this society can expect of us? No need to build empires. No need to write down the ssciptures. Not necessary to establish any golden era or a heavenly society.

None at all. That is why we do not have any failures that we can be ashamed of on a level that a man can.

What do history and the society expect from us?

To protect the purity of blood of the male descendants and thus ensure uniterrupted heriditary rights; to become mothers in order to raise children and bring them up as men and women; and to fantasise every slavish relationship as something great! Except these, there are no other failures in the eyes of the society for us to shamed of.

But we do feel ashamed at times, when overcome by extreme happiness or uncontrollable pride.

Alas, man can never aspire to do

Of course, one has to get rid of the sense of shame concerning the demands of the body or physical needs and desires;

But-

When the great experience of joy or victory achieved or about to be achieved is so irrepressible that it overflows into the eyes;or

When a subtle thought of the mind is caught by the eye; or

When a small demand is whispered into the ear;

To look down, unable to look into the eyes of your dear friend,

That is a virtue to be retained.

How infinitely greater are the looks of the heavy, half-closed eyes that proclaim the union of the body and mind as some festival and glorifies that ancient union as a civilised, delicate, human relationship, compared to the shameless, naked looks of man into the far, inner corners of the body, eyes filled with atrociously crude lust, unable to distinguish between desire and revenge- even while the sheer joy is within one's own reach?

\* \* \*

Friend!

You need not learn afresh how to bow your head in shame, when we convincingly prove how inhuman were the marks left by you on this world for generations together;

But, can't you learn from now itself to bow with humility and ecstacy, when after making a man out of you, and having given you half the throne with feminine generosity, when we look with love, grief and desire into your eyes that have been rid of male chauvinism?

# VALUES OF R.K. NARAYAN

- B. Krishna Murthy

As a comic genius of high order, R.K. Narayan has all along been concealing the values that are dear to him, allowing them to trickle to the reader in and through the experiences of his characters in his novels. They are so deftly touched upon that a reader often misses them. This has stood in the way of his receiving the recognition that is his due. As Warren French rightly observes, "He demands too much of readers and critics who cannot transcend their own apprehension of Doomsday."

However, in one particular novel, A Tiger for Malgudi (1983), Narayan reveals a set of values that he cherishes. In the final section that describes the tiger's sojourn with his spiritual preceptor the novel rises to Upanishadic stature. This implies a disciplic succession of imparting knowledge, down the ages. Here is no comedy or irony, but the moralistic pattern of the fable.

The spiritual preceptor, in his poorvasrama was employed in a foreign insurance company and led an affluent life. But one fine morning he suddenly absconded abandoning his wife and children. When his wife traced him out and tried to win him back to his former life, he convinced her that he had not left

them out of wrath, "but out of an inner transformation."

His inner life had undergone such a change that neither the past, nor a future existed for him. As he put it, "I live for the moment, and that awareness is enough for me." To attain this state, he had gone through much hardship. It is interesting to note that Narayan has expressed himself on similar lines in an article in the **Deccan** Herald. He writes:

What life has taught me? I am unable to answer, perhaps because I am unable to analyse Life or what it means; Living experience is impalpable; it is a flow, a flux, like a stream, it has no terminus or a halting point. At no stage, you can say "That is it." You go along with it, you watch it, extract its essence from moment to moment, both enjoying and suffering; the moment is vital. The quality of the Moment is what is always available, but it slips through your fingers when you try to grasp it for evaluation. And we waste the actual moment of experience if we stop to examine it. "We look before and after and pine for what is not."

It is of equal interest that Warren French chose to praise Narayan with special reference to this quality, namely "his awareness of the moment." He quotes one of the most memorable lines from Wilder's play *Our Town*, "Do any human beings over ealise life while they live it? -- every, every minute?" and contends:

R.K. Narayan is one of those are saints and poets who have realised life as they have lived it and have watched it lived by their mad neighbours.

This identical nature of self-realisation in Narayan and the Master who figures in this novel is of special interest. In the light of this great realisation of "the awareness of the moment," the Master clarifies on many an issue that affects human life and calls for explanation. Only a thin layer separates the man that suffers and the mind that creates. In other words, they are in reality the tenets of spiritual wisdom that Narayan himself has realized through his life and work.

The values of Narayan are a fine synthesis of what he has inherited from his own Indian tradition and what he has assimilated from his exposure to western life and literature. It is of significance to note that the tiger refers to his spiritual preceptor neither as 'Guru' nor as'Swamiji' but simply as 'My Master'. Narayan thus takes care to give his mouthpiece a name

without any kind of emotional connotation. The only exception is his faith in the particularly Hindu concept of literal reincarnation or rebirth. Some of the Master's utteraces are worth rehearsing.

(i) The basic Indian spiritual outlook is the quest for identity, "Who am I?" It is with this that the Master started, freeing himself from the ties of Samsara. He justified his renunciation, "An inner compulsion is enough to make one take fateful decisions."

We have lost the faculty of appreciating the present living moment. We are always looking forward or backward and waiting for one or sighing for the other, and lost the pleasure of awareness of the moment in which we actually exist.

(ii) The result of the quest is the awareness of the moment. When Raja wished to learn that art of reckoning, the Master said:

You need not know what time of the day, or what time of the week, or numbers, reckoning of before and after, when and how far; in short you don't have to know the business of counting, which habit has made us human beings miserable in many ways. We have lost the faculty of appreciating the present living moment. We are always looking forward or backward and waiting for one or sighing for the other,

and lost the pleasure of awareness of the moment in which we actually exist.

(iii) The Master's definition of God is a further revelation of Narayan's eclecticism. The God as explained by the Master is neither Rama, Krishna, Allah, Christ nor of any other religious denomination.

He described God in his own terms as the Creator, the Great Spirit pervading every creature, every rock and tree and the sky and the stars a source of power and strength. Later when his Master questioned Raja, the tiger about it, he said that God must be an enormous tiger, spanning the earth and the sky, with a tail capable of encircling the globe, claws that could hook on the clouds, and teeth that could grind the mountain, and possessing, of course, immeasurable strength to match. On hearing his notion of God, his Master burst into a laugh and said: "It's often said that man makes God in his own image. Both may be right; and you are perfectly right in thinking of your God as a super tiger. Also it may be true. What we must not forget is that He may be everything we imagine and more. In Bhagavada Gita He reveals himself in a mighty terrifying form which pervades the whole universe in every form of life and action. Remember also He is within every one of us and we derive our strength from Him"

(iv) Advising Raja to follow him and not to look around, he explained the yogic way to steady one's mind:

This is one of the rules of yoga to steady one's mind, to look down one's nose and at nothing beyond.

The eye is the starting point of all evil and mischief. The eye can trvel far and pick out objects indiscriminately mind follows the eye, and rest of the body is conditioned by the mind. Thus starts a chain of activity which may lead to trouble and complication, or waste of time, if nothing else; and so don't look at anything except the path.

(v) When Raja was oppressed with a sense of guilt and remorse regarding his food habit, his Master explained to him the way to true happiness:

Do not crave for the unattainable. It's enough you have realization. All in good time. We cannot understand God's intentions. All growth takes place in its own time. If you brood on your improvements rather than your shortcomings, you will be happier.

(vi) To the factious villagers who came under his influence, he enunciated his philosophy of non-violence:

Don't ever fight. No cause is worth a clash...If you are ready to hate and want to destroy each other, you may find a hundred reasons--a diversion of canal water in your field, two urchins of opposite camps slapping each other, rumours of molestation of some woman, even the right to worship in a temple, anything may spark off a fight if you are inclined to nurture hatred--only the foolish waste their lives in fighting.

(vii) To Raja's benefit he explicated man-woman relationship:

Human ties cannot be defined in just black- white terms. There can be no such thing as unmitigated hatred or unmitigated love. Those who are deeply attached sometimes deliberately present a rough exterior to each other and that is also one way of enjoying the married state. Some wives in this world show their deepest love only in nagging, and the husbands also enjoy putting on an air of being victims. You must not forget that everyone is acting a p...t all the time, knowingly or unknowingly. But God who sees everything must be aware of their thoughts and the secret ecstasies of companionship...So don't make the mistake of thinking that they were not properly matched, judging merely from conversation overheard.

### (viii) Of knowledge he said:

Knowledge like food, must be taken within limits. You must know only as much as you need, and not more. All the thousands of human beings...suffer from minds overburdened with knowledge, facts,

and information--fetters and shackles for the rising soul.

(ix) As Rabbi Ben Ezra said he owned the whole of life. He was not for rejection of the past life. The tiger recalls what his Master said once:

There is nothing wrong in it, ..it being also a part of your own life, indispensable and unshakable although you have come a long way from it.

Of old age the Master said:

Beautiful old age, when faculties are dimmed one by one, so that we may be restful, very much like extinguishing lights in a home, one by, before one goes to sleep.

(x) On separation he had this to observe:

No relationship, human or other, or association of any kind could last forever. Separation is the law of life right from the mother's womb. One has to accept it if one has to live in God's plans.

A Tiger for Malgudi is an invaluable asset to Narayan scholars. Here in brief they find a catalogue of values that are dear to Narayan-his views on life, existence and death. The catalogue does not exhaust the value content of Narayan, but merely suggests the trend. Only when read with reference to these values that constitute his norm, his novels become fully alive.

# TRIVENI IS SEVENTY YEARS YOUNG

— Padmabhushan, Prof Dr P. Tirumala Rao

When you think of men of the "STREET OF INK" on the editorial side late Sri Kolavennu Ramakotiswara Rau stands outstandingly in the line. He had a quiet charm of his own. He belonged to the village Kolavennu and bears it as his surname in the traditional Andhra style. He lived in Narasaraopet in Guntur District. He was educated as a lawyer at Madras to practice in Naraswaraopet, but he chose to be a journalist and started the monthly journal "TRIVENI" in the year 1927 at Madras, the capital of the composite Madras State.

de sens basevat and bon sotibe

The TRIVENI completed seventy years as a literary and cultural journal and as a mouth piece of Indian art, history, culture and literature. My first cousin bearing my own name (taking it after our grandfather), elder brother Peda Tirumala Rao was his office Secretary. There was nothing between them except office contact. My brother was lucky being a failed matriculate, as otherwise he would have been recruited to the Revenue Department

and would have lost contact with the cultural world of TRIVENI. After nearly four decades, when my grandson was talking to him, he could not believe that he was a failed matriculate, with all his voluminous knowledge of all the arts and a good reading habit. My cousin graduated in the University of TRIVENI, of which Sri Ramakotiswara Rau was the Vice Chancellor. That was the type of literary instruction the editor could give through his journal to my brother.

In the beginning TRIVENI was in a modest two-room office in Thambuchetty Street, Madras in the building of YMIA (Young Men's Indian Association). Mrs Annie Besant built it in Madras on the pattern of the YMCA (Young Men's Christian Association). Annie Besant was the top notch of World Theosophical Society preaching unity of religions. Thus the building YMIA itself had a flavour of the wold culture. It is the precussor of the present Sahitya Akademi and the National Book Trust of India of Delhi.

It is the harbinger of the P.E.N. of India. Its founder Editor was the trendsetter and the creator of good journalists and gentlemen like M. Chalapati Rau of the National Herald, Lucknow.

The great inspiration of TRIVENI was Sri Ramakotiswara Rau. He had a galaxy of intellectul and literary giants contributing to the journal on subjects national and international importance. In this holy atmosphere, the prepossessing personality of Sri Ramakotiswara Rau was a study for us who were then young students in Madras. The immaculately dressed. smooth talking Ramakotiswara Rau called my brother Tirumala Rao and my borther responded with the alacrity of devoted disciple. The youngsters looked upon the scene with awe and respect.

On the ground floor of the building there was a canteen exclusively for the members. We had a special access to the great man through our borther. We lined the canteen because the menu was deliciously prepared with pure butter melted ghee. The dosa, the bread - butter- jam and salt and pepper, specially stimulated

our young palate. All this pleasant atmosphere added to the charm of TRIVENI office with its inspiring editor and the devoted secretary. My brother was like a versatile actor of the old times on the drama stage, readily substituting any role that was missing.

The yearly subscription of this great journal was a mere meagre sum of six rupees. Life Membership was a hundred rupees only. Besides this, the donations promised by philanthropists whet their apetite with allurement. In those days, aristocratic professionals lived in big compounds. We the 'urchins' had the allurement and the distance we had to keep. My brother with his simple dress used to creep in with the audacity of a self- possessed intellectual! The modern, rich persons may wonder, how the older generation of eminent journalists maintained their cheerful outlook on life. They had no money in the pocket but only cheer in the mind. Mr Kolavennu was one such enigmatic personality.

The journal faced financial crises very often. But he did not put up a white flag and run in panic. As it did

#### TRIVENI IS SEVENTY YEARS YOUNG

not pander to the vulgar taste of the masses and flatter the rich, it faced problems. But the editor did not lower the standards.

When I look in retrospect how finances were trickling in, as Rs 6 or Rs 100 were immediately used for the paper as though they were receiving an yearly honus, I am surprised, depending on the dividend with no thought for the morrow. The editor immediately proceeded to purchase a silk curtain or a wall design or a table cloth or some artists decoration and aesthetic beauty which pleased the eye and satisfied the mind.

It is the eternal waiting for the finances like the provebial Macawber of Charles Dickens, every day waiting with expectation that somehting will turn up! We must salute that generations's tenacity and patience. Mr Ramakotiswara Rau with all his cultural attainments was given

membership of Madras Legislature. Honesty was his main quality.

In the last days of his noble life, Sri Kasu Brahmanda Reddy (former Chief Minister) provided him with a monthly pension of Rs. 100/- which must have still overfolwn the brim of the cup of satisfaction with all the cheer possible till the end! He sacrificed every thing to maintain this journal. It was then taken over by Sri Bhavaraju Narasimha Rao. It is the duty of all of us to do our best for the journal. Support to this journal is the touchstone of a person's taste and the test of his culture. It is truly the journal of Indian Renaissance. The glorious TRIPLE STREAM should take us back to those good old days.

Golden Jubilee year of Independance is a golden opportunity to philanthropists to prove their merit and mettle by assisting this sole surviving cultural quarterly of India. Let us try to recapture the Gandhian vision. Long live TRIVENI.

#### ANNOUNCING

#### A SPECIAL ISSUE DEDICATED

to late

#### PROF. M. VENKATARANGAIYA

the noted historian and scholar and freedom fighter of yester years and who was a regular feature writer to the TRIVENI. Is being brought out shortly. Contributions are invited, brief and typewritten, about his contribution to education, culture, history and personal glimpses.

- Editor.

# **OUR CHILDREN**

- Dr. R. Janardana Rao

Children O' these lovely children they rush clean to their convvents Their satchels full of light For a future leading step by step They go in clusters as birds Below their shorts and skirts gleam Fresh flesh of future lives All these are my grand children Their sight revives my old nerves This second childhood I enjoy As they run my nation runs In them the progeny prolongs Eyes to admire, ears for their chatter Our love for them all in abundance. Go, grow and learn my children! You've the treasure trove with you Of future of this land, expand We cherish this beyond caste or clime Religion, status, or any divide You, our children, grow and grow.

# TRIBUTES TO A JUDGE

- B. Theodore

Exalted by merit, though born insignificant,

O Man of Integrity! Well -known for honesty,

A rare gem from the low, risen to eminence

By dint of hard work and wisdom from God!

Your discernment is surely far more judicious
Than that of the 'gods' we implore and adore,
That has made your judgments landmak and historic
That have won the accolades of one and all.

Many a juvenile advocate is inspired by your virtues,
While those who 'buy Magistracy and sell justice'
Bend their heads in shame and ignominy:
'A good name you've chosen rather than riehes great.'

In these days when Justice is fled to brutes

And men have lost their reason' to expediency,

'Integrity is praised but starves' for all

Except for eulogies by unprejudiced persons.

When judges like you are on the seat of judgment laws cannot' grind the poor' any more;

Nor' rich men rule the law' any further;

#### Triveni

'Big fish can't escape from the net of law;
'Laws wouldn't be like cobwebs to catch small flies
.
While wasps and harnets break through' them.

Neither the higher office you hold with prudence,
Nor the greater stature you possess by probity,
Has made you proud or conceited like others,
But made you humble and cardial to all,
Though inaccessible to untruth, strict to the care,
Never leaning to favouritism, uninfluenced by pelf.

The Lord loves justice and very much wishes it.
'Roll in like a river on the surface of the earth;
He's given the judges the sceptre of Justice
To'perver not justice nor deny it to the poor'.

The court is held in the highest esteem

Because of the conspicuity of conscientious judges

Like you who never have put asunder

'Law and equity which God has joined.'

'More learned than witty'; Bacon says,

'More reverend than plausible'; advised than confident',

'Litegrity is your portion and proper virtue',

O Excellent Judge! 'May your tribe increase!'

# WORD - POWER

- Dr. K. Avatara Sarma,

It is neither the sun nor the moon that makes the Universe visible. A peculiar light which is not visible, but can be heard and experienced (by the ear and heart); enlightens this world and by its influence only the metabolism of the Universe is going on. So says Dandian in his Kavyadarsa

"Idam andham Tamah Krtsnam

Jayeta Bhuvana trayam

Yadi Sabdahvayam Jyothih

Asamsaram an deepyate"- Thus Sabda plays a prominent role in the maintenance of the universe. Unless it is supported by Sabda, work has no existence at all. So, Sabda is more powerful than anything else in this metaphysical world.

Word power is being utilized even in politics as an important weapon to win the game. If we recall our attention to the slogans of our earlier politicians- Viz. 'Quit India". 'Vande Mataram" Independence is my birth -right'- 'Garibi Hatavo' etc; the governing capacity of Sabda can easily be understood. Alankarikas pointed out that the sharpness of Sabda is that of an arrow left "Soyam ishoriva deerg ataro Vyaparah".

All our Sastras and Darsanas have also taken WP as a pramana (Measure) to propound or establish their theories though 'Sabda Pramana', which is other wise known as 'Aptavakaya', Nowadays much research is being done on this "Apta Vakya Learning Philosophy" (AVLP).

WP has been vividly discussed in Indian Aesthetics and also in Darsanas. Rhetoricians have contributed much to the psychic aspect, while Naiyayikas (logicians) and Vaiyakaranas (Grammarians) have dealt with separately the evolutionary and involutionary aspects of the WP. Thus we may say- WP has its own influence on the society as well as on literature right from the beginning and it may last for ever.

Now, we shall analyse the contents-what does a WORD mean? It has been defined by the school of Logicians as 'Saktam' (That which has power). Now the question arises - what is sakti? It is nothing but 'Abhidhana'ie., the expression suggested according to the will and pleasures of the LORD. -"Asmat Sabdat ayam ortho boddhavya iti ISWARASAMKE TO ABHIDHA".

But the Grammarian's view- point differs with this. According to them it is 'SPHOTA' that which enlightens the meaning as they define - 'Sphutatyarthah Aneneti sphotah'. It was also treated as the Brahman in the guise of sabda. Which is other wise known as 'Sabda Brahman'. Like Lord Brahma the four headed God. the creator of the universe; this SPHOTA OR WORD in its sense, sabda has four Heads ie., a four fold phenomenon- Para. Pasyanti, Madhyama and Vikhari. Among these the last form Vikhari only can be observed or experienced by us through our organs of hearing 'Sravanendriya'. Our ear cannot grasp the first three forms. They can only be seen by the seers who practice Yoga. that too-in the state of 'Mahasamadhi' ie., in deep meditation.

The Sum total of the above two the theor shas been explained in SIKSHAS, which are considered as the First organ of vedas in a more scientific manner as follows:

Atma budhya Sametyarthan

Mano Yunkte Vivakshaya

Manah Kayagnimahanti

Sa prerayati Marutam. -

At the outset, Atman the inner self provoked by some thought joins with the mind, and - the mind desirous of awakening

the inner fire of the body (Kayagni) acts upon and as a result of this, the fire thus kindled makes the air to go- up and the air while passing out through some parts of the vocal-cavity touches the throat (Kantha), Palet(Talu) Head (Murdha) etc, and produces various sounds. In congruence with the mental harmony these sounds form some meaningful utterances called sabdas. If the articulation does not give any sense, it will be a mere sound. If it is meaningful it takes the name of sabda, a word.

Well, we have observed the outcome of the web of the vocabulary. Now, we shall discuss the other side of the coin is power of a word. It has been clearly observed and classified by the Rhetoricians that words will have three types of powers known as Abhidha, Lakshana and vyanjana.

'Abhidha' means 'Bodha' ie the perception which brings into our minds; the shape of the object which is expressed by the sabada. For example, if the word 'Book'is heard; immediately the shape of a book ie., the compilation of some papers in their right shape will be cognised and the same will be caught by our visual organ i.e the eye. This is what Abhidhana means.

At times, the main shape of the object does not come into the picture, and some other meaning is to be inferred. For

example- generally we call the vendor "Oh! Apples! come here". The apple will come to your door step. Think a while, Is it possible? Can the apple come to your door? But it comes! How? The answer is WP, Apple can not participate in the action of coming as it cannot walk or run. That is how your order or command become invalid in its real sense. It is known as the 'meaning suffered ie., Badhita Jnana' in the Sastra. In contexts like this where the primary meaning in Mukhyartha has suffered, and takes another shape ie Arthantara, with some relation to the main objects, as in our example, Apple means the 'The person who carries the apples'. This kind of WP is named as LAKSHANA and the meaning thus changed its shape, It is known as 'Lakshyaartha' by the Alamkarikas.

There is another significant aspect of WP which concerns the poetic beauty, the concept of suggestion. It is *Vyanjana*, which is otherwise named as *DHWANI*. There is a famous verse in Sanskrit Rhetoric.

"Yami Na Yamiti dhave vadati tanvangyah.

Galitani puro Valayani Tanyeva Punardalitani"

A love says to his beloved 'Dear! I am leaving now', Immediately her bangles fell from her hand. Meanwhile, she raises the other hand so that the bangles of that

hand my not fall down. The lover understood her immense grief and said 'I am not going', Immediately the bangles on the other hand had broken into pieces". This is the substance of the verse.

It is possible to imagine? The person who cannot grasp the suggested meaning, think of the poet as - No bloody Fool will depict like this. Here the actual meaning which is other wise known as 'Vachyartha' should not be taken. Only the suggestive meaning is to be viewed, when the lover said to his beloved- "I am going". She becomes so lean and slim that her bangles fell down suddenly, and afterwards she raised the other hand. When he said again 'I not leaving. She becomes am overwhelmed with joy and the bangles of the other hand had broken into pieces. Here a 'Sahrdaya' who understands the heart of the poet, will think about the intensity of love which does not bear the seperation even for a fraction of a second. He only can praise the poet's delightful description whole- heartedly. This type of apreciation only shows the pulse of the poet and the poetry.

Janan Vyangya Camatkrteeh Padagateeh arthouchiteeschavasat

Antassarma Yadasnute rasyita Sa jeevandi Kaveh. This kind of poetry in which the suggestive meaning was given much importance is named as 'DHWANI KAVYA' It was accorded top priority by the Rhetoricians. Thus Jagannatha the most prominent of Alamkarikas considers it as 'Uttamottama kavya'.

Though Logicians (Tarkikas) have mainly used the WP for their Pariskaras; their ultimate goal is to establish the pramanas to attain the 'eternal bliss' (Moksha). So is the Pramana Sutra-"Pramana-Prameya-Samsaya-Prayojana-Drstanta-Siddhanta-Avayava-Tarka-Nirnaya-Vada-Jalpa-Vitanda-Chala-Jati-Nigrahasthananam Tatvajnanat-Nisreyasadhigamah". Same is the case with the grammarians (Vaikaranas) who identify themselves as 'Sabdabrahmavida' along with vedantins.

The Indian aesthatics concentrated to direct the WP only to attain the trinity"Satyam Sivam Sundaram". In the same way Alamkarikas also converged their views towards the uplift of the human race by supplying samskaras though WP in the shape of upadesa. Thus 'Upadesatmakata' became the characteristic feature of the Indian poets who concentrated all their efforts to seek 'MOKSHA' the liberation as their penultimate goal.

Anyone will get surprised at his son or boy who is studying 2nd standard when he recites the famous verse of Sumatisatakam.

Udumundade Noorendlunu

Padi Yundade Permi Pamu Padi Noorendlun

Maduguna Kokkera Yundade

Kadunila Purusartha Parudu Kavale Sumathi!!

So exclaims Manu and advises that the entire human race to learn the character from an Indian Brahmin through WP.

"Etaddesaprasutasya Sakasadagrajanmanah

Swam Swam Charitram Siksheran Prthivyam Sarvamanavah"

And only on the basis of the WP it is said "Poets are uncrowned rulers of the world" Not merely this world, they are capable of twisting the whole universe according to their will.

"Yathasmairochate Viswam Yathedam Parivartate" It is said.

That is the WP we have for which India is very famous.

# D.C. CHAMBIAL'S 'A POEM': A STYLISTIC VIEW

- Dr. G.D. Barche

D.C. Chambial, a poet from the land of scenic splendours and glistening grandeur, viz., Himachal Pradesh, is surprisingly here dealing with the evil forces engulfing the modern world. Secondly, though comparatively a rising poet, yet one infallibly notices his deep perception and poetic excellence in ' A Poem'. The poet has here made a very sincere attempt to highlight the present state of the modern world marked by all pervading violence, loss of values, helplessness, etc. However, he has not stopped at that. He has also confidently pointed to the saviour of this world. Besides, the beauty and the strength of the poem lies in its stylistic choices and their insightful organization. The poem is as follows:

#### A POEM

Come
I'll be by you
Sand dunes,
glaciers and floods
flowing in blood.
Story
quite unbelievable.
World sinks into mud

of the Lethe.

Boisterous lake is full.

Who will draw from it?

Sun setting down.

Foxes out for carcass.

cold wriggling.

Brain parched.

hands and mind

amputated

not severed

for SOS Hands.

The first question one faces at the very outset is: who are the *dramatis* personae- "I and you" in line No. 2? And the answer to this question will be withheld till the end of this analysis as there- in lies the real end of the poem. A close reading of the poem makes us see it being divided into six units. viz, unit No. 1 consisting of lines 1-2; No. 2 of lines 3-5; No. 3 of lines 8-9; No. 4 of line 10; No. 5 of lines 12-15; No. 6 of lines 16-19. Now let us see in detail what these units speak of the present day world.

We begin with unit No. 2 as No. 1 will be dealt with at the end. Unit No. 2 has three lines forming one sentence and projects one crucial aspect of the modern

#### Triveni

world, viz, violence. For convenience that unit is given as under.

# Sand dunes, glaciers and floods flowing in blood.

Here one is reminded of the mythological story of Lord Waman, He asked demon Bali to give him three steps of earth. Bali granted it. And the Lord measured'earth', 'heaven' and 'underworld' in three steps. Here the poet has measured and depicted the whole world in three words, viz. 'dunes', 'glaciers' & 'floods'. Let us first see the simple dictionary meaning of these three words;

Sand dunes: a hill of sand near the sea

or a sand desert,

glaciers : a huge mass of ice which

moves slowly down, a

mountain valley

floods : a large amount of water

that flows fast on plains.

Thus in a very artistic manner the poet has referred to the whole world by showing its people living either at the coastal regions or in the deserts; or at the mountain regions, or in the plains. Further all these regions are marked by violence. Besides, one can see the poetic beauty that emerges from the grouping of the words of invariant and variant nature. The words are invarient in the sense that all the three words are associated with water: 'dunes' plenty of water (ocean) or no water (desert glaciers- frozen water; floods- fast flowing water. They are equally varient in the sense they refer to different forms and colours i.e., dunes- form grains, colour- grey, glaciers- thick mass, colour - white; floodlarge liquid amount, colour- dusty. This unit then finally be interpreted to mean that places may be different, forms and colours of the people may be different, but all share one thing, viz, feelings and emotions suggested by water symbol Unfortunately, all these people have become the victims of all pervading violence.

Unit No. 3 is as follows:

# World sinks into mud of the Lethe.

Here, poet has avoided the use of the definite article before the common noun'world'and added deliberately before

#### D.C. CHAMBIAL'S 'A POEM': A STYLISTIC VIEW

the proper noun'Lethe'. This deviation can be interpreted thus: 'Lethe' is a river of the underworld causing forgetfulness of the past who drank of it. Here the addition of the definite article shunts it from the old context to the new one. Now it assumes generic sense and it means 'the river of life'. But then this river of life has no water, ie. morals, virtues, etc. It has only 'mud'. i.e. vice, confusion. Secondly, instead of refreshing and making the people remember the old values, it makes them forget them. Similarly the Word 'World' without article also assumes generic meaning in the same way as the word 'man' assumes in 'Man is mortal'. Further, the VP'sinks' should take

(+ human)

(+ animate ) Noun as subject and ( + abstract) Noun as adjunct, e.g., MANMOHAN sank into DEBT. Or BALI sank into SLEEP/VICE, etc. But in the poem it is quite the opposite, viz, 'World ( + abstract) sinks into mud( + concrete) of the Lethe'. But because of the deviation, this can now be re-wirtten as- 'MAN sinks into vice/ confusion of the present day life. This way the poet has tried to depict the present day life as devoid of values, joys,

morals, ideals etc., and the modern man is being swallowed up by such a life.

Unit No. 4, line No.10-'Boisterous Lake is full' highlights yet another aspect of the present day world. The word 'boisterous' means- violent, rough, noisy and it appears in phrases such asboisterous weather/ sea/ behaviour/ manners, etc. In the poem it has occurred before the word 'Lake'. Secondly, this sentence is incomplete and causes ambiguity. That is, instead of only 'Boisterous lake is full', it should have been' Boisterous lake is full of fish, of crocodiles/ high rising waves' etc. Now it is a fact that human mind (citta) is often compared with 'lake'. And in the present context 'lake' can be replaced by 'citta' (mind) and the sentence can be rewritten as 'Boisterous (citta) is (anxieties/ questings/ fears or may be 'straw' (a word from Eliot's 'the Hollow Men'). This way the line very powerfully presents an unspeakable state of modern man's 'citta' (mind).

After talking about the widespread violence in the modern world; loss of values, ideals, joys, etc., in the present day- pattern of life; miserable state of modern man's mind. Now the poet is concentrating upon the actual life style of the people today in Unit No. 5 lines 12-15;

Sun setting down.

Foxes out for carcass.

Cold Wriggling.

Brain parched.

The stylistic strategies used by the poet here are:

- (i) the omission of the verb 'be', and objects/ complements
- (ii) the use of humanising process through paradigmatic and syntagmatic relations. In the light of these facts, the units can be presented as follows.

Sun (is) setting down (in the hills)

Foxes (are) but for carcass (for their food)

Cold (are) wriggling (as Govt. levied new taxes, etc.)

Brain(is) parched (by worries & tensions, etc.)

The subject nouns above have to be understood not in their literal meaning but in the light of the breaking of the selectional rules and the overall context of the poem. In line No. 1 above 'set down' also means to scold, to rebutt and as such

it should take (+ human) ( + animate) Subject, while here it is 'sun' without the definite article'the' and which is ( - human) ( - animate). 'Sun' stands for energy, power. These days we have 'solar energy! Naturally' Sun' stands for the rich & the Therefore, this line can be rewritten as' Boss is setting down the workers in the factory'. That is, the rich and the powerful are bossing over the poor and the weak. Then 'foxes' are proverbially known for their cunningness and therefore in the second line it would mean 'shrewd and cunning people' who are out to expolit the poor for their prospertiy. The verb 'wriggle' in line No. 3 should take( + animate) subject, but it is ( + abstract). So naturally here 'cold' as an animate subject would mean the poor and neglected people and these people are wriggling under sky rocketing prices, newly levied taxes and a host of other problems. In the last line the poet has shown that the modern man's mind is parched. The poet has skilfully avoided the use of ' the agent' as the parching factors are many, e.g., worries, anxieties, tensions and so on. Thus these four lines have very effectively highlighted the life pattern of the rich and the poor, the strong and the weak, the cunning and the simple, etc.

Unit No. 6 (Lines 16-19) is as under:

#### D.C. CHAMBIAL'S 'A POEM': A STYLISTIC YIEW

Hands and mind amputated not severed for SOS Hands.

The miserable physical and mental state of modern man is very precisely projected through this parallelistic structure, having an element of identity and contrast, viz., 'Hands and mind'. The identiy of pattern is quite obvious, i.e., NP and NP. The connecton between the two is three-fold, viz,(i) 'hands' are concrete, while 'mind' is abstract., (ii) 'Hands' are the marginal parts of the body, while 'mind' the nucleous, (iii) 'Hands' are karmendriya, i.e., concerned with physical action, while mind Inanedriya, i.e. concerned with knowledge or thought processes. Besides, two more facts to be noted here are; (i), the physical and the marginal parts i.e., 'hands' take first position in this structure, while the abstract and the nucleous, i.e. 'mind' comes second; (ii) both these parts are diseased and hence amputated. Now these facts may be interpreted as follows:

In the present day world the physical and marginal parts like hands have not only equalled but also dominated the crucial and vital part like 'mind'. This fact points to the modern 'man's thoughtless actions. Further, unfortunately both 'hands' and 'mind' are diseased and consequently amputated. This fact refers to the modern man who cannot think or find out solution for the existing problems and then put it into action. On the contrary,he like the passengers of a sinking ship is crying for help, and naturally the question arises who will come for help? Will there be second or third coming? The poet's answer is firm and clear. According to him this help will be extended by 'a poem' as it comes forward and says:

# Come, I'll be by you.

This is unit No.1 (Lines 1 & 2). At the very outset a question was raised; who are the dramatis personae; 'I'& 'You' in the poem. And here is the answer: 'I' is 'a poem' who is ready to help 'you', the modern man, whose body and mind have badly been impaired. Poetry has been the saviour of man in the past and is ready to help now. Modern man cannot be restored to his earlier healthy state by industrialisation, mechanisation, democratization and so on. Only literature in general and poetry in particular can help him come out of the present ruthless rut.

# THE WORLD OF BOOKS THE ART OF RAJA RAO

(With special reference to the Serpent and the Rope)

- Dr. D. Anjaneyulu

Among the Indian writers in English or any other language, for that matterthere are few who have written so little and yet left so deep and abiding an impression on the discerning reader as Raja Rao.

It is heartening that his novel The Serpent and the Rope (1960) had been awarded the Sahitya Akademi prize, though it has had to wait for three to four years for recognition in his land of birth, after being acclaimed as a modern classic abroad- in England, France and America. Not surprising, this- since the time of Tagore, over half- a - century ago- that we sometimes choose to take the cue from others, possibly less familiar with an Indian literary work than us, in giving the author his due.

We seem to be suffering from a kind of schizophrenia in matters of literary criticism as see from the double standards sought to be applied in judging works of art by Indian authors. In the regional languages, almost every other writer is built up as a near genius for whom all the prizes of this country are indequate. If by some chance, he fails to click in the best of translations, it is conveniently blamed on the halpless translator.

In English, on the other hand, where the multiple eloquence of the deaf is luckily not possible, a novel, a story or other creative work often meets with a resistance from the reader and a rivalry from the practising writer, while the professional critic, not free from prejudice, tries to judge it by the highest of world standards and comes to the inevitable conclusion that it is no patch on Proust or Tolstoy, Huxley or Priestley, Hemingway or Faulkner. Otherwise, it is difficult to imagine why only two books (The Serpent and the Rope and R.K. Narayan's The Guide) were chosen for honour in about ten years or so, whereas almost every year, there is a book ready at hand in each of the regional languages to snatch the coveted prize.

As for Raja Rao's solid book of substantial worth, one might say'Better late than never', though what has so far been accorded to it is too little in terms of public recognition. It it has not been received more widely and appreciated more fully, it is no fault of the book or its author, but a fair measure of the intellectual climate in which we live and have our being.

The average reader in India is neither sufficiently deep-rooted in his own cultrural tradition nor intellectually sophisticated enough in the modern, Western sense of the term. Raja Rao can hardly manage to win the easy popularity and quick success of some of his less gifted, but more flashy and resourceful, colleagues in the profession, because writing is to him more a vocation than a profession, rather a fulfilment, a sadhana, in his own words.

He seeks to bring the precision and acuity of the classical tradition to the keenness and resilience of modern experience and contemporary sensibility. Impenitently obsessed with Sanskrit and obviously in love with his mother tongue, Kannada, he is more Indian than many Indians. Drunk deep at the foutain-source of French culture, he is possibly more French, in a real way, than those who cannot help it because of their ethnic origin or national allegiance. But, his normal vehicle of expression is the English language, which he approaches with the sensitiveness of a verbal artist and the freedom and comprehension of a born poet.

In the high quality and limited volume of his output-and in his serenity of outook too, perhaps- Raja Rao comes closest to E.M. Forster, among writers in English. Up to date, he has published only three volumes of fiction, Kanthapura (1938) The Cow of the Barricades (1946) and The Serpent and the Rope (1960). A fourth volume entitled The Cat and Shakespeare was published in 1964, the quarter Centenary year of the Bard.

Kanthapura- an ear- filling name, worthy of a modern Kalidasa, which strikes the Indian imagination- was an impassioned attempt to portray the powerful impact of the Mahatma and his movement on the Indian village. The sharp overtones of the Gandhian catharsis are all there, when rustic superstitions, local vested interests and patriotic impulses are thrown into the crucible of a freedom struggle under the consuming fire of a national upsurge.

The story is simple- a grandmother's tale, told with a disarming naivette, absorbing interest- and effective, but not without a trace of immaturity in its turns and twists. The dialogue is very much Indian and eloquent, though it tends to be harsh at places. In spite of its limitations, it remains a memorable picture of the exciting and eventful period.

The Cow of the Barricades is a collection of nine stories, written over a decade (from 1993 to 1994),most of them treating of homely familiar themes with the transforming touch of dream and phantasy. The title story reads like an extract from Kanthapura, the motherworship motif being worked out with the cow as a symbol of resistance against the forces of evil. But the long story entitled "Akkayya" (Elder sister in Kannada and Telugu) lingers in the reader's memory, with its vivid complex of ambivalent lovehate relations in a Hindu joint family.

Of his more recent works, appearing in a few Indian periodicals, one has to confess to a mixed reaction, for while the sketches- vignettes of Indian life like Varanasi, Deepavali and so on, including some other Indian cities- are almost poetic in their evocation of atmosphere, the stories, if they can be called as such, are rather tenuous in their links and tentative in their workmanship. They have a causalness of approach, which is far from satisfying.

The Serpent and the Rope is, however, not only Raja Rao's most ambitious work up -to -date and chief title to fame, but the most significant contribution to Indian creative writing in English and possibly to Indian thought itself. It functions on two or more levels of consciousness, the physical and the metaphysical, the temporal and the spiritual, the political and the religious, and swings the reader in a blinding flash from France to India and back, from Paris and London to Banaras and Hariharapura, leaving him thrilled and excited, baffled and bewildered, irritated and exasperated at times, but chastened and satisfied at the end. It is, no doubt, heavy going as a narrative, because of the frequent quotations from Sankara and Kalidasa, the Vedas and Upanishads, the Subhashitas of Bhatrihari and the sayings of the Vachanakaras not to speak of the epigrams and analects of the French masters of prose and verse. It is not a straight and connected story, as the author himself mentions, but an uneven chronicle, full of musings in the flash-back.

The story is rather thin in its basic elements if there be any story at all in the conventional structure of having a beginning, a middle and an end. It is the love, marriage-and-divorce of Rama, the Indian student, who goes to France for higher studes and Medeleine, the Frenchwoman, a lecturer at the University. Their union and separation are the two coping stones of this arch. Their coming together was something more than a youthful infatuation and their getting apart was quite other than a case of incompatibility of temperaments. No man and woman could be soaking in taste and temperatment. Both are reflective, sensitive to a degree and share each other's life as fully as possible, other's personal including each superstitions. Intellectually, they come more than halfway towards each other.

Rama is engaged in researching into the Albigensian heresy of the Cathars in the south of France and Madeleine's self-chosen field of interest is Indian philosophy tapering off into Tibetan Buddhism towards the end. Delicately made in body and mind, they are totally devoted to each other and she, his senior in age by several years, worships him on this side of idolatry and he adores her as an angel. India is always

#### THE WORLD OF BOOKS- THE ART OF RAJA RAO

on her mind and France is part of his consciousness.

With all the factors flowing from likeminds being conducive to a lasting union, they fail to integrate with one another as each does not succeed in integrating with one's own self. Rama sees the involutions of Hindu metaphysics in the Christian heresy and Madeleine seeks the Holy Grail unconsciously though- in the concept of the eighteen aggregates of the Buddhist philosophy. It is not so much a conflict of cultures as a confusion of identities. Rama finds the Indian girl Savitri more in tune with the music of his life than the French woman-scholar inspite of her(i.e Savitri's) drinking, smoking and other tomboyish ways.

Savitri takes him as lord and master, though she finally marries a tiger-shooting and polo- playing young philistine of her father's choice. On a purely biological level he finds- and gives- greater consolation in the protective arms of the matronly wife of a friend in Bombay who, after a visit to the West, learns to prefer the white skin to the brown and therefore neglects her. Even the brief encounter with Lakshmi- a Cambridge under graduate, bumpta is and persistent- is not without attraction, though

he feels like showing her the door after a visit or two.

Rama and Madeleine fade away from each other's consciousness with a vivid gradualness reminiscent of the changing scense of a motion picture. Their separation has a curious inevitability, which is underlined by the Hindu philosophy of life, with such delightful acuteness in the Raju-Sarpa Bhranti, which involves confusion of the illusion with the reality. There is no room for compromise here, as Rama explains towards the end:

The world is either unreal or realthe serpent or the rope. There is no inbetween the two and all that's in-between is poetry, is sainthood. You might go on saying all the time, "No, no, it's the rope", and stand on the serpent. And looking at the rope from the serpent is to see paradise, saints, avatars, gods, heroes, universes. For wheresoever you go, yo see only with the serpent's eyes. Whether you call it duality or modified duality, you invent a belvedere to heaven, you look at the rope from the posture of the serpent, you feel you are the serpent- you are- the rope is. But in true fact, with whatever eyes you see, there is no serpent, there never was a serpent....you see the serpent and in fear you feel you are it, the .serpent, the saint. Once- the Gurubrings you the lantern, the road is seen, the long, white road, going with the stars. 'It's only the rope'. He shows it to you. And you touch your eyes and know there never was a serpent. Where was it, where? I ask you. The poet who saw the rope as serpent become the serpent and so a saint. Now, the saint is shown that his sainthood was identification, not realisation. The actual, the real has no name. The rope is no rope to itself.

In this rather lengthy quotation is summed up the central philosophy of the book. The need for a Guru to light one's path is vital to a seeker, though the whole philosophy may be there in the living tradition. Just as at the opening of the book, Rama cries, in his loneliness, for a mother, who was no more, at the end, in his utter helplessness, he cries out for a Guru, who is no where near. Says the diary:

No, not a God but a Guru is what I need, "Oh lord My Guru, My Lord", I cried in the middle of this dreadful winter night. It was last night; the winds of April had arisen, the trees of the Luxembourg were crying till you could hear them like the triple oceans of the Goddess at Cape Comorin, "Lord, Lord my Guru, come

to me, tell me; give me thy touch, vouchsafe", I cried," the vision of Truth, Lord my Lord".

It is not for nothing that this novel is autobiographical in form. Possibly, it is so, in substance too. A character in the book that all books savs autobiographical be they of history or science. That possibly reflects the author's own view of the subject. Raja Rao himelf can be described as a Brahmin in France. He is a pilgrim who prays on the Ghats of the Ganga at Benaras and meditates on the riverside of the Seine in Paris. He was once married to a French wife and sought his Guru in Swami Atmananda in Trivandrum, not far from the Cape.

He writes with the intensity of personal experience and the story has the depth and authenticity of real life. In his case, more than in any other, it is true to say that the style is the man. It is a compound of all the agony and beauty of the man's personality. The purple patches and the precious writing here and there might irritate or prejudice the impatient reader, but it would be churlish to dismiss it as pretentious. The style has a poignancy into which have gone the dignity and majestic harmony of Sanskrit, the flavour and urbane delicacy of French and the homely intimacy of one's own mothertongue.

# **BOOK REVIEWS**

#### **ENGLISH**

# ARABIC, THE LANGUAGE OF ISLAM AN INTRODUCTION TO CLASSICAL ARABIC:

A contribution to Islamic and Oriental Studies: Author and Publisher: Shashikant V. Barve C/o. Architects Combine, 41, Community Centre, East of Kailash, New Delhi - 110 065. Price: Rs. 350/-

When Angel Gabriel revealed to Prophet Muhammad the first verses of Koran in the dialect of the spoken language of the Arabian Peninsula were born together one of the World Religions, Islam, and the Classical Arabic, its sacred medium. The religion arrived in country after country, continent after continent signalling its arrival, in the words of the author of the book under review, with the reverberating sound of the Muslim call for prayer in the Arabic language.

AN INTRODUCTION TO CLASSICAL ARABIC, therefore becomes also a compendium of Islam: if the first long chapter gives us a detailed history of the conquest made by Islam and the consequent spread of Islam of three continents, the last chapter gives us the very quintessence of Islam with profuse quotations from the Koran in the Original Arabic with transliteration and translation in English. The second and third chapters bring before us the Arabic alphabet, some vocabulary and a list of Urdu (Hindi) words derived from Arabic.

One cannot have a more authentic and more comprehensive work on Islam that also gives us a taste of the Arabic than Barve's materpiece.

- K.B. Sitaramayya

#### TELUGU

Seshendra Kavitha- Navyatha is a research thesis written by Dr. Kaluvakunta Rama Murthi for which Ph.D. Degree was awarded to him in 1991 by Sri Venkateswara University. Rs. 80; 228 pages; M/s Visalandra Publishing house, 4-1-435, Vignan Bhavan, Bank Street, Hyderabad 500 001.

The author of the book Kalavankunta Sree Rama Murthi has informed in the introduction that he had obtained the Ph.D. Degree under the category of 'Without guide'. This is a rare feate. The book contains six chapters namely 'Seshendra Kavya Jeevitham', 'Seshendra Kavitha Prayoga Dasa', 'Soundarya Navyatha', 'Seshendra Abhyudaya Kavitha Navyatha Dasa-' 'Viplayanabyatha', 'Upasamharam'. The auther is a scholar, Novelist and a very good analyst. A novelist will have a convenient freedom to depict the characters in his novel but a research scholar will not have such freedom. He has to probe deeply with inquisitive out look and defend the subject matter that has been chosen by him for research work. The author succeeded in this aspect. Gunturu Seshendra Sarma is a learned writer. His innumerable literary

works speak about his vast knowledge related to the universe, the Sastras, the Puranas, the Vedas, the Indian Phylosophy, the Yogas, the tantras of the Hindu classical literature, Dr. Rama Murthi analysed these aspects in this book along with his main subject 'Seshendra Sarma- Navyatha'. Sri Rama Murthi's presentation of the subject will raise the curiosity of the reader and creats interest to read the works of Seshendra Sarma. It is indeed this is what is expected from a research thesis. I am sure that this book will inspire some more research scholars to take up the other aspects in the literary works of Seshendra Sarma to enrich the Telugu literature.

- V. Swarajya Lakshmi

#### **TELUGU**

ANA IAKUDI DIARY: by Vemaraju Narasumha Rao; pp 108; Rs 25; Navya Sahiti Samiti, 1-8-522/12, Chikkadpalli, Hyderabad 500 020.

This is indeed a very rare Diary. Humour occupies a very prominent role in Telugu literature. It will be a crude attempt to create humour by suggestive, obscence words or to hold some one to ridicule. Among the Telugu writers who dispensed with clean humour may be mentioned such stalwarts as Munimanikyam, Mokkapti, Bhanumathi (Attagari Kathalu). Dr Ravuri Venkata Satyanarana was a regular contributor to Krishna Patrika of Mutnuri Krishna Rao,

with his column, Vadagallu in a lighter vein and later to the Andhra Prabha in Ashamashi and dispensed clean humour which always were received with ripples of laughter and smiles.

The Anamakudi Dairy of Sri Vemaraju Narashimha Rao belongs to that class of literature. This consists of interesting real life anecdotes in witty, unpretentious, and simple style. This in an enlarged version of the compilation of articles serialised in Andhra Jyothi about a decade ago (first published in 1986)

Simplicity, crispness, brevity and a twist in the end are the hall marks for a good story. All these pieces have them in a good measure. What is more-they are neither stories, nor essays. Perhaps they are witty eassay-stories, if we can call them so.

This book has the quality of a rare grip over the reader and once you start reading, it will keep youghed till the end. You feel the tingling sensation of their melting in your mouth like some *rasogullas*. Sense of appreciation comes out of the lips in ripples of laughter.

The author has successded in producing abundant humour without hurting or getting hurt in each of the 18 pieces in this book. This must be read and enjoyed by one and all and will adorn any library prominently.

- Dr Vasa Prabhavati

# TWGM

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#### TRIPLE STREAM

# **EDITORIAL**

# - I.V. Chalapati Rao

The human brain with its many billions of cells is the most complex and mysterious object in the known universe. It is a thing of three pounds of flesh which makes us essentially human. Each of its hemispheres, right and left, has its own welldefined functions to perform. According to specialists, the motor cartex controls conscious movement; Hippocampus helps Neurons memory; are network communicators which transmit and receive electro-chemical signals in a split second (a thousandth second). Frontal lobe controls reasoning, planning, speech and emotions. Temporal lobe processes sound and controls learning, language skills and emotions like anger, greed, jealousy etc. temporale is concerned with understanding speech. Parietal lobe integrates information and interprets the code of sensory signals. Thus every part of the brain does its allotted duties with clock-work precision. It is only the human brain that has discovered these intricacies and inner-workings of the human brain!

We cannot measure the degree of human intelligence by the size of the brain. There is no relationship between intelligence and size of the human brain. No body can say in which part of the human brain intelligence is contained. Scientists conducted post-mortum examination of Einstein's brain and found no clue! We take our car to a garage mechanic

for engine tune-up but we cannot go to a hospital for brain tune-up.

All the billions of brain cells are interconnected like the tubes of high-powered radar apparatus to make it the most powerful and wonderful mechanism in the world. Activity is going on every minute in each one of these innumerable cells. Doubtless, the brain is the world's most sensitive radar, receiving and sending apparatus and a far more powerful power plant than any one ever built by human beings.

This veritable super dynamo is waiting for us to start and use in our daily lives to get success and happiness. But it is underutilised. What a sad thing! This brain gives us mind power to tap and utilise for the satisfaction of our desires and fulfillment of our aspirations. We may call it Supreme Intelligence or Divine Power - GOD or Nature. What is there in the name? This super mechanism is within us. Stupidly we seek it without. Let us seek and strive to find that inner power lying untapped. This is what Jesus Christ meant when he said: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and all these things shall be added unto you". There is nothing hocus pocus about it. Christ added: "The things that I do, ye also shall do and greater things than these shall ye do". A careful consideration of this statement reveals that heaven must be a state of

consciousness. By soaring to the outer space men cannot discover this so-called heaven as a geographical locality. We must look at ourselves in new ways and explore new ideas. Acceptance of new ideas is a painful experience to closed minds. As one purifies one's mind or consciousness of envy, jealousy, greed, dishonesty etc., one attains heaven. Then heaven comes to earth. This is what the long line of our ancient sages affirmed and the modern yogis like Sri. Aurobindo, Sri. Ramakrishna, Sri.Ramana Maharshi et al have confirmed.

studies in science Modern and psychology have lent support to this view, ROBERT MOORE and MAXWELL SCHULTZ say in their book 'Turn on the Green Lights in your Life': "We do not learn how to control the mind and direct it towards the attainment of our goals in life, how to rid ourselves of the negative thoughts (red lights) and cultivate positive thoughts (green lights)". Loneliness, depression, disease and lack are the results of fear and other negative states of thought. We do not need to die to achieve realisation. We do not look into darkness for light. We lead narrow, little restricted lives instead of exploring and utilising the immense but unfathomed inner resources of the mind. They can be experienced but not defined. When Thomas Alva Edison was asked to define electricity, he said "It exists. Use it". No one has ever been able to define electricity and none can define the immensity and limitless power of the human mind. One has to wage a war against negative thinking - fears, misgivings,

forebodings, complexes, suspicions and pessimism. In Bhagavadgitha Arjuna had to wage this inner battle against these "red lights" and forces of darkness but succeeded in the end under the guidance of Sri Krishna. Similarly, Vasistha preached Gita to Sri Rama. When Sri Rama had to wage war against the mighty Ravana, Agastya preached Aditya Hrudayam to Sri Rama. Our epics are tonics. Their pages often contain wisdom of the ages in capsules. They raise our drooping spirits and boost up our morale.

With the practice of meditation and exercise of will we can control our mind and develop magnetic power which attracts success. LAO-TZU, the great Chinese philosopher, said: "He who knows others is clever, but he who knows himself is enlightened. He who overcomes others is strong but he who over comes himself is mightier still". This is self management.

In his book; The Silva Mind Control Method', JOSE SILVA says: "Mind control does miracles. If you go into a deep meditative level, you can train your mind to take charge, using its own language of images reinforced with words, bringing results that are more and more amazing with no end in sight for a person who keeps in practice".

When we meditate more frequently and at deeper levels we will have a firm grasp of the inner peace which is the highest enjoyment. No problem and stress in life can disturb it. It accelerates the built-in healing mechanisms in the body and the mind. It brings psycho-somatic changes for personal health and happiness ('Psyche' means mind. 'Soma' means body). Body and the mind interact and influence each other. Many of the deseases are cured by mind control. Dr. CUE recommended a technique of self-mastery through auto-suggestion. For example, we should repeat many times "Day to day in every way I am getting better and better". It has been tested as a powerful technique of self-healing.

Switch off the red lights and turn on the green lights. Negative thoughts should be banished from the mind. Thoughts should be expressed in words. Words perform. They do not merely express reality but create reality. Any one can learn E.S.P. (Extra Sensory Perceptions) through practice. Vital and valuable information can be obtained by us through something other than the five senses. Some people call it "sixth sense". Some call it "a hunch". It can be obtained by means of mind control through meditation - self-management.

As we know, meditation can be done in many ways. It can be according to the ageold method prescribed by Patanjali's Yoga Sutras. It can be the simplified technique of Mahesh Yogi's Transcendental 'Meditation (Bhavateeta Dhyana). It can be Brahma Kumaris World Spiritual University's Raja Yoga. It can be the raising of Kundalini (Serpentine Power). There are umpteen other methods. Whatever method we follow, we are tapping the infinite energy and the inexhaustible batteries of the high-powered mind which is a Super Dynamo.

What happens is this: There are three known major states of human consciousness SUSHUPTA (Wakefulness), NIDRA (Sleep), and SWAPNA (Dream). In the wakeful state the mind is active and alert but has no rest. In sleep the mind is restful and tranquil but has no activity. In dream, it is active but has no rest. When a person meditates, the mind goes into the fourth called Turiyavastha which is physiologically and psychologically different from the other states. In this state of super consciousness the mind possesses not only the activity and alertness of the wakeful state but also the rest and tranquility of the state of sleep. In other words it is at once alert and tranquil. This is the right condition of mind for taking decisions in vital matters. Besides frictionless flow of energy and intelligence, the mind produces perennial current of 'Creativity' which is associated with originality, discovery and scientific invention. Of course, those who strive harder, dive deeper and soar higher may achieve self-realisation. This is called spirituality. Religion has nothing to do with it. Where religion ends, spirituality begins.

# THE NATION PANDITJI BUILT\*

Nehru's monument is modern India.

He was its builder. Where Gandhi and a whole generation prepared the way for freedom it was Nehru who gave it substance. He took control of an entire subcontinent with splendid possibilities, drawn from the best of the British inheritance. But it was terribly torn by the struggles for independence and it could have crashed under the weight of its regional and religious divisions and its overwhelming economic problems.

This one man held this huge people together and led them like a father and told them what to do, scolded when they fell apart, pleaded and drove them, imperiously overruled them when they were willful, and still left them free with the sinews of their democracy stronger than any other new country large or small.

This will be debated for a long time. For Mr. Nehru's paternalism seemed to hold other men down and keep a generation of leaders from fulfilling themselves. For long years the ageing man had grown more austere and remote from the machinery of the government he was responsible for and it lagged in many respects. Paradoxically he was closer to the masses, from whom he drew his strength in those great open-air meetings characteristic of India, than to his ministers.

And yet the India he leaves behind issturdy and self-reliant to a degree that would not have seemed likely or possible. We confidently expect that events will make this plain. In respect to the most important factor of all, the quality and coherence of national life and the aspirations of the people, Mr. Nehru builded better than perhaps he himself and surely they knew.

This India today is a triumph of the parliamentary process - British became authentically Indian. It is articulate in debate, devoted to the rule of law, struggling to build self-government in its half million villages, passionately mastering its passionate diversities on a scale that is beyond comparison in the developing world. It has become, under Mr. Nehru's hand, the symbol of how to progress as rapidly as economics can be dislodged from their customary slow process and made to serve mankind.

The ancient has become modern. This living India, its momentum and vitality and its very free spirit, are uniquely Mr.Nehru's master-piece.

<sup>\*</sup> The above Editorial dated Thursday, May 28, 1964 was a spontaneous tribute paid by one of America's leading newspapers - CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR to Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru on the day following his demise - Editor

# A POEM

#### Jiddu Krishnamurti

As out of the deep womb of a mountain Is born a swift-running stream; So out of the aching depths of my heart Has come forth joyous love, The perfume of the world.

Through the sunlit valleys rush the waters, Entering lake upon lake, Ever wandering, never still; So is my love, Emptying itself from heart to heart.

As the waters move sadly Through the dark, cavernous valley; So has my love become dull Through the shame of easy desire.

As the tall trees are destroyed By the strong rush of waters That have nourished their deep roots; So has my love torn cruelly The heart of its rejoicing.

I have shattered the very rock on which I grew. And as the wide river
Now escapes to the dancing sea,
Whose waters know no bondage;
So is my love in the perfection of its freedom<sup>1</sup>.

(From *The Song of Life*, by special permission of the Star Publishing Trust, Ommen, Holland.) (Reprinted from Triveni, 1933)

Triveni

# **ANOMALY**

#### Lakshmi Ramachandran

Desire stirred and reared her head in surprise, to find for companion, an anomaly, a misfit, yet strangely, a perfect fit-she gazed in surprise at an old woman's sorrow wrongly come to show the way Surprise was all she was allowed to feel Even as she burgeoned she felt Her pointed, ebony hands, sucking out life, and energy

# IF

## Sobha R. Cherukuri

If, in the flux of maya, Perception clogs And ceases to be unattached. Then life stagnates.

If, in the unending flow for consciousness, Objectivity vanishes And emotions scar the decisions, Then thought stays still.

If, in the endless search for balance, Discontent rudely tips the scale And fury flares up every moment, Then virtue twists and wastes away.

# SEARCH FOR NEW SYMBOLS OF NATION BUILDING

## Prof. K. Subramanyam

The process of Nation-building is a continuous one. It is going on from ancient times and has taken different forms in different times. When the society in India, faced challenges or threats to unity, unifying or synthesising movements arose, to strengthen the forces of unity and weaken the differences. The work of Adi Shankaracharya in ancient times, and the Bhakti movement in the mediaeval times are examples of those synthesising movements.

During modern times, the struggle against the British or the freedom movement was also a nation building movement. The freedom was able to unite the Indians, as perhaps no other movement of the past could. The struggle for freedom united the Indians and made them feel that they were all one, inspite of religious, regional, language and other differences, because of the common objective of liberation from foreign rule. But India became divided at the end of the freedom struggle, giving rise to the conclusion that the national movement succeeded, but the nation actually got divided.

A new process of nation-building has started after 1947, after our emergence as

an independent, sovereign nation, and after we have given to ourselves, a democratic constitution. This new process of nation building is already five decades old and perhaps requires appraisal and assessment with a view to making it more vigorous, and fruitful.

# Composite Culture

One of the ways being pursued in our country, to promote unity among all the people, is to promote what is called a composite culture. The supporters of these attempts argue that there are different cultures in our country due to its vast size and the existence of several religious, languages, and that a synthetic culture must be fused out of these diverse cultures. Writing about the philosophy of composite culture, Prof. Rasheeduddin Khan, wrote. "Philosophically Composite Culture would mean that peculiar brand of culture that represents the rejection of uni-cultural regimentation or mono-cultural domination and positively reaffirms the value of secularism and syncreticism as the valid, stable and desirable basis for cultural efflorescence in a mixed society and plural polity like India". Continuing about the

<sup>\*</sup> paper presented in the seminar on 'Composite Culture and Nation Building' held in Osmania University, Hyderabad on 26th and 27th November, 1997, Hyderabad, by the Department of History, Osmania University, Hum Sab Hindusthani Hai Trust and Jawaharlal Nehru Technological University, Hyderabad.

advantages of the composite culture, Prof. Rasheeduddin Khan wrote "composite culture is a product of borrowing, sharing and fusing through processes of interaction between two or more streams over time, in the belief that such cultural symbiosis has a propensity for greater vitality through larger acceptability than mono-culture either of the dominant or dominated ethnic segment".

But the meaning of composite culture is not clear to all. Speaking in a seminar in 1988, on - Nation building, Development process and Communication, in search of India's Renaissance, Dr. V.K.R.V. Rao, said "There is one question which has always puzzled me 'what is Composite Indian Culture?' I myself have used that expression when lecturing to people about the importance of national integration. But I have not been able to explain to myself what it means".

What is generally meant by the composite culture of India, is that it does not belong to any particular religion or region or language and that, it is the fusion of the different cultures in India, representing the unity in diversity in the country.

But over emphasis on the composite nature of our culture, may lead to laying stress on the differences instead of highlighting the unifying forces, which is the need of the hour.

In the same seminar in which Dr. V.K.R.V. Rao participated, former Governor

of Andhra Pradesh and present Vice-President of our country, Sri Krishna Kant expressed the view that the concept of composite culture is a concept created by the Britishers, with the aim of dividing India, on a religious basis. He quoted Swami Vivekananda, in support of his view that the idea of composite culture is ensnaring and misleading. Sri Krishna Kant said that in one of his speeches in Madras. Swami Vivekananda had commented "Composite culture Ke Chakkar Mein Math Pado, Padoge to lad ladke marjaoge". ("Do not fall into the trap of composite culture. If you fall into it you will quarrel and quarrel and die")

Pointing out that all cultures are composite, Sri Krishna Kant argued that there is no need to specially describe the Indian Culture as Composite Culture. He said "All cultures are composite, whether it is in the Soviet Union or America, because during the period of thousands of years various streams come and they mix to form a composite culture. But we never call them composite. Unity in diversity is a part of culture. It need not be mentioned".

Always saying that Indian Culture is composite, that it is pluralistic and diverse in nature may strengthen the dividing forces. The British did exactly the same thing to make their task of ruling over the Indians easy. In that process, they made people of India conscious of their differences. In Independent India what is needed is an emphasis on the similarities and the fraternal feeling among Indians and not on the

composite or pluralistic nature of the Indian Culture. The focus in our country should now shift to Indian Culture, a culture of which all Indians can be proud of.

# Challenges to Unity Faced Successfully

During the last five decades, the process of nation-building in India had several obstacles and set-backs. The riots after partition, were a big challenge which was over come in course of time. The integration of the princley states achieved with the statesmanship of Sardar Vallabhai Patel, has strengthened the bonds of unity among the Indians. Linguistic fanaticism which raised its ugly head during some years in the past, appears to have been buried. Regionalism which at one time looked like fragmenting India politically, is now very much contained and appears to be subservient to national outlook. On many occasions during the past fifty years, there were communal riots in different parts of the country, resulting in the death of hundreds of men, women and children. These communal clashes also posed a great danger to the idea of a united India. Fortunately, the communal clashes also have decreased".

Terrorism in Punjab and Kashmir also posed a great threat to the unity and integrity of the country. It appeared as though, there was no hope of peace returning to those states. Even there due to the bold decision taken by the Central Government to revive the democratic processes and due to the

tenacity and courage of the common people and the police and paramilitary forces, normal conditions have come back.

When the Soviet Union disintegrated, some outside India and in our own country began to suspect, and even made predictions that India may go the way of the Soviet Union. That India continues to remain in the same form as it emerged in 1947, with some parts of the country breaking up, inspite of the several major social upheavals and serious threats to unity, may cause admiration and surprise to many people, particularly because the world in the past fifty years, witnessed the break up of East Pakistan from West Pakistan, the break up of Yugoslavia and the most shocking break up of all time in history viz., the disintegration of the Soviet Union. No single reason can be given forthis enduring strength of India to remain united even in the face of very grave threats. The strength of the historical and cultural bonds which unite all the people in the country, the vitality of the democratic structure in the country, the modern trends of globalisation have all perhaps collectively contributed to the Indian nation, surviving socio-religious and political storms.

However, any feeling that the hard times are over and that the future is all a path of roses is not warranted. There is no room for any complacency. In any part of the country, serious trouble due to religious, regional, language and caste differences cannot be ruled out. The differences can always be exploited and unscrupulous politicians are

experts in exploiting such differences. To protect national unity from the dangers of divisive forces, constant strengthening of the forces of unity and weakening of the divisive forces, is required. Differences of various kinds will always exist in any society or country. They are not peculiar to our country only. There are differences relating to religion, history, social structures, economic development and political factors in almost all countries of the world. Wherever those differences are kept under check, they do not pose any threat to unity. If the differences are not effectively managed and if they are allowed to be exploited, they become serious threats to unity.

## **Potential Sources of Danger**

Religion, regionalism, language and caste in that priority are the potential sources of danger to our national unity. Any strategy to strengthen the forces of unity in our country should aim at the weakening of the elements of danger in those four forces.

The antidote we have adopted to religion, in our country is secularism. We have amended our constitution also to declare that ours is a secular state. But the required secular spirit does not come through constitutional enactments or through Government declarations. Secular or non-religious thinking is promoted by scientific temper and modern education. Secular culture is rooted in our traditions and that is helping the growth of a secular culture in our

country. As Saral Jhingran in her book. Secularism in India - A Reappraisal, points out, a secular and national culture already exists in our country. It can be further strengthened by providing opportunities for people of different religions in the country, to meet more frequently in social gatherings for better understanding and appreciation of people belonging to all religions in the country. More occasions and opportunities for greater interaction among people of the different religions in the country, have to be created. Secular culture can blossom only if it is protected from the attacks of unscrupulous politicians. Communal riots are not the consequence of religious differences between Hindus and Muslims. It is due to the exploitation of certain events or incidents by evil-minded politicians. T.N. Madan, in the book edited by him and entitled Religions in India, writes, "The communal problem is not a religious problem. It has nothing to do with religion. It was not religious differences as such but its exploitation by calculating produced had politicians which communal divide".

# The Economic Approach

One of the approaches to reduce the evil influence of religion, or to check communal thinking in India, is to give more importance to economic matters. Jawaharlal Nehru had such an approach. Speaking in 1988, at Delhi, in a seminar, Prof. S. Gopal summed up, Nehru's approach in the following words: "Nehru thought that once you tackled the economic issues i.e. the removal of hunger

and poverty and bringing about the economic well-being of the people of India, whatever their religion might be, whether Hindu or Muslim - it would help in transcending communal differences". Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose also had a similar approach. As early as in 1938 he wrote "it is absolutely necessary to stress the economic issues which cut across communal divisions and barriers. The problem of poverty and unemployment, of illiteracy, of disease, of taxation and indebtedness affect alike the Hindus and Muslims and other sections of people". Thus, we have leaders saying "Food, Clothing, and shelter to all is important and not Masjid or Mandir".

This focussing of attention on economic matters to divert the attention of people from religious matters, is worth pursuing. But will it succeed in a country, where religion even now plays an important role in the lives of people, is a question which can be answered only by time. So far however, this approach does not seem to have made much impact on the people. The comment of Prof. S. Gopal on Nehru's thinking that solving economic problems will put an end to the communal problem, 'proved to be a text book theory and was not found to be practical in reality', should become an eyeopener to the protaganists of this economic approach to communalism.

#### **Humanism and Non-Violence**

As it is not possible to eliminate the influence of religion on the people in our country, because it is deep rooted in the

minds of people, the ways to combat the evil side of religion viz., communalism have to One way of combating found. communalism is to lay more emphasis on humanism and non-violence. The leaders of the two major communities in the country should preach to their followers, the benefits and advantages of humanism and nonviolence. For greater social interaction, and coming together of the Hindus and Muslims, voluntary organisations, interested promoting unity among people, should arrange meetings in which people of both communities participate and discuss about the virtues of humanism and non-violence and also other forces which can bind the. people of the two communities together. Differences between the two communities can be bridged only by building bridges of understanding and not by allowing the differences to perpetuate. In mediaeval times saints like, Kabir and Nanak tried to build bridges of understanding between the Hindus and the Muslims. In the modern times, Mahatma Gandhi made supreme sacrifice to unite the Hindus and the Muslims. Perhaps another Mahatma has to emerge to increase the fraternal feelings among the Hindus and the Muslims of our country.

Regionalism is another threat to our unity which should be kept under control. In a vast country like ours which is now the sixth largest in the world, regional feelings are inevitable. Regionalism under check does not pose any danger to our unity. Infact, like the love for the family forming the basis for the love for the society, the love for one's own

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region can be the basis for national love. The Indian freedom movement had its regional roots. Regional sentiment can be developed into nationalist sentiment provided, the national interests are kept above the regional interests. As Ajit K. Dande rightly points out "for the purpose of generating the sentiment of nationality, particularism may be an essential precursor and therefore should not necessarily be considered as unwelcome".

The many languages in our country are all Indian languages and as long as there is understanding that English should be allowed to be used for all necessary purposes, without being replaced by Hindi, problems relating to language may not arise. The country faced serious linguistic problems, in the early years of our independence. But thanks to the statesmanship of Jawaharlal Nehru and the widening of the outlook of the regional leaders, the hatchet of linguistic conflicts seems to have been buried.

Caste is also conceived as a hindrance to national unity. Due to modern developments like the trains, buses and other modern means of communications and due to modern education, caste system in our country, would have been on its way to a decent burial, but for its perpetuation by political ends. Can we think of a safeguard to protect the society from the political exploitation of the caste by politicians? The problem is a complex one and has no easy solutions. Non-political voluntary organisations have to play an important role

to bring about a transformation in the attitudes of the present day politicians and in grooming politicians of the future generation, as leaders who care more for the larger interests of the nation than for narrow and partisan consideration. Intellectuals of all communities who are not involved in party politics should also play a positive role in protecting and safeguarding national interests from the political games of the politicians.

Though religion, region, language and caste in our country have the seeds which can divide people, there are many other agencies which are slowly but surely bringing about unity among all people in the country. A constitution for all regions and for all people in the country, a constitution which guarantees equal treatment and opportunities for people of all religions and regions, in the country, the All India Service like the I.A.S. the I.P.S. and allied services, a uniform system of judiciary, for the entire country, films. the modern means the communication, All India conferences of various types and the trend of globalisation in all spheres, are all creating a strong sense of unity among all the people in the country. They are the new symbols of nation making and these new symbols have to be strengthened and the divisive forces kept under check to strengthen the feeling of national unity in our country.

The new symbols of unity are capable of creating a feeling among all the people in the country that they belong to one nation.

# HINDU RITUALS AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE

Prof. K. Srinivas

#### Introduction

In this world of impermanence nothing is immutable. As aptly pointed out by the great Indian dialectician and the propagator of Advaita Vedanta, Sankara, the nature, animate and inanimate, is sensed through the limitations (upadhis) of the intellect such time, cause and change. as space Consequently, the social reality which is very much part of this changing nature cannot remain static. As time advances, there is a certain degree of transformation in human societies with regard to their culture. traditions, customs, values, religion, and standard of living. In this ever-changing society an individual has to adjust himself in accordance with the existing conditions. If one does not compromise with the existing social conditions, then that society may brand him a communalist or a fundamentalist or a reactionary or even go to an extent of calling him insane. A modern Hindu is caught up in such a predicament. On the one hand he wants to remain loyal to his tradition, and on the other hand, he wants to be a man with modern outlook. Thus he oscillates between traditionalism modernity. In the words of Swamy Nikhilananda, "the religion practised in the daily life by the average Hindu is, to all outward appearances, different from what is taught in the Upanishads and the Bhagvad Gita". It is also true to some extent that a

modern Hindu is unaware of the significance of many rituals that he carries out in his dayto day life. It has become mere routine work. Some Hindus do not attach any importance to these rituals as they have " become static and stultified and have lost their power of elasticity and adaptation. The time and ideology under which they had evolved have been left far behind and new social and religious forces are operating in the society, which do not fully conform to old social and religious institutions"2. Most of the Hindu rituals can be traced back to the Vedas. But the Vedism in India disappeared long ago. However, some of the principles underlying the Vedic rituals are preserved and expanded in the Upanishads, the Dharmasutras, and the Grhyasutras. Thus the Vadas are considered to be the chief sources of Hindu rituals

#### Vedas as the Pillars of Hinduism

The Vedic.literature is the only authentic source of Hinduism.<sup>3</sup> The Hindus swear by the Vedic authority. According to historians, "the history of Hinduism practically begins in the dim past with the composition of the hymns recorded in the Rig-Veda. In these hymns we have the most astonishing record of the march of the mind of man from the half personified forces of Nature like fire, wind, and rain to the realisation of the absolute spirit, of which we as well as the

worlds with which we are surrounded, are only broken fragments"4. It is not all that misleading if we say that Hinduism is a Vedic religion, though many prefer to call it a sanatana dharma or a pantheon. The four. Vedas<sup>5</sup> namely, the Rig, the Yajur, the Sama, and the Atharva are not of human origin (apauruseya). In fact, "the ultimate Being has manifested Himself in the form of Vedic hymns and the seers are no more than the media chosen by the Being for this purpose. It explains the attitude of the astika Indian Philosophers, who considered the Vedas to be the ultimate authority. The Vedas according to them, enshrine the eternal and ultimate truths. These truths have been preserved through the unbroken chain of the teacher pupil from time immemorial. Therefore, they are christened sruti"6. Thus Hinduism does not have any founder.

All the four Vedas contain a single compendium of knowledge. Their division into the Rig, the Yajur, the Sama, and the Atharva is made on the basis of the subject matter contained in each Veda. The hymns of the Rig-Veda are merely the verses of praise recited by the 'Hotr". The hymns of the Sama-Veda are sung by the 'Udgatr'. The mantras of the Yajur Veda are muttered by the 'Adhvaryu' at the time of making sacrifices, while those of the Atharva-Veda are pertinent to natural objects. The subject matter of the Vedas is broadly classified into Karma-kanda, and Jnana-kanda. The former is concerned with actual conduct, whereas the latter is concerned with the knowledge of highest kind. According to some Indian

philosophers "the Mantras, the Aranyakas, the Brahmanas, and the Upanishads are part of the Vedas. The Mantras are the metrical psalms of praise. The Brahmanas are the manuals of rituals and prayers for priestly guidance. The Aranyakas are the treatises meant for hermits and saints. Lastly, the Upanishads are the mystical doctrines with utmost metaphysical importance. Mantras and the Brahmanas constitute Karma -kanda, whereas Aranyakas and the Upanishads constitute Jnana-kanda. interpretation of the hymns in the Vedas differs from one Veda to the other as they deal with a diversity of subjects such as religion, magic, and science. For instance, Rig-Veda does not contain much information about the rituals, though there are some indirect references to them. The hymns in the Rig-Veda are mainly used for invoking the help of gods in the events public and private which were of immediate interest to the Vedic people. According Radhakrishnan: "In the main, we say that the Rig-Veda represents the religion of an unsophisticated age. The great mass of the hymns are simple, and naive, expressing the religious consciousness of a mind yet free from the latter sophistication."8 As a matter of fact, the hymns in the Atharva-Veda are more elaborate than those of any other Veda. To put it in other words, "Atharva-Veda reflects the faith and rites of the common people rather than the highly sophisticated religion of the priests"9.

In Fact, each Veda discusses various rites. Some of them are very important, and

others are obligatory or optional. The obligatory rites are performed to overcome the sins committed in the past. The important rites are performed to spiritualise the important events of human life from birth to death. The optional rites are performed by the individuals to get their desires fulfilled Thus the philosophy of the Veda is the base for the Hindu religious super-structure"<sup>10</sup>.

## Rituals and their Significance

The above analysis of the contents of the Vedas reveals us that the rites are as old as Vedas. Etymologically the term "samskara" is derived from the Sanskrit root "kr', and the prefix 'sam' is added to that. It corresponds with the Sanskrit word "karman" or religious act. It does not have an English equivalent, though it is often translated to mean a rite or a ritual or a sacrament or a ceremony. The word "samskara" can be defined as a religious act that exhibits outward or visible expression of inward and spiritual grace. The rituals are discussed elaborately in the Grhyasutras and the Dharmasutras. These works compiled by the great seers and sages, who had the Vedic knowledge. In all, there aresixteen rituals.11 They can be grouped under five important heads. They are: (1) Pre-natal rituals, (2) rituals of childhood, (3) educational rituals, (4) marriage rituals, and, (5) funeral rituals. The pre-natal rituals include conception (garbhadana), quickening of male child (pumsavana), hair-parting (simantonnayana). The rituals of childhood include birth ceremonies (Jatakarma),

naming giving (namakarana), first outing (niskramana), first solid food feeding (annaprasana), tonsure (chudakarana), and boring the ears (karnavedha). educational rituals include learning of alphabets (vidyarambha), initiation (upanayana), beginning of the Vedic study (Vedarambha), shaving of beard (kesanta). studentship end and the of the (samavartana). The rituals of marriage include all those ceremonies related to marriage (vivaha). The last rites or funeral rituals include all those connected with the death.

The Hindus believe that by performing the rituals they can get rid of hostile influences and at the same time can attract beneficial ones so that they may progress in their life materially and spiritually without any impediments. The material aim of the rituals is to gain cattle, progeny, long life, wealth, strength, and intellect. From the standpoint of hygiene, by performing the various rituals, especially those connected with the birth, all seminal and uterine impurities are washed out.12 It is also believed that "the upanayana, and vivaha samskaras with Vedic hymns entitled a person to perform all kinds of sacrifices befitting an Aryan and increasing his status in the society."13 Thus Hindu rituals have multipurpose. They have material, spiritual, health, and social purpose. Apart from this, the rituals also have moral purpose as they lay down the rules of conduct that should be followed by a disciplined individual. These rules of conduct in turn help an individual to

develop his personality as a complete man. The rituals constitute the elements such as fire (Agni), prayers, appeals, and blessings, sacrifices, lustration, orientation, and symbolism.

#### Fire (Agni)

The rituals cannot be performed without fire. The fire god (Agni) is regarded as the lord of the house. He is the mediator between the gods and men. All the rituals are witnessed by Him, since he is considered the director of rites and the guardian of morality. Agni is the symbol of will. Hindus give a lot of importance to Agni because one cannot attend to his day-to-day affairs without fire. One who does not use fire in his day-to-day life is as good as a beast.

## Prayers, appeals, and blessings

During the performance of the rituals, prayers are offered, appeals are made, and blessings are sought by the performers to achieve their desired goals.

#### Sacrifices

At times sacrifices are offered to deities during the rituals to appease and propitiate gods who preside over a particular period of life of every individual.

#### Lustration

Lustration takes place in the course of a ritual in the form of a bath, sipping water, and the sprinkling of water over people. Hindus believe in general that water has a purifying effect. According to them, some of the lakes, springs, and rivers have miraculous healing power. Not only that, there is no life without water.

#### Orientation

According to Hindu mythology, the East is associated with light, warmth, life, happiness, and glory. The West is inauspicious as it is associated with darkness, chill, death, and decay. It can also be interpreted in a different way. Since the Sun rises in the East, it is associated with light, warmth, and life, and sets in the West which results in darkness, chill, and decay.

## Symbolism

Symbolism plays an important role in the rituals. Hindus believe that similar things produce similar effects. For example, stone is considered to be a symbol of fixity. Seasmum and rice are symbols of fertility and prosperity. Eating together indicates unity.

Thus the Hindu rituals are an admixture of social customs, and rules about eugenics, ethics, hygiene, science, and medicine. The rituals are the combination of physical, mental, and spiritual aspects that make an individual a perfect human.

Let us take up a few important rituals that are commonly practised by an average Hindu, and their significance. They are: (1) naming ceremony (namakarana), (2) first solid food feeding (annaprasana), initiation (upanayana), and marriage (vivaha).

## Naming ceremony (namakarana)

This ritual is normally performed on the tenth or the twelfth day after the birth of a child.

Some name their child after their family deity or ancestors or the month deity. However, the child retains his or her family name. The name should be easy to pronounce and pleasant to hear. It should also indicate the sexual difference. A male child's name should have an even number of syllables, while that of a female child should have an uneven number. The name should indicate the caste of the child. For example, a Brahmin must have a suffix 'Sarma', a Ksatriya ' Varma', a Vysya 'Gupta', and a Sudra 'Dasa'. This clearly shows that caste system was deep-rooted in ancient India, though they claim that the so called caste (varna) is meant to remind the people of their duties as a citizen. However, there is no hard and fast rule that a particular name should be reserved for a certain caste. In some cases repulsive and awkward names are given to children when their parents have lost their earlier issues. The belief is that these names will drive away the demons, goblins, disease and death. This superstition still prevails among the people.

Hindus believe that a person without a name is not recognised as a human being. A man earns his fame because of his name. According to Brhaspati, " Name is the primary means of social intercourse, it brings about merits and it is the root of fortune. From name. his man attains fame. Therefore, naming ceremony is praiseworthy."12 It also helps us distinguishing races, cultures and so on of mankind.

## First Solid food feeding (annaprasana)

This ritual is performed in the sixth month of the child's birth. The ingredients of the food to be given are also prescribed by the scriptures. This is mainly to facilitate the child for better development of body and mind. All the flavours should be mixed together and given to the child. This is a symbolic expression of the life that he is going to lead. He has to undergo experiences of different sorts. After six or seven months the body of the child requires more food for better growth. Mother's milk is insufficient for the proper growth of child. Not only that, it is not good for mother's health to allow baby to drink milk as it weakens her physically. Overfeeding of milk to a child may lead to various digestive troubles. Thus annaprasana is a timely caution for both mother and child.

# Initiation (upanayana)

It is considered to be the most pious of all the rituals. After the initiation an individual is considered twice-born (dwija). The object of initiation is to prepare an young man to become a respectable citizen, and to preserve the importance of his own clan. Initiation is prescribed for the Brahmins, the Ksatriyas and the Vysyas. It is not meant However, there for the Sudras. exceptions. According to Manu, "The three twice-born classes are the sacerdotal, the military and the commercial; but the fourth, or the servile, is once-born, that is, has no second birth from the Gayatri, and wears no thread. Nor there is a fifth pure class"13. But the Goldsmiths and the Weavers also wear the sacred thread (yajnopavetam).

Therefore, it not safe to conclude that all those wearing the sacred thread must belong to one of the three classes.

Further it should be noted that the caste of the wearer is determined by the type of thread that he wears. To put it in the words of Manu "The sacrificial thread of a Brahmin must be made of cotton, so as to put on over his head, in three strings; that of a Ksatriya, of sana thread only; that of a Vysya of woolen thread". This ritual mainly enables one to distinguish the higher castes from the lower ones. According to Manu<sup>15</sup> a Brahmin child must be invested with the sacred thread at the age of five, a Ksatriya at the age of six, and a Vysya at the age of eight.

The main purpose of this ritual is to train the individual to be a disciplined young man who can pursue his studies. To accomplish this goal, an individual has to be steadfast with determination. In fact, in the olden days there were no secular agencies to enforce compulsory education to the masses. With the help of this particular ritual the Hindu's of the past enforced education upon the masses.

# Marriage (Vivaha)

After the completion of studentship an individual is expected to be fit for grhastasrama. Marriage life is regarded as essential for the growth of an individual's personality in many ways. At the same time he has to undertake many responsibilities as an householder (grhasta). Marriage is a family affair rather than a personal one. It is

also a happy union between husband and wife. To produce healthy offspring the qualifications and disqualifications for the bride are prescribed. It is mentioned that, "let him not marry a girl with reddish hair, nor with any deformed limb; nor one troubled with habitual sickness; nor one with no hair or with too much; nor one immoderatey talkative nor with inflamed eyes. Let him choose for his wife a girl whose form has no defect; who has an agreeable name; who walks gracefully like phenicopteros, or like an young elephant, whose hair and teeth are moderate respectively in quality and size; whose body has exquisite softness". 16 It is also stated that intercaste marriages are not permitted. However, there are some exceptions. According to Manu, those who have inclination to marry again should abide by the following conditions. They are, "a Sudra woman must only be the wife of Sudra; she and Vaisya of a Vaisya; they two and Ksatriya of a Ksatriya; those two and a Brahmin of a Brahmin."17 But it is rare to happen in Hindu families. Perhaps intercaste marriages were not encouraged as every caste has a definite duty to perform in the society. Marriage is a kind of bondage and mutual understanding between husband and wife. The husband is considered to be one half and the other half is his wife. It is a lifelong companionship. The primary function of marriage is racial, that is, the continuation of race through procreation. Marriage is not a licence for sexual indulgence. It is rather a social change and sacrifice. It also regulates a number of sexual and social problems by

laying down certain rules of conduct. It also aimed at the establishment of family and kinship. Not only that, it provides security to women.

#### Conclusion

To sum up; the Hindu rituals have many purposes. They facilitated the individuals for the better development of personality and purification of human life in many ways. They were mainly solutions to many social problems confronted by the individuals in society. They educated the individuals with regard to sex-hygiene to eugenics. They revealed the importance of education. This education is not mere accumulation of knowledge, but also involved strict discipline and code of conduct. These rituals also laid down the rules to ensure worthy generation through marriage. They are a wonderful combination of family and social hygiene. In short, they represent the natural and social aspects of human science. However, they have certain demerits. Since the Hindu society is patriarchal in nature, women were not given much importance. For example, women were denied education. They cannot choose their husbands. In other words, they were deprived of many things in society. Same is the case with the Sudras. Education is not recommended for them. Like women. they too were deprived of many things in society. Why was there discrimination? Though the rituals were introduced with a good intention, due to certain obvious reasons they lost their significance account of on later

developments. Added to this, the advent of' modern science has reduced them to mere ceremonies without any significance. It is true that one should adapt himself to the changing social environment. This does not mean that one should ignore his own tradition and get alienated from it. The greatness of any individual lies in his ability to accommodate his tradition within the given social environment. What is new cannot completely annihilate the old, but the important elements of the latter get assimilated into the former. Thus tradition and modernity cannot be antithetical to each other, rather they are complementary to each other. What is modern now becomes obsolete and traditional in due course of time. But tradition is something that ought to be preserved understanding the spirit of it and its plus points.

- 1. Swamy Nikhilanda, Hinduism, 1959, p.161.
- 2. R.B.Pandey, Hindu Samskaras, 1976, p 278.
- 3. Hinduism is one of the oldest religions in the world and is the dominant religion of the Indian sub-continent. This does not mean that all Indians are Hindus, and all Hindus are Indians. The Hindus only constitute the majority of the Indians. In fact, the term "Hinduism" is not derived from any one of the indigenous languages of the sub-continent. The term "mind" is derived from the Greek, later on it became "Hind" in Persian. According to modern historians, those inhabitants of the of the banks of the river Indus, who did not accept Islam or Christianity or Zoarastrianism as their religion were called Hindus.
- 4. D.S. Sharma, Hinduism Through the Ages, 1973, pp.3-4.

'O

# YEDDISH SONG (1886)

The following song has human interest and carries message for the busy fathers who always come home very late and miss the pleasures of home life - Editor

I have a son, a little son
A boy completely fine
whenever I see him, it seems to me
That all the world is mine
But seldom, seldom do I see
My child awake and bright
I only see him when in sleep
I am only home at night
It's early when I leave for work
When I return it is late

Unknown to me is my own flesh-When I come home so wearily In the darkness after day My pale wife exclaims to me 'You should have seen our child play' I stand beside his little bed I look and try to hear In his dream he moves his lips 'Why is n't papa home?'

# (Continued from previous page)

- 5. The term "Veda" is derived from the Sanskrit root word "vid" means knowledge. According to Manu, there are only three Vedas. They are: the Rig, the Yajur, and the Sama. The Atharva-Veda is latter on added to the list. It mainly reflects the faith and rites of the common people rather than the highly specialised rituals of the priests.
- 6. R.N. Sharma, Indian Philosophy, 1972, pp. 16-17.
- 7. Ibid., p. 28.
- 8. S. Radhakrishnan, Indian Philosophy, 1983, Vol. I, p. 69

- 9. R.B.Pandey Hindu Samskaras, 1976, p. 4.
- 10. Swamy Nikhilananda, Hinduism 1959, p. 165.
- The actual number of rituals differs from source to source. The Samskara Vidhi of Swamy dayayananda Saraswati contains only sixteen.
- 12. R.B.Panday, Hindu Samskaras, 1959, p. 78.
- 13. Cited from J.E. Padfield, The Hindu at Home, 1896, p. 71.
- 14. Ibid., p. 75.
- 15. R.B.Pandey, Hindu Samskaras, 1959, p. 119.
- 16. J.E.Padfield, The Hiudu at Home, 1896, p.111.
- 17. Ibid.

# CRIMINALISATION OF POLITICS AND CRIMINALS AS CANDIDATES IN ELECTIONS

Justice Sri. D.J. Jagannadha Raju Lokayukta, Andhra Pradesh

Criminalisation of Politics and Criminals as candidates in Elections has become a most relevant topic in the present day context in India. With General Elections round the corner, the topic is most relevant and of utmost importance. During the last three or four months several articles appeared in the Newspapers and several speeches were given by public men on the above topic. Recently directions were given by the Chief Election Commissioner on this particular topic. The immediate or proximate cause for this topic attracting the attention of the general public is the Vora Commission report which has clearly established the need for breaking the nexus between criminals and politicians.

The intelligentsia and the enlightened public are shocked at the increase of violence and criminal activity and hold in political parties. It is the general feeling of the general public that rowdy elements and goonda elements and men with a criminal background are ruling the roost. Several public men and writers have emphasized the need for eliminating the criminals from political parties and elections, but nothing concrete has been achieved. On the other hand day by day, the criminalisation of politics is increasing. More and more criminals are now masquerading politicians.

The Election Commission in recent times gave several directions which is nothing but a restatement of the existing law. It only clarified the legal position that existed and reiterated what the status (The Representation of Peoples Act) has said from 1951 onwards.

Under Article 327, the parliament alone is competent to enact the law relating to Elections. Accordingly, the Representation of Peoples Act was enacted. Under Article 324, which comes in Part-15, the Election Commission is given the duty and power of Superintendence, Direction and Control of Elections. Under this Article, the Election Commission has got the power to issue directions to control the process of Election. Article 324 has to be read in the light of the Constitutional Scheme and Representation of Peoples Act. Although it operates in areas left unoccupied by legislation, the words Superintendence, Direction and Control as well as conduct of all elections are used in the broadest terms. One has to think of Articles 324, 327 and the Representation of Peoples Act as a selfcontained Code in itself and view them in a comprehensive sense. While directions under Article 324, it cannot defy or violate the law, nor can it act arbitrarily. The orders and directions issued by the Election Commission are subject to judicial

review and they are also tested on the touch stones of the provisions of Representation of Peoples Act and the Constitution of India.

People may ask a question as to why the Election Commission did not speak about this directions any when issue Representation of Peoples Act was there in force from 1951 and Section 8 was part and parcel of the statute book. Unfortunately, in this country there are many laws which are not implemented, which are mere deadletters on the statute book. For instance the Anti-Beggary Act, the Dowry Prohibition Act, the Law relating to prohibition of alienation of Tribal lands to non-Tribals. Earlier, Section 8 of the Representation of Peoples Act was not being implemented properly and strictly. The Commission right from 1951 had the power to disqualify convicted persons from. contesting elections and it also had the power to disqualify people who had merely filed an appeal against conviction. For some reason or other, the Election Commission took the view that if an appeal is filed by a convicted person he is not disqualified. Section 8 lays down in all the three subsections (1), (2) and (3) that a person convicted of an offence incurs the disqualification. For those offences which are enumerated in sub-section (1) in clauses (a) to (j) if the person is convicted and sentenced to six months imprisonment he shall be disqualified from the date of such conviction. Under Sub-section (2) a person who is convicted for any of those offences mentioned in sub-section (2) and sentenced

to imprisonment for not less than six months he shall be disqualified from the date of such conviction and shall continue to disqualified from the date of such conviction and shall continue to be disqualified for a further period of six years since his release. Under sub-section (3) a person who is convicted of any offence and sentenced to imprisonment of not less than two years for offences other than those mentioned in subsections (1) and (2) he shall be disqualified from the data of such conviction and shall continue to be disqualified for a further period of six years since his release. The only exception given under sub-section (4) applies to persons who were already sitting Members of Legislature or Parliament and who had filed an appeal against the conviction. That is a transitory provision which had to be enacted in the statute to save the persons who are already Members of the Legislatures at the time of enactment of the law. It is significant to remember that inspite of the existence of Section 8 for all these years, the Election Commission was committing a mistake in permitting people who were convicted and who filed Criminal Appeals to contest the Elections. It should be remembered that the stigma of a conviction is not removed by mere filing an appeal. A correct interpretation of Section 389 and the provisions of Chapter XXXII of the Criminal Procedure Code indicates that mere filing of an appeal and pendency of an appeal does not wipe-out the stigma of a conviction. The appellate court suspending the sentence only postpones the execution of the sentence imposed by the Trial Court on the convicted person. The law permits the Appellate Court only to postpone the execution of the sentence and to release him on bail. This cannot be equated with conviction being wiped-out; only when the appeal is allowed and the convicted person is acquitted, the stigma of conviction and the consequential disqualification will be removed.

In some quarters apprehensions have been expressed to the effect that even the filing of a charge-sheet is likely to be used as in instrument to disqualify persons from contesting elections. This is a baseless apprehension. Section 8 of the Representation of Peoples Act clearly mentions that disqualification arises on conviction and sentence. It does not mention that mere filing of a charge-sheet or making an allegation is the basis for imposing disqualification.

Enlightened citizens feel that higher standards of political morality and public probity require that the political parties should exercise greater circumspection and restraint while considering persons eligible to contest elections. Political parties should not give tickets to persons with a criminal record to contest elections. Higher standards of political morality also warrant that no person with past criminal record should ever be considered as fit to contest an Election. Unfortunately, in this country we have seen that several people with criminal record were given tickets by National and Regional Parties. In my

opinion, it is the misfortune of the general public and citizens of this country that such a thing has happened.

Without naming individuals, I can quote several examples from my personal knowledge as an Advocate, Judicial Officer and as Law Secretary and Judge of High Courts of Andhra Pradesh and Kerala and as Lokayukta as to how political parties and Governments abuse the powers given to the Government under Criminal Procedure Code for withdrawing prosecutions. Just before 1962 Elections, a Trade Union Leader against whom 17 Sessions Cases were pending trial was allowed to contest the Elections by the Government withdrawing all the 17 serious Sessions cases. He was later made a Minister. There are also several instances throughout India where criminal cases pending against powerful and influential candidates are withdrawn to enable them to contest elections. There are also instances where several sitting M.L.As., and Members of Parliament were accused in serious criminal cases like dacoity, murder, rape, cheating, etc. There are numerous instances of criminal prosecutions pending against sitting Legislators being withdrawn by the Government by exercising its powers under the Criminal Procedure Code. This sort of examples will not be found in wellestablished and mature democracies.

The recent directives given by the Election Commission are a step in the right direction to make the Indian democracy

# **DON'T QUIT**

When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low and debts are high,
And you want to smile but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest if you must, but don't you quit.
Life is queer with its twists and turns,
As every one of us sometimes learns,
And many a fellow turns about
When he might have won had he stuck it out
Don't give up though the pace seems slowYou may succeed, with another blow,
Often the goal is nearer than
It seems to a faint and faltering man;

Often the struggler has given up
When he might have captured the victor's cup;
And he learned too late when the fight came down
How close he was to the golden crown;
Success is failure turned inside outThe silver tint of the clouds of doubt
And you never can tell how close you are
It may be near when it seems afar.
So stick to the fight when you are hardest hitIt is when things seem worst that you must not quit.

The Daughters of St. Paul 148, Waterfield Rd, Bandra Bombay

# (Continued from previous page)

more fair and free. It is a step in the right direction to eliminate criminal elements, viz., Law Breakers from becoming Law Makers. In my personal opinion the Election Commission has to be congratulated for the bold stand it has taken in reiterating the existing legal position in the proper perspective. It has done yeoman service to the nation. The recent directive compelling candidates to file affidavits about their

previous criminal history is also a welcome procedure because if later it is found that a candidate had a prior criminal record or he was convicted and disqualified, he cannot be prosecuted for perjury unless he makes the statement in the form of an affidavit. Sri G.V.G. Krishna Murthy the Election Commissioner who insisted upon the filing of the affidavits has done the right thing.

# VALLEY OF ELYSIUM

(One Act Play)

# Prof. Hazara Singh

Tolstoy Farm .... A place in the valley named by Mahatma Gandhi associating it

with the great Russian writer Leo Tolstoy.

Day .... April 4, 1968

#### Characters

Abraham Lincoln .... A former President of USA, assassinated on April 14, 1865.

Mahatma Gandhi .... Popularly called 'Father of Indian Nation', assassinated on

January 30, 1948

Martin Luther King .... American Negro, assassinated on April 4, 1968

# Scene (i)

Tolstoy Farm in the valley of Elysium. Mahatma Gandhi wrapped in a sno sheet, spinning and humming the hymn:

'Lead kindly light, lead'.

Abraham Lincoln enters the stage from the right side.

M.Gandhi : Hail, brother Lincoln, hail. It is so rarely that we meet even in the Valley

of Elysium where no wordly problems jolt our minds.

A.Lincoln : I am beholden to you brother Gandhi, for the gracious welcome, I find

waiting for me always here. Great events are taking place on the earth.

The dream that inspired both of us is marching towards reality.

M. Gandhi : What event has thrilled you so deeply?

A. Lincoln : I heard that wonder-machine of Marconi announcing from the earth

below that Martin Luther King was to lead the great march for liberty

to secure racial equality for all Americans.

M. Gandhi How I wish that this voice before resounding in the planets and the space

may reach first the hearts of people living on earth itself!

A. Lin oln I was touched when I heard Martin Luther King impressing on his followers

that for all the social reforms, he contemplated to bring about, he would adopt the path of love and non-voilence as practised by you in India.

- M. Gandhi : Hatred and force are not going to solve any of the problems. Rather, the resort to them aggravates the existing tensions and prejudices.
- A. Lincoln : God having created man in His Own image, the hatred excited by extraneous considerations of colour and race amounts to an act of sacrilege.
- M. Gandhi: When in my childhood I discovered that many people in my country were despised as untouchables, I felt shocked. I argued with my mother as to how the scavenger, who kept our house clean, could be not worthy of touch. I asked her whether he had not been created like all of us by God.
- A. Lincoln

  I too could not bear the scene, when I found in my country helpless black people chained, flogged and auctioned like cattle. My conscience revolted and I protested how a country assuring liberty to all of its citizens could have masters and slaves side by side.
- M. Gandhi : I told my countrymen, if India was to become free, a part of her population could not be condemned as untouchable. Position of a person should be judged from his worth and not assigned according to his birth.
- A. Lincoln: I too felt that the colour of skin was not real test of the worth of a citizen.

  The Lord having sermonnized 'Love thy neighbour', it is duty of the whites to extend fraternal feelings to the blacks.
- M. Gandhi: When I had been in South Africa I myself experienced the indignities, a coloured person was made to suffer.
- A. Lincoln : How did you feel about that?
- M. Gandhi: That put me to a serious heart-searching. I argued with myself as to how far I would be justified in protesting against such outrages committed by whites, when in my own country millions of people were treated in the same contemptuous manner by their own countrymen.
- A. Lincoln : In what way did it influence your political thinking?
- M. Gandhi: I got convinced that mere political freedom would be no solution of the ills, my country had been suffering from. It would simply mean change of masters; the dark apathetic Indians in the chairs of authority in place of the supercilious while Britishers.
- A. Lincoln : What did you suggest instead?
- M. Gandhi
   I enlightened my countrymen that freedom should mean a change for the better in the lot of the humblest and the weakest sections of society. They should have a social quality and economic justice to feel the thrill of political freedom.

A. Lincoln : How did you strive for that?

M. Gandhi : I named the untouchables as Harijans, children of God, thereby implying that any scorn hurled at them, would be scoffing at God Himself. Harijan uplift became a part and parcel of my crusade for liberty: political social and economic. Thereafter I always stayed in the Harijan localities to make them feel that I was one of them.

A. Lincoln : Was that all?

M. Gandhi
 No. No. The women folk in India got, if not greater, at least the same consideration from me for their uplift. It had been my conviction that for transforming a society, heed was to be focussed at the homes, where life revolved around women. If they were neglected, posterity would be doomed.

A. Lincoln : What a great truth you practised! It is only the properly groomed women who, as mothers, can bring up a generation free from hatred, fearless in action, and rational in thinking.

M. Gandhi: While working for the realisation of the end, I had in mind, I never overlooked the means, I practised. I always insisted that the means should be as noble as the end itself.

A. Lincoln : This had been my own profession and practice too when I staked my all to keep America united.

M. Gandhi
 : Cheap politicians proclaim that truth is something entirely inconsistent with political pursuits. They feel so because they care only for the next election and not for the coming generation.

A. Lincoln : When I contested the election for presidency of the United States for the first time, I was advised by many of my supporters to keep silent on the issue of slavery.

M. Gandhi : How could an upright person like you accept that counsel?

A. Lincoln : For most of my partymen the winning of election was an end in itself. For me it was a way to achieve the end; that in America all citizens would enjoy liberty irrespective of their colour creed and place of birth.

M. Gandhi : Politics based on truth ushers in the rule of God Himself.

A. Lincoln : My rivals tried to trick me in by asking me in a public meeting, as to what would be my attitude towards slavery, if I happened to win the election.

M. Gandhi : Why were they in doubt about that?

A. Lincoln

They were crafty and had posed a question, reply to which in either way would pay them temporarily. If I said that I would abolish slavery, most of the whites in southern states would be enraged with me and if I replied otherwise, my manifesto would be belied. But I cared more for truth and thereby lost the first presidential election, I contested.

M. Gandhi

: But in fact you won. Your opponents lost miserably a few years thereafter.

When I started the first civil disobedience movement in India, I made it clear to my workers that none of them would resort to violence. Of course, I was convinced that imperialism was the worst crime against humanity, being perpetuated through the use of brutal force. But to meet force with force would have been the negation of truth itself.

When I learnt that some workers at Champaran had resorted to violence, I at once called off the movement. I was not prepared to sacrifice the principle of truth and non-violence for the sake of temporary popularity and gain.

A. Lincoln

I too had been convinced that the use of force did not solve a problem, but made it more complicated. When I put down the Civil War effectively in my country, I thought that I was successful in abolishing slavery and segregation. I little realised that a law failed to bring about a change as long as there was no change in hearts.

(A sudden bang of pistol firing is heard)

A. Lincoln

: (As if experiencing an excruciating pain) This is a similar bang which put an end to my life on earth.

M. Gandhi

: I am also reminded of a similar pistol fire, when on my way to prayer meeting, I was shot thrice at my chest.

A. Lincoln

: I had to lay down my life because I stood by the truth that all citizens of America, whether black or white, have a right to equality, fraternity and liberty.

M. Gandhi

: I was assassinated by a co-religionist, because he was not prepared to accept that India was a secular state where people of all religions and faiths have a right to live.

A. Lincoln

: I fear that some other upright man has laid down his life today at the hands of a frenzied assassin, blinded either by racial hatred or religious bigotry.

M. Gandhi : People of God will continue to embrace martyrdom smilingly and

fearlessly in order to secure for everybody and anybody the right to live

and let live.

A. Lincoln : It will not be long when the great soul who has paid the price for truth

will be joining us. Let us prepare ourselves to receive him.

M. Gandhi : Yes. Let us move to outskirts of the valley to welcome that distinguished

martyr.

(Both Lincoln and Gandhi move away)

A. Lincoln and M. Gandhi looking towards the earth expectantly. Soon after Martin Luther King bleeding in the chest enters the stage.

M.L. King : Brothers I did my humble best to push your dream towards reality.

A. Lincoln : Tell us how it happened on the earth today. We heard that you were to

lead the great march for liberty a few days hereafter.

M.L. King : I cherished your dream that the day was not far off when our nation

would understand in full the truth that all human beings are created equal. I longed to see the day when sons of the former slaves and those of the former slave owners would regard themselves as brothers. The hope inspired me that my nation would soon begin to judge her people not from

the colour of their skin but by the content of their character.

A. Lincoln : Segregation is the most horrible crime as well as a sacrilege.

M.L. King: Most of my countrymen shared my view that the practice of social segregation would mar the greatness of America in technical and

scientific field reducing it to a morally weak nation not living upto its own

professions.

A. Lincoln : What methods did you adopt to secure justice for the oppressed?

M.L. King : The sheer utilitarian approach of John Stuart Mill did not impress me as it might meet the aspirations of an egalitarian society but failed to inspire

the downtrodden sections.

The revolutionary campaigns by Marxists, though appeared to be stirring at first sight, yet destination kept deluding them, because supression and

exploitation assumed new forms.

It was in the Gandhian emphasis on truth, love and tolerance through non-violence that I discovered the clue to social change.

(Turning to M. Gandhi)

I became deeply fascinated by your campaign of non-violent resistence. As I delved deeper into your philosophy, my faith in the power of love increased and I had been convinced about its potency in the area of social reform.

M. Gandhi

: Love is the manifestation of God Himself. This supreme unifying principle of life has been preached by all religions. In love there is the key, which unlocks the door leading to ultimate truth.

If my countrymen had resorted exclusively to force and hatred to get rid of the British rule, they would have lost as much as they were likely to gain. The British were made to realise through non-violent campaigns the gravity of their crime against humanity being perpetuated through imperialistic rule.

Non-violence is not weapon of the weak, but is a peaceful protest by those who are morally strong! My countrymen heeded my advice that true democracy could not come through untruthful and violent means for the simple reason that the natural corollary to their use would be to remove all opposition through suppression or extermination of antagonists. We had a double win-we achieved freedom and the Britishers packed from India not as enemies but as friends.

M.L. King

I pursued your methods in letter and spirit. Resort to violence does not solve any problem effectively. It may weaken the opponent but does not reform him. I got convinced that if the downtrodden black American succumbed to the temptation of using violence, he would be exposing his posterity to seething hatred in that plural society.

M. Gandhi

This very advice was accepted by my countrymen when we were campaigning to get emancipation from the British rule. This restraint yielded fruitful gains. There are more Indians now living in U.K. than there were Britishers in India, when they ruled over us. Co-operation between the two peoples is waging a successful war against the real enemies of mankind; unemployment and ignorance.

M.L. King

What else could I have done to make my campaign more effective?

M. Gandhi

: Love and truth are two pillars of non-violent resistence. The sympathy of American women as a whole should be aroused to put an end to the oppression against the Negro.

Women are the fountain-head of love. If they instil into their young ones that racial hatred is unnatural and the resort to violence is a horrible falsehood, the posterity will forget all prejudices. Salvation of humanity

as a whole depends on the spirit of sacrifice and the enlightenment of women, because they are natural messengers of the gospel of non-voilence.

M.L. King

: How I wish that women realise as much their obligation as they are conscious of their rights!

M. Gandhi

Your martyrdom has gone a long way to win the peaceful struggle you had been waging. The assassin lost, because he was a coward. He was afraid of your mounting moral power. The Negroes by not giving vent to the feelings of revenge have won. They have shown that they are free from hatred which blinded the reasoning capacity of the assassin. The restraint shown by the oppressed has aroused the moral conscience of the world at large. Imperialism and racialism, two great enemies of the mankind, are finding disfavour with every right-thinking person.

M.L. King

: Yes. Yes. Most of the Americans now not only feel but also practise that we are all God's children. Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, whether black or white are joining hands and singing:

Free at last, free at last Thank God Almighty We are free at last

M. Gandhi

: Why Americans only, people all over the world should join this chorus. The world is a place to live and let live and not to slap and stab.

A. Lincoln

: Fearless death for a noble cause is the noblest legacy for posterity. Socrates waged a crusade against sham, barren tradition and oppressive authority with his unwavering voice of truth. He had to drink a cup of poison, but his martyrdom ushered in an era of reason and truth.

M. Gandhi

Reason reveals truth and truth imparts fearlessness to human soul. Socrates gave this message through his words and deeds.

(Turning to King)

Your noble death is also a challenge to the goodness in man. I am sure that universities all over the world will create chairs to popularise your philosophy to make man, as presaged by P.B. Shelley:

Equal, unclassed, tribeless and nationless Exempt from awe, worship, degree; the lord Over himself, just, gentle, wise, yet man

A. Lincoln

Yes. Yes. The posterity can be saved from the scourge of hatred and war only through such precepts and practices.

# THE COSMIC DRAMA

Dr. C. Jacob

The house in which you live today Is not yours but others' tomorrow: The land you own and enjoy this day, Not yours but of men of the morrow.

The chair in which you sit today,
Some one also would squat tomorrow:
The bed on which you lie this day,
A stranger might roll on the morrow.

All yesterdays live and die for today And all todays must for tomorrow: All the past should for the present day, And all the present shall for the morrow.

This is the play you see today,
This is the game you play tomorrow:
If old is to die to this new day,
This new must die for the morrow.

(Continued from previous page)

M. Gandhi

Brother King, death for a noble cause is the highest reward that life can give. It 'll teach people how to live to usher in that era, which Rabindra Nath Tagore foresaw:

Where the mind is without fear And the head is held high.

(Both Lincoln and Gandhi clasp King and lead him to the valley of Elysium)

# POST INDEPENDENT INDIA EXPORTS BRAINS AND ......

Prof. P. Venugopala Rao

# Pattern of Immigration

At the turn of this century, practically all the Indians residing in USA, were those who came as laborers to the west coast. They came from rural India and they were agriculturists before they left India. They encountered a lot of prejudice from the local labor organizations. A 1910 annual report by the Commissioner General of immigration stated that "there is a strong prejudice on the Pacific Coast against Hindus by all classes of people except among a few employers who think to profit by the procurement of cheap labor". The 1917 as well as the 1924 legislation included the so-called exclusion clause, which denied admittance to citizenship to several Asians. Thus the first images about Indians in this country were created by those who settled here before 1920's and they were not very favorable ones.

The new immigrants who arrived from the post-independent India brought a new image. In spite of the existing quota system, several Indians found their way to USA in the late fifties and the early sixties through the exceptions provided by the existing law. These exceptions permitted only educated and skilled Indians. A significant event in mid fifties was the reason for this to happen. The defence department of US Government decided to support graduate education financially in universities with a view to

increase the base of scientifically trained personnel in the country. This shift in the policy permitted the universities to free up their own funds to recruit graduate students from all over the world. Within five years of this policy shift, hoards of foreign students were entering the American graduate schools.

This situation turned out to be a blessing for many who were graduating from the Indian universities in basic sciences and engineering subjects. In the post-independent India, there was a lot of unemployment among the emerging college graduates. The welcome signals from US universities opened up for them the possibility of new careers and continuation of study in their chosen fields. Indian graduate students became the new pilgrims to come to America and this pilgrimage was the pattern of flow for the next ten years.

Most of these early 'pilgrims' are bachelors or newly married young men between the ages of 25 to 35. Many of them retained the dream of returning to India for a long time. It was soon to be realized however that job opportunities back home did not increase even after a decade. They settled down eventually in the land of their education and they would become the founding members of their community organizations that came into existence ten or fifteen years later.

Large scale immigration actually started after the reformation of the immigration laws by the Congress. The 1965 Immigration and Nationality Act represented a major break with the past and discarded many past provisions based on racial prejudice. It introduced basic policy changes - the abolition of the national origins quota system, a new preference system, labor certification procedures, and a limit on Western Hemisphere immigration. These new laws opened doors for doctors, engineers and a few other professionals from India. The late sixties and early seventies were also the times when USA needed to recruit more skilled personnel to meet its growing demands.

The late seventies and early eighties have seen larger increase in the Indian immigrants in USA. This was largely due to a sudden influx of those of Indian origin from other parts of the world, especially Africa.

The next wave of Indians to arrive in this country started with the increasing demand for the computer engineers at the beginning of nineties. These are the newly graduated young professionals from India. Many of them come on a temporary basis and most of them are bachelors or newly-wed. This decade of nineties will be known for its influx of computer – trained, 'software' Asian Indians.

Thus we can recognize three different waves of immigration from post – independent India. At the top of the age group are the early settlers, mostly in academic and professional positions. The next age group consists mostly of doctors and engineers. It will be followed by

an younger group consisting of recent arrivals including computer engineers. Straddling all these groups will be entrepreneurs most of whom arrived in late seventies and early eighties. They own travel agencies, news stands, fast-food restaurants, luncheonettes, sari shops, gas stations, independent convenience stores and motels. To this profile we must add the members of the accompanying families especially the growing second generation who are almost ready to make their impact and carve out their own destiny. The second generation is beginning to enter their thirties. Since there is a continuous supply of new Indians from India in the younger age groups, the profile of the 'first generation' immigrants continuously changing. The activities and goals of local community organizations are also becoming redefined. The early settlers and the new arrivals have sometimes different goals to pursue.

These new immigrants from post-independent India, with the diversity of their occupations, are also demographically very much dispersed across the urban landscape of USA. Originally hailing from urbanised middle classes in India, and having the facility of an English language to communicate with, they adapted themselves very quickly to the new environment. They have become very successful and accomplished. The social life of individuals and the activities of the community as a whole reflect this change.

# Making of a Community

The community life in the early years was confined to the activities sponsored by

the Indian student organizations on the university campuses. After the increase in numbers in mid sixties, the need for the community-based organizations became obvious. They began to take roots in the beginning of the decade of seventies in many major urban areas.

The increase in Indian communities was limited to large urban areas, such as New York- New Jersey, Chicago, Houston, Los Angeles and San Francisco. By the end of seventies almost every major city has an Indian community organization. National organizations started as a federation of several of these local community organizations. In fact we have now many federations of these community organizations, such as NFIA (National Federation of Indian-American Associations), AIA, IAFPE, AAPI (for physicians), and AAOHA (for motel owners) who serve the community at the national level.

These organizations form an infrastructure that provides the necessary loyalties and relationships to create an active, dynamic community life for the transplanted Asian Indians. It has been the privilege of these organizations to provide an awareness of and identity with the culture and religion of our native land.

These organizations, managed by individuals who volunteer their time and effort, play a significant role in setting the tone for the activities of the community. Starting from small events such as picnics,

movie projections and cultural evenings that centered around festivals and demonstrations of local talent, these volunteer organizers developed leadership and managerial talent to such an extent that now they organize conventions hosting crowds of several thousands of participants every year.

To this rich and cementing dimension of cultural awareness, is added another strong element in the eighties – that of religion. To day there are Hindu Temples all over North America, built by collaboration and support of all kinds of immigrant Indians. Temple construction has its effect on many families. The religiosity and spirituality that remained dormant in the early settlers for a long time has found an outlet and opportunity to flourish in these modern places of worship dedicated often to an assortment of gods and goddesses.

The growth of religious awareness has an interesting history. The early settlers have no other resources except their own knowledge. Religious rituals often had to be improvised and conducted by learned elders. The community had to educate itself in the appropriate religious tradition. There was no generation of elders who knew the tradition very well. The group that arrived here in sixties did not bring all their scriptural knowhow. Most of them are representatives of the westernized, secular Indian middle-class. Some of them took pains, only after arriving in USA, to educate themselves in their religious tradition. This process of education has been a relatively slow process and went

through distinct stages. The first stage was just getting acquainted with the tradition by some means or other.

The next stage in this education was actually a stage of adaptation or editing of the scriptural tradition. This involved greater understanding of the scripture and the ritual. Our (Hindu) scriptures are all in Sanskrit and understanding them needs translation. Translations are available but had to be secured from India with a great deal of effort. There are also interpretations in English by Western scholars access to which is easy only to those who are in academic professions.

A deeper problem faced by the immigrants must be recognized. There is no tradition of educating the young in our religious tradition in the westernized Hindu Society of contemporary India. The young had to learn only by watching and participating in the rituals practiced by the elders in the family. As immigrants we have to invent an educational process. The experience of the communities of other religions (Sikh, Muslim etc) is similar.

The construction of temples has given a boost to this process of learning. The temple priest became the main dispenser of the ritual tradition. Originally trained only in the minimum ritual necessary for worship in temple, they had to quickly learn the rituals demanded by the families. Today the temple priests play the double role of both a family priest and a temple pujari. We also have now regularly lectures by visiting swamijis

and other spiritual leaders and even summer camps to all age groups to acquaint ourselves with the tradition.

The beginning and consolidation of these educational processes that solidify the sense of community among the immigrants is not usually a task that can be completed in one generation. They also need sustained leadership endowed with vision and integrity. That the Asian Indian communities in various parts of this country have reached a mature stage is undeniable. While they enjoy the benefits of certain solidarity, they also face the problems that are common to any community which is part of a larger society. They are also victims of crimes from inside and outside. Any casual reading of our ethnic-news journals would open our eyes to that facet of our lives. Both successes and failures have become part of our lives. Our community does not resemble any more the original "graduate student groups" that populated the college campuses of US. It is now diverse in its character, dispersed over a variety of professions. We have among us not only the well-accomplished, including a couple of Nobel prize winners, and wealthy, but also the underprivileged as well as criminals including secret spies, murderers and drug abusers.

# The Family as a Cohesive Unit

The typical family unit is still of the same size as that of early settlers, consisting of the husband, the wife and two or three children. But unlike that of the early settlers, a typical nuclear family today has greater roots and connections in the community. It is not isolated as before – a reflection of the fact that Indian community in this country is not just a collection of strangers from a different land, but a group that is developing a collective consciousness. It is not uncommon these days to have annual gatherings of relatives from various parts of the country highlighting their family connections, in addition to the conventions and conferences sponsored by community organizations.

Two aspects of the internal dynamics of the family unit are worth considering. These are related the very to nature 'transplantation' that affects immigrants in general, not just Indians alone. The host society offers an immigrant not only opportunities for making livelihood and to accumulate wealth, but at the same time rubs its own culture on them. The most characteristic feature of this adopted Western society is the great weight given to the notion of individuality and individual freedom in the society at all levels. This translates into two changes in the traditional Indian family culture. There is an inevitable demand and desire for more freedom and self expression on the part of every member of the family unit. The head of the household has to learn to share the privileges with others. This is a process of acculturation which is slow, but inevitable. The second change concerns the role of women in the family as well as the place of the second generation. We shall deal with these two aspects separately.

### Women's roles and expectations

There is growing awareness on the part of the women in the family of the opportunities to assert their independence. That many of the wives, who accompanied their husbands, eventually acquire the necessary skills and education to get into the job market is a fact of history. This opportunity enhanced the role of the traditional wife, just as it was happening in some parts of urban India, and provide greater economic freedom and security. In many situations the lifestyles became enriched along with the status of the women in the family. A modernized and eloquent image of Indian women emerges as a consequence of their transplantation.

Not only economic independence but independence to express their own views and feelings about matters concerning them is plenty in this society. While some husbands still carry their own images of an Indian wife, i.e. that of a caring docile childrearing partner, many wives have learned to exercise independence and began to redefine their own roles in the family as well as in the society. Many immigrants adjust very well to these changes and live happily. But not all of them are lucky and some had to face problems.

One such problem is the domestic violence which we are becoming aware of more and more recently. The battered wife is not a rare being any more among Indians in USA. One organization informs me that it has handled at least eighty cases of spousal

abuse since its formation a few years ago. Most of the abuse is verbal and emotional. with physical abuse manifesting only occasionally. It is also noted by many of these organizations that a typical battered wife is an educated well-accomplished young wife, who feels 'trapped'. Typically the abuser isolates her from society, going to the extent of preventing her from making phone calls, from letter writing, withholding means of transportation, not providing any money to spend, not allowing any social interaction and sometimes locking her up in the house with a deadbolt lock while he is at work. The abusers are many times young men who came here recently from India to take up a job, brought their newly married wives later and then keep them as docile housekeepers. In a few cases they even continue their relationships with their former girl friends if they have. And most of these young men are born and raised in post- independent India, lived there for about twenty five years in the authentic Indian environment. Of course, it is not fair to identify these younger husbands as the only perpetrators of this tragedy. We know of well-settled older parents-in-law subjecting their daughters in-law to both verbal and physical abuse. We know of alcoholics whose conduct is reprehensible. These domestic problems quickly lead to divorces in the younger couples, but continue to play their havoc in older families where divorce is not chosen as an immediate alternative, with significant effect on their sons and daughters.

There is nothing peculiar and strange about spouses who nag and put down their partners continuously. These are universal phenomena that are part of humanity's culture. Such aberrations are present in the host (American) society too. But immigrant victims have an extra disadvantage. They have no ready made support groups to look for comfort and help. One sign that our community is maturing is that such support groups are coming into existence now a days in various cities. A recent list of Indian women's organizations or support groups that work in the area of domestic violence and abuse has addresses of about forty organizations. The counsellors that work for these organizations report that there is much more abuse than we publicly acknowledge. They also point out to the cultural barriers that prevent us from acknowledging the existence of these problems. While our community must find ways and means of taking care of the ill effects of this domestic violence, it is time that we try to understand the causes behind this domestic abuse. The sociologists and anthropologists among us have a significant role to play in this area.

## The growing second generation

A noted American Scholar, Marcus Lee Hansen, proposed in 1937 a hypothesis about the problems faced during the successive generations of immigrant's history in America. Briefly it can be stated as follows: During an immigrant group's first sixty years in the United States, each generation – the pioneers themselves, their

children, and their grand children- faces a special problem rooted in the characteristic of its social position within the overall population. The problem of the first generation is to make the adjustment necessary to survive economically, to function within an alien culture and to learn about democracy. That of the second generation is "to inhabit two worlds at the same time." The problem of the third generation, briefly expressed, is properly interpreting the history of the two. While this model is contested by many scholars, this hypothesis served as a starting point to understand the ethnic diversity and immigrant assimilation in US.

Applying this model to the case of Indian immigrants, we can safely conclude it does not fit very well. Our first generation not only adjusted themselves very well, but built up a sense of community within their own life time. Unlike the earlier immigrants. these new immigrants came at a time when multicultural cosmopolitanism is an accepted state of mind in this country. The so-called melting pot has not melted. Ethnic groups became part of an acceptable landscape of the American Society. Asian Indians fit the text book description of an ethnic group that is a group of people racially and historically related, having a common and distinct culture. We are destined to become part of the 'unmeltable ethnics' in the American landscape.

Hanson's description of the second generation goes as follows: "The sons and

daughters of the immigrants were really in a most uncomfortable position. They were subjected to the criticism and taunts of the native Americans and the criticism and taunts of their elders as well... where as in the schoolroom they were too foreign, at home they were too American ". Clearly that is not the case with our second They generation. are thoroughly Americanized but are not as alienated as the immigrants who arrived at the turn of this century. They are pulled naturally between the identity of their parents and identity of the society in which they are growing up. As John Fenton wrote in his remarkable study of the second generation, "they are looking for a middle course between retaining their Indian character, their family ties and their cultural heritage and are becoming just like other Americans. But they know more about American culture than they do about Indian culture and religion."

The size of the second generation, that is of marrying age and that is already married, is increasing constantly during the last decade. Some of them are entering the work force and starting their own nuclear families. The generation is beginning to define their own role in the society and their relation ship to the first generation. They are going through the assessment of the values and merits of the "arranged marriages". There are mixed marriages as well as traditional marriages and there are divorces too. The older among them are able to engage and confront their parents in a discussion of the values which they are

expected live by. The youth to conferences which are organized almost reflect the alertness dynamism with which they are imbued. A significant segment of this generation is made up of college-going age group. Across the campuses of the universities and colleges are mushrooming. Asian Indian student associations with membership largely recruited from those who are born and raised in America and are citizens of this country by birth. These associations have a different agenda than those that existed earlier. They have a self image, vastly different from that of the former "foreign" graduate students groups. This loyalty is not always to India as a mother country, but to their Indian origin and their religious and cultural tradition. It is no secret that on campuses a distinction is often made between the ABCDs (American Born Confused Desis) and FOBs (fresh off the boat Indian students). This second generation is building up an identity that goes beyond the nostalgia which the first generation cherishes.

The second generation is in a sense luckier than others in this country's history. They have stable environments at home and belong to a community which is dynamic, cultured and sophisticated. They are well indoctrinated with an ethic of hard work. They need not have to disown their parent's culture and religion in preference to that of the surrounding society. So it is natural to assume that the

third generation that is yet to come will have no problems of identity crisis. It does not have to rediscover its identity, because the second generation is not going to lose it in the first place.

When sociologists, anthropologists and the life refer to the second generation, the reference is often to the older among this second generation. Strictly speaking the new born, as well the young kids are part of this generation. Bringing up children is an activity that consumes energy and requires wisdom. As immigrants we face some peculiar problems. But we are now in a community that can address these problems constructively. Both partners in the family have the task of raising children who are growing with an extra sense of independence derived from the society around them. Any sense of discrimination between daughters and sons is immediately resented by the children. It was not uncommon that some parents found it more convenient to send their children to live with their grand they parents in India until manageable age. Bhajana groups, babysitting grandparents, religious camps, bilingual education and regular visits to temples have all become part of our life style as parents struggle to raise their kids as Indian kids exposing them to Indian culture at every possible opportunity.

The first generation also started sincere efforts to educate their second generation at an early stage, as evidenced by the

educational and cultural programs being organised at various places. We have schools to teach languages, schools to teach cultural arts and schools even to teach religious traditions. The resources and determination are plenty and are growing in every community across the adopted country

## The ageing of the community

The one kind of experience the Indian immigrant has not yet encountered is the stage of retired life. Only few of us are at the threshold of retirement. Their number will increase into thousands by year two thousand. They have no role models to follow now. This retiring first generation shall set up examples for the future generations. Some of them talk of going back to India. Some of them hope to spend their remaining years both here and there. Some wish to acquire a new residence closer to their son or daughter. Some are anxious about the treatment they have in store from their children. Some entrepreneurs are contemplating the building of homes for the retired near the temples. Some have no idea at all what might happen to them. We must watch the history unfolding and wait for the results. But it is time to put our thinking cap to construct scenarios for our retirement

## History as a personal testimony

Scholars and historians in the future will no doubt study and discuss the Asian

Indian immigrants' lives and contribution to the American way of life. The accomplishments, the successes and failures of the generations of the various immigrant communities will be intensely scrutinized. The raw material and data for their studies will have to come from the experiences of the first generation. There is obviously a need for "reconstructing the memories" of our arrival and survival in this new land. We need not have to let some research scholars in the future guess about us. We can ourselves provide authentic data by carefully recording our experiences. In this age of electronic communication and magnetic storage of information, gathering, depositing and disseminating knowledge about our experiences need not be a chore but a satisfying act of service to posterity. Members of the first generation should take time off to record the memories of their immigrant experience. An autobiographical note, a reflection on an accomplishment, a meditation on a tragic event or plain recalling of a celebration all and any of that kind can become valuable resources to reconstruct a generation's memory not only for the benefit of the scholars but also for the members of our own future generations. Our ethnic journals, TV programs and souvenir publications must encourage this activity which preserves not only the identity of our origins but also allows us to stay alive in the 'memories' of our future. Four immigrant experience decades of constitutes a good chunk of history. 

## **GREAT EXIT**

Prof. K.V.S. Murti

In the darkness of a cloudy night
Darkness of raven-hooting night
Time halted for a moment in that night:
Life-saving medical implements all
Became pale suddenly lamenting bitterly
'Nirmala Hridayam' in Kalighat of Calcutta
Sore-throated lamenting bade pathetic farewel...

Clad in bluecloud-bordered moonwhite saree
Bearing on shoulders cross of compassion
Smiling jasmin-white moonlight of Bharati
Leaving dusky delight of the west
Seeking light of human salvation in the east
Arrived traveller of sublime distances —
Where is Albania, country of joy and wealth,
Where is India, territory of gloom and death?—
She is human bridge between two nations
Built-in light of universal unity ...

Akin to infant Krishna weeping
For butter-feeding mother Yasoda
akin to beckoning hand of compassionate Chirst
For mother Mary of personified affection
Mother's required journey for Bharat decided —
Discern divine folk on starry highway raised
Auspicious row of celestial welcome ...

Inspiring immense courage at every step
Her smiles are flowery shower of moonlight
Enough if she looks raising her eyes
That look is drenching rain of golden honour
Enough if she speaks raising her teeth

That talk is honey-sweet nectar Enough if she raises her hand and blesses That gesture is friendly flower-fragrance Enough if she decides in her pure interior That wish is ideal peak of soul's empire...

Jealousy and selfishness insult and blame
Thorny ashes in Jahova's path
Bloody burning city of Satan's empire —
Her entire life is Jesus's commandment
'Service to humanity is service to God' message
Is her ideal kinship of universal love
Destitutes and trouble-bitten-and-cursed ones
Innumerable God-made clay-dolls all
Lodged in the art-centre of charities home
Steadily spreading good-news of kindness
She is thirsty after Truth-Glory-Beauty-Love ...

As girl woman nurse and sannyasin
The Lady of penance tasted Nature's power
Came to live in Bharat as Karmayogin
Vacated the house and left for every
Soul of the sage became white pigeon
Vanished into eternal moonlight-radiance
Physical cage is mother's dwelling
Attained Absolution in holy pilgrimage —
May her soul rest in peace — Amen!

\* English translation of the Telugu poem 'Mahaprasthanam' written by Dr. D. Lalithakumari.

# THUS SPEAKS DRAUPADI TO ASWATHAMA

#### B. Indira Kumari

(The following is Draupadi's expression of her feelings when Aswathama, the assassinator of her five sons was captured and brought by Arjuna to her presence. She in a tear-filled yet smooth, soft and gentle voice thus speaks to Aswathama)

Don't you know, O you Learned Man! Is it not your Father Drona who taught archery to all our people? Are you not Drona in the form of a Son? How with a heart bereft of pity you did put to death my innocent children?

A Brahmin by birth, you are and with intelligence and kindness
You are the greatest and the foremost of the great intrepid heroes.
Is it good on the part of a revered one like you
To commit such a heinous deed as you have done? Sir!
Did my children rise in rage against you? O Gentle Man!
Or did they confront you on the battle field with weapons?
Not a bit of harm to you they ever did, Alas!
If so, how you, by unyielding strength did deign
To be heartless to assassinate my sons so guileless
And untutored in fighting while still in the soft bosom
Of sleep were they lying in all innocence at night
Unsuspecting of fate awaiting them in future. Alas!

Ah! Overwhelmed with sorrow infinite I made
Arjuna to fight with you and bring you here indeed.
But, how the knowledge, O Man! Of this most tragic fact
Stabs the mother's heart of your own dear mother, I know not!

Then turning to Arjuna, Krishna and others she says thus forgiving Aswathama with a mother's heart!

She (Drona's wife) so unwillingly still lives after her husband's demise Ah! how her heart like mine filled with deep sorrow feels depressed! Alas! Great Sin it'll be indeed, if he be rid of his life So, I beseech you, kind Sirs, to pity this Brahmin and leave him with life.

## THE TRAVAILS OF MOTHERS-IN-LAW

Dr. Gangadhara Gadgil

I do not know how things stand today in this matter of daughters-in-law. But when I was a boy every elderly woman of my Grandma's age had one or more daughtersin-law of her own. Why, auntie Bhagirathi had no less than four daughters-in-law of her own. Why, auntie Bhagirathi had no less than four daughters-in-law of her own. I don't know why but she never called them by their names. Instead she called one the older one and called another the younger one. She also used to speak of the inbetween one. The trouble was that there were in-between and she always found it difficult to identify the particular in-between daughter-in-law she was speaking about. My grandma suggested that things would be easy for all concerned if auntie Bhagirathi identified her daughters-in-law by their names. But somehow auntie Bhagirathi never got round to doing so. May be she couldn't remember their names or it could be that she did not approve of the fact that creatures like daughters-in-law, who constituted the lowest rungs in the ladder of family hierarchy, should have names of their own.

Well! Not all elderly women were so fortunate as to have four daughters-in-law of their own. But most of them did have two or atleast one daughter-in-law. Well, come to think of it not everybody was that lucky. Poor Yamuna auntie had seven daughters and not a single son. My Grandma Often wondered what sins Yamuna auntie had

committed in her previous birth to invite this misfortune on her head in this present birth of hers. Yamuna auntie however, blamed her misfortune squarely on her daughters. They were so perverse that everyone of all the seven of them insisted on being girls. She often cried, "They are none other than enemies in my previous birth, who have taken birth as many daughters to wreak vengeance on me. They will not rest until they ruin their parents completely". Although I was merely a boy who was not allowed to pass opinions on the affairs of my elders, I in my heart tended to agree with Yamuna auntie. There was really no reason for Yamuna auntie's all seven daughters to be daughters. It would have done them no harm if three or even four of them had been born as sons. But I as a boy knew that girls are by nature perverse and stubborn. One could do absolutely nothing about it.

Anyway, let us not get drawn into a discussion of the perversity of girls about which I have a good deal to say. It was daughters-in-law that I was talking about and, as I said, most of my Grandma's friends had atleast one or more of them. And each one of them proudly brought her new daughter-in-law along when she called on my Grandma who blessed her and asked her own daughters-in-law to give the girls the customary presents. This was the privilege of my auntie who was older than my mother. She came out of the interior of

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the house carrying in a silver plate heaped up rice, a coconut and a piece of cloth. The daughter-in-law again bent low and bowed to my auntie who then gave these presents to her with appropriate ceremony. My mother made her appearance at his juncture to participate in the proceedings. On noticing her the daughter-in-law again bowed low to her and was appropriately blessed. Sometimes other women, who were next door neighbors, also dropped in to see this new daughter-in-law and she bent low and bowed to each of them separately. I used to be amazed then, at the capacity of these daughters-in-law to bow so many times, without spraining their backs or breaking them altogether.

After having bowed umpteen times to all the assembled women, the daughter-in-law would stand in a corner with bent head trying to be as inconspicuous as possible. This convinced my grandma and other elderly women that the girl had a proper upbringing and the virtue of obedience had been instilled into her. My Grandma then would invite her to sit down. But the girl would keep standing and bend her head even lower to show respect. That little gesture would satisfy her mother-in-law that the girl knew her place in the scheme of things and she would gruffly ask her to be seated. The daughter-in-law would then squat putting her arms around her knees and pulling them up close to her breast. She would then rest her chin on her knees and her face would become almost invisible as was demanded by requirements of modesty. My Grandma

then would make conventional conversation and ask the girl about her parents or about the number of brothers and sisters she had. The daughter-in-law would look demurely at her mother-in-law to seek permission and when it was granted with a nod she would reply to my grandma's question in a voice so low that one wondered whether it was audible even to her knees. Her mother-in-law would then scold her and say, "Speak a little loudly, will you? What you say has to be audible, isn't it?".

The girl was no fool. She raised her voice just a wee bit I wondered whether that made it more audible to my grandma. I, for one, didn't catch even a word of what she said.

How could I, when I watched these proceedings from an adjoining room peering surreptitiously through a chink in the door? I would have loved to watch them at close quarters. But if ever I tried to enter that room, my grandma shooed me away saying, "What are you a man doing here admidst women. Be gone".

After my Grandma and other elderly women had asked the girl a few questions, the girl was asked to utter the name of her husband.

On hearing this the girl would shudder and blush profusely and hide her face behind her knees. This would tickle and amuse the elderly women and they broke into broad smiles. My mother and auntie being younger would smile more discreetly. The girl was then cajoled over and over again to utter the name of her husband. She would then blush profusely and that would cause a lot of merriment in the assembled women folk. Eventually, the mother-in-law would mildly admonish the girl and ask her to stop blushing and do what she was told to do.

In those good old days of obedient respectful and devoted wives, custom didn't allow women to utter the names of their husbands. If a woman wanted to talk to her husband, she would call him by name. She would ask demurely, 'Am I being heard?" The husband would then turn around and say, 'What is it? Out with it. Don't you see I am in a hurry?"

It was only the young bride, who had the privilege of uttering the name of her husband, when called upon to do so by the elders in the family. This was no easy task, for the name of the husband had to be woven into a four line verse which was expected to be laudatory and entertaining. The bride had to have quite a stock of them. Happily her mother and aunts composed quite a few of them for her and made her learn them by heart.

Ultimately after a lot of blushing the daughter-in-law recited the verse with her husband's name woven into it and was duly complimented by the assembled women.

However, seated as I was in the adjoining room, what the daughter-in-law said never reached my ears. How could it, when she talked in such a low whisper?

That, used to annoy me terribly and I always wondered why marriage had such a deleterious effect on the vocal cords of girls. I know for certain that before they got married, girls had strong voices that would be raucous and shrill and they often were exactly that. But marriage did strange things to their throats. Overnight their voices sank into almost inaudible whisphers and they couldn't swallow not only big laddus but even tea.

Take for instance the case of Kamal who used to live next door. That girl screamed and shrieked so loudly when she played with other girls that on hearing her babies woke up with a start and frightened women dropped the brass cooking pots in their hands. That made her mother lose her temper and she would yell, 'Why must you scream like a banshee every time you play? Has somebody shoved a pounding rod down your throat?

I for one had no doubt that Kamal's mother's suspicions were well founded. That was because only a girl with an abnormally enlarged throat could have swallowed a big laddu as quickly and effortlessly as Kamal did. Why I could barely dig my teeth into a laddu before hers vanished down her capacious throat.

Yet I found this self same Kamal unbelievably transformed when she visited

us after she was married. She was barely audible when she spoke and her bite into a laddu was no bigger than the peck of a sparrow. I suspected that the girl was gravely ill. But to my surprise my mother thought that marriage had done her a lot of good.

But that is another story. As far as daughters-in-law in general were concerned, I had a good opinion of that species. They appeared to me well behaved respectful and obedient. But I was totally disillusioned on that score in the next Diwali vacation. It so happened that being preoccupied with sharpening my skills in playing with marbles and scoring hits with my catapult, I had rather neglected my lessons and had performed somewhat poorly in the half yearly examination. Mothers being what they are, my mother stopped me altogether from going out and playing with my friends in the neighbourhood yard. Instead she made me spend my whole day along in a room doing my lessons.

Luckily for me my grandma used to rest and meet her many cronies in the adjoining room. I could therefore relieve the tedium of long hours of study by listening to their talk. Mind you, although I heard their gossip, I didn't neglect my lessons. I had my eyes dutifully riveted on my books and I memorized loudly whatever I had learnt.

I was learning then the geography of Mumbai and had to memorize the various routes of the tramcars. In the course of the

study I would chant. "Tramcar no. 8 starts from Opera House and stops at Portuguese Church, Thakurdwar, Chira Bazaar, Dhobi Talao, Esplanade and reaches Flora Fountain in final stop".

It was while I dilligently memorized the routes of tramcars in this manner that I learnt from the talk in the adjoining room how difficult and troublesome these innocent looking daughters-in-law could be and how they were a pain in the neck to their poor suffering mothers-in-law.

Take for instance the daughters-in-law of Radha auntie. She looked so innocent that it seemed to be beyond her even to hurt a fly. Yet that girl, it seemed, was nothing less than a domestic disaster and Radha auntie had to keep a close watch on her all the time to save her family from starvation and penury. She, it seemed, was a great spendthrift if ever there was one and left to herself would have spent all the salary of her husband and her father-in-law in barely the first two weeks of the month leaving nothing at all to spend in the remaining two weeks. If she was asked to fry chaklis, she poured oil in the frying pan until it was filled to the very brim. Very little of that oil was used up by the frying chaklis and the daughter-in-law poured all the rest of it down the drain. Poor Radha auntie's heart raced pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat when she saw her daughter-in-law do that. If she was asked to cook two measures of rice, she ended up, cooking at least three measures of rice, if not more. So a lot of rice was left over

every day. And do you know what she did with that large quantity of rice that was left over? She generously gave it away all to the maid servant. Radha auntie almost swooned when she saw her do that. Thereafter auntie kept her eyes peeled Radha whenever she asked her daughter-in-law to cook a meal. That spend-thrift girl would use up a cake of washing soap in three days, while Radha auntie could make it last for as long as two weeks. When asked to give the customary present of a coconut and a blouse-piece to a visiting young bride, this daughter-in-law gave away the biggest coconut in the house along with a blouse piece decorated with gold thread.

That was absolutely the limit. Poor Radha auntie saw penury standing on the threshold of her house and staring in her face.

No wonder Radha auntie lost her temper and screamed, "Plague on you, girl! Do you think that your father-in-law is a millionaire to afford this kind of profligacy? Do you want all of us to stand in the street with begging bowls in our hands?"

A decent daughter-in-law would have been contrite and catching both her ears in acknowledgement of her guilt would have assured her mother-in-law to mend her ways. But do you know what this girl did? She burst into tears and that too when her father-in-law was looking.

The father-in-law had a heart as soft as butter and he never had understood the need

of watching pennies, the way Radha auntie did. His heart melted, when he saw his daughter-in-law in tears and being very simple minded admonished Radha auntie in the presence of her daughter-in-law.

He said, "Why do you scold that girl? Surely a generous use of cooking oil is not going to put any strain on our family income".

Simpleton that he was, he didn't realize at all the enormity of what he had done. For to admonish and be-little a mother-in-law in the very presence of her daughter-in-law is the surest way to spoil the girl. Seeing how things stand, the daughter-in-law would lose no time in climbing on the head of her mother-in-law and would settle there for all time to come!

Radha auntie displayed her presence of mind and sharply observed, "Running the house is women's business. Men folk should keep out of it".

Her husband realized his error and said a little sheepishly, "well! you can run the household the way you like. But I can't stand anybody in my family shedding tears".

That put paid to all efforts to Radha auntie to instill some sense into her spend-thrift daughter-in-law. For the girl was in the habit of promptly breaking into tears whenever she was admonished and her father-in-law got quite agitated whenever he saw anybody in tears in his house. Well!

Radha auntie could have shut her eyes and ignored the spend thrift ways of her daughter-in-law. But she just couldn't bring herself to do that. For every time the daughter-in-law poured a very generous quantity of cooking oil in the frying pan, poor Radha auntie's heart raced pit-a-pat, pit-apat and her mind reeled at the enormity of the waste. So the only alternative left for Radha auntie was to do all the household work herself exercising the skills of economizing she had honed over the years. So everyday the poor woman cooked, washed clothes and cleaned the house too to save the broom from getting thinner too fast. Well! If a woman had to slog like this, what good did it do her to have a daughterin-law?

As poor Radha auntie narrated this tale of her woes and humilitation to my grandma, she must have been overcome by grief and shed a tear. For my grandma told her not to take these matters so much to heart and repeat the name of Lord Rama a thousand times with her rosary, to regain her peace of mind.

The next day I had to learn by heart the route of tram car no. six. It started from Dadar and travelled by stages to Parel. It would have proceeded further and terminated at Museum had it not been halted in its track by the arrival of Godavari auntie to spend an afternoon with my grandma.

Godavari auntie too had a daughter-inlaw and I had seen her when she had been brought to our house to bow to my grandma and get her blessings. She too had seemed to me then a nice, obedient and respectful daughter-in-law. But soon enough I gathered from the talk between my grandma and Godavari auntie that this girl too wasn't at all as nice, as I had thought she was.

Godavari auntie had decided that she didn't want any smart and pert city-bred girl as her daughter-in-law. Girls in cities like Mumbai and Pune were, she believed, brought up on a loose string. They were allowed to have their own way more often than was good for them. They also had far too much education and were prone to argue with their elders. Such girls obviously couldn't be good daughters-in-law. A daughter-in-law, if she was to be useful in her mother-in-law's house, had to obedient and hardworking. It helped if she had not set her foot in a school and more over was rather dumb. Such girls, Godavari auntic knew could be found in the remote villages of Konkan. So, she had scouted around and chosen as her daughter-in-law exactly the kind of girl she was looking for. She was particularly happy. She had then looked forward to years of happiness with just the right kind of daughter-in-law at her beck and call. But gods, who rule the destinies of mere mortals, seemed to have ordained otherwise and poor Godavari auntie soon found herself mired in a plethora of troubles.

She discovered that girls from rural Konkan are awfully ignorant of life in a city like Mumbai. Her daughter-in-law had never seen water flow out of a tap at the turn of a key. So whenever she had an opportunity, the daughter-in-law turned on the tap full blast and stared at it in wideeyed wonder. The result was that Godavari auntie had water splattered all over her small kitchen. The girl was equally amazed to see a room bathed in bright electric light, when she pressed a tiny button and she switched the lights on as often as she could. Godavari auntie kept a strict eye on her when she was at home. But whenever she went out, the girl switched on all the lights in the house and turned the tap on fully and watched those miracles with wide-eyed wonder. The result was that the electricity bill mounted and Godavari auntie lived in constant dread of slipping on the west kitchen floor and breaking her bones. Godavari auntie scolded the girl sharply. When she did so, the girl was very contrite and burst into tears. That was such a pitiful sight, that kind hearted Godavari auntie couldn't scold her any more.

What amazed the girl the most was the constant flow of traffic in the streets of Mumbai. So she took every opportunity, she could, to go out into the common gallery of the chawl and watch the flow of traffic in the street below.

An excuse was needed to go out into the gallery and this she found in the tulsi plant that hung in a pot from a hook in the gallery. Every Maharashtrian household has a tulsi plant of its own. The women in the household

water it and bow to it every day in the morning and in the evening. After all the plant is an abode of gods and the tulsi herself is a goddess. If therefore a daughter-in-law wants to water the tulsi plant and bow to it, a mother-in-law cannot or rather wouldn't stop her from doing so.

Realizing this the daughter-in-law, hailing as she did from deeply religious rural Konkan, made it a point to water the tulsi plant in the gallery. Once in the gallery her eyes were riveted with fascination on the stream of cars, taxis, tramcars, pushcarts, hawkers and marriage processions in the street below. She watched it with openmouthed wonder and couldn't bring herself to tear away from that sight.

Inevitably, her household chores remained unattended and Godavari auntie found to her horror the rice burnt black on the kitchen fire while the vegetables remained half cut.

That naturally upset Godavari auntie and she cried, "Where are you? What on earth are you doing?"

She had to raise her voice to the very limit before she was heard. When at last her words penetrated her daughter-in-law's ears, the girl gave a start and rushed into the kitchen with a contrite expression on her face.

Godavari auntie asked angrily, "What on earth were you doing out there in the gallery for so long?" "I was watering the tulsi plant," explained the daughter-in-law.

"Why should that take so long? Were you feeding it water with a spoon, the way one feeds a baby?" asked Godavari auntie angrily.

Being obedient and respectful, the daughter-in-law kept mum and busied herself with her unfinished household chores.

On seeing that Godavari auntie went out to the washing place to take her bath and then was engaged in the ritual worship of the family deities.

The daughter-in-law then dutifully cut all the vegetables, put them in a brass container, which she put on the kitchen stove for cooking. The rice being burnt she would again take two measures of rice, in a brass pot and put it on the kitchen fire for cooking.

Having nothing to do except to wait for the vegetable and the rice to be cooked, the girl again felt drawn towards the gallery. So she took a pot of water and went out to water the tulsi plant.

When Godavari auntie walked into the kitchen after finishing her bath and ritual worship she again found that the rice and the vegetable were overcooked if not charred and rendered unfit to eat.

That sight made Godavari auntie's blood boil and she yelled, "Now where on earth are you? And what are you doing?" On hearing that, the daughter-in-law rushed back to the kitchen with the pitcher of water in her hands.

On seeing that Godavari auntie screamed, "Don't tell me that you were watering the tulsi plant once again".

The daughter-in-law would then bend her head in acknowledgment of her guilt.

Godavari auntie then shook her head in disgust and said, "If you water the tulsi plant so often, it will die of too much water and your family will starve because they would have nothing to eat, except charred rice and burnt vegetables".

The girl certainly tried very hard to keep away from the gallery. But so fascinated was she by the busy and colourful street that after a few hours, she once again found herself dragged to the gallery and the only excuse the dumb girl could think of for doing so was that of watering the tulsi plant.

Godavari auntie-screamed and yelled at her. The daughter-in-law bent her head and cried every time she was scolded. She nodded agreement when she was asked not to go out into the gallery. But after a few hours her feet once again dragged her to the gallery.

Godavari auntie was almost in tears when she told this tale of her woes.

My grandma sympathised with her and tried to reassure her that things do get better after a spell of misfortune.

That made me think that Godavari auntie's tale of misery had ended and I set my tramcars in motion and they proceeded by stages from Parel to Byculla.

But it seemed that the worst of Godavari auntie's woes had still remained to be told. For she said to my grandma. "Well! You haven't yet heard it all".

"Good heavens! I had thought that things couldn't get any worse".

"Oh! They could and they did" cried Godavari auntie and then she told the story of the vanishing laddus. Godavari auntie took good care of her family and prepared for them regularly various sweets which they ate as snacks with relish. Once, after the daughter-in-law had become a part of the family, she prepared laddus. Godavari auntie was renowned in the neighbourhood as a good cook and her laddus were known to be particularly delicious and her family always looked forward to eating them. So she had prepared some laddus which she put in a can. She then placed the can on a shelf, which could not be easily reached by children. With her laddus stored safely, she went to the Ganpati temple as she was wont to do every afternoon. The Ganpati temple apart from being a place of worship was also a meeting ground of women folk in the various neighbourhoods of Girmaug. There messages were conveyed and received, happiness was shared and burdens of sorrow were lightened, and even marriages of daughters and sons were arranged. Like most other women, Godavari auntie spent an hour or so there and then proceeded home in a cheerful frame of mind. She then attended to household chores and tried to train her daughters-in-law to do a few things around the house. Soon it was evening and her husband and son returned from their places of work.

Intending to give them a pleasant surprise, Godavari auntie climbed on a stool and took down the can of laddus. She was a little surprised when she found that the can wasn't quite as full of laddus as she thought it was, when she had filled it. A suspicion flitted across her mind, but she ignored it. does sometimes form impressions' she told herself and hastened to put two laddus in each of the two plates for the menfolk in her family to eat. After they had eaten smacking their lips, she put one laddu a piece in two dishes. One of them she gave her daughter-in-law and the other she ate herself. She was rather annoyed when the daughter-in-law smacked her lips and that too loudly when she ate her laddu. But knowing that she was but a girl and dumb one at that, Godavari auntie did not scold her. If only she had known what those smacks portended, she would have been more stern and watchful.

As usual, Godavari auntie went to the Ganpati temple the next day in the afternoon and returned after a couple of hours. What she saw on her arrival surprised her no end. She saw her daughter-in-law holding her stomach and rushing to the toilet.

"What on earth is the matter?", cried Godavari auntie in amazement.

"My stomach! My Stomach! Something strange is happening there", cried the daughter-in-law and vanished into the toilet.

Godavari auntie couldn't figure out why all of a sudden her young and robust daughter-in-law should have an upset stomach. But soon, she put two and two together and surmised what could have happened. So she climbed on a stool and took down the can of laddus. As she had expected it was amazingly light when she opened it and she understood why, a large number of laddus had disappeared from the can.

While she looked at the nearly empty can in stunned amazement, the daughter-in-law emerged from the toilet. When she saw her mother-in-law looking into the can of laddus, she burst into tears.

Godavari auntie wanted to say a great deal but she couldn't find words to express her feelings. She opened her mouth and closed it wordlessely. But that didn't really matter. For her daughter-in-law was in no condition to be engaged in conversation and be scolded. She clutched her stomach and rushed to the toilet once again.

Godavari auntie clutched her head. She was at her wits' end. It seemed that she was destined to do all the cooking and household chores herself. Her daughter-in-

law, it seemed, was too dumb to do any of them. Moreoever, she had to keep a watch on that girl constantly. Even a visit to the Ganpati temple could prove hazardous to her house and also to her daughter-in-law. It was terrible.

After staying almost imprisoned in her own house for ten days, Godavari auntie couldn't stand it anymore. So she had ventured to leave her house in the care of her daughter-in-law and visit my grandma to unburden herself of her woes.

She cried, "I have to slave in the house myself and stay imprisoned there to keep a watch on this girl. Why, I can't sleep in peace even at night for fear of what my daughter-in-law would be upto. Even if a mouse stirs, I sit up with a start".

My grandma was all sympathy for her and Godavari auntie needed it all. She had tried to avoid the troubles that mothers-in-law suffered, when they had smart and slick city girls as daughters-in-law. She had chosen as a daughter-in-law not only a girl from a poor family in a Konkan village but also taken care to see that she was rather dumb. But this girl turned out to be far more dumb than what Godavari auntie had bargained for. In fact it had never occurred to her that a girl could be as dumb as that. But there was one and she was right there on her hands.

My grandma was a kind and helpful person and with her long experience of solving problems of relatives and friends could offer useful suggestions to women in trouble.

She said to Godavari auntie, "It might help if you keep the can on a shelf in the sacred corner of the house where the idols of family deities are kept".

It was a gem of a suggestion. So atleast I thought for only a person who had a bath and who wore a silk garment could touch anything in the sacred corner. It would have been a sacrilege for anybody else to touch anything in that corner.

I had expected Godavari auntie to accept the suggestion with alacrity. But she nearly grimaced, "I had thought of that. But I am not sure that the girl with her uncontrollable craving for sweet things would not be tempted to break the religious rules. If she does that, not only will I lose the laddus but will also have sins heaped on my head".

My grandma was aghast when she heard this, "Are things that bad?"

"They certainly are", said Godavari auntie with laconic grimness.

"In that case", said grandma, "You better not keep the laddus on that shelf. For apart from committing sacrilege she may eat not only your laddus but also the very special jam which is generally kept in that corner".

"She is not a bad girl otherwise. She never talks back and does whatever she is asked to do. She is a good workhorse, strong and tireless. But she has an appetite as large as that of half a dozen girls and she is so crazy about watching the traffic in the street, that I have to keep my eyes peeled, if I want to get anything done from her at all'.

At that juncture my mother brought in cups of scalding hot tea which both the elderly women drank with noisy relish.

Guessing that the tale of woes had been fully told I set the tramcar no.6 in motion and it proceeded without any interruptions from Byculla to Girgaum and on to Museum.

Next day it was tramcar no. 19 that started its journey in the afternoon from Opera House to Ballard Pier. However, the tramcar had hardly reached Nul Bazaar when Bheema auntie called on my grandma for tea, sympathy and sage advice. She looked quite haggard and spent. Obviously, she had some pretty distressing problems of her own.

My grandma guessed this immediately and asked, "Bheema auntie are you unwell? You look quite haggard and spent".

Bheema auntie's knee joints crackled as she settled down gingerly on the straw mattress with a heavy sigh. She then mouned and nursed her knee.

Grandma as usual was very understanding. She took no time at all to guess that Bheema auntie was in great distress. She asked, "You look quite worried

and spent. Bheema auntie. Are you unwell?"

Bheema auntie moaned and said, "Mathutai, I have no words to describe what I am going through. I am afraid that this daughter-in-law of mine will any day drive me over the fence. You shouldn't be surprised if you find me one of these days wandering around in the streets pulling my hair and tearing up my saree".

This seemed to be a tale which demanded my undivided attention. So tramcar no. 19 had to halt in its tracks near the Round Temple, until the tale unfolded itself.

"Really? Do you mean to say that you too have the same kind of problem that Godavari auntie has?" asked Grandma. She was obviously quite surprised. She continued, "But how can that be? You chose for your son, a bride from the city of Pune. Moreover, she comes from a good family. She is fair skinned, beautiful and quite a lively young girl. She also has had some education. Every woman I met at the Ganapati temple said that the girl is one in a hundred and that you were very fortunate and wise too to have chosen a girl like that as your daughter-in-law".

Bheema auntie moaned and said ruefully, "Oh, Mathutai! Unfortunately, choice of that girl from Pune, which everybody considers wise and happy, has turned out to be a blunder. If only I had not been so particular and chosen

a simple run-of-the-mill kind of a girl as a daughter-in-law, I would have had peace and happiness in my old age. But that was not to be and I can only look forward to trouble and humiliation for the rest of my life".

Poor Bheema auntie looked a picture of misery and she pulled in through her nose several times.

My grandma was at a loss to understand why a lively, educated girl from Pune should cause so much distress to her mother-in-law. So she asked, "But what does that girl do to cause you so much distress?"

"What does she do indeed! What does she do! Why, this slip of a girl barely in her teens, offers, nay throws at me gratuitous and impudent advice about how to run my household and how to conduct myself in family gatherings."

My grandma was so stunned by what she heard that she stared at Bheema auntie in open-mouthed wonder for a long time. She then cried, "Good heavens! Have things come to that pass? Have they, really?"

She was beliously overwhelmed by the enormity of what was going on. It took her some time to recover from the shock. Thereafter she pondered over the situation and said haltingly, "Well! we all know and so do you that the people from Pune tend to be a little uppity. They think rather highly of themselves and look down their noses at people in the rest of the world. But I am sure

that it never occurred to you, as it never had to me, that even daughters-in-law hailing from Pune would have the temerty to talk impudently to their mothers-in-law".

Bheema auntie said, "To tell you the truth, Mathutai, I was well aware of this proclivity of Puneities and I was particularly reluctant to have as my daughter-in-law a girl who had spent some years in a Pune school. I knew that in those schools they put all kind of pernicious ideas in the heads of girls. But my son Visoo in spite of having a college education is totally ignorant of the ways of the world and particularly of the ways of Puncites. On the contrary he thinks that the girls from Pune and particularly those who have studied at the Huzurpaga school are smart and pretty and to marry one of them is the best thing that can happen to a young man. So he insisted that he would only marry a girl from Pune, who had studied at the Huzurpaga school".

Grandma shook her head sadly and said, "I do not know what things are coming to! If a woman cannot choose her daughter-in-law, how can she run the family and hold it together! In the good old days a boy wouldn't have dared to tell his family that this is the girl I want to marry. But this is the dark age of the evil Kali and the world is falling to pieces".

There was a look of stony resignation on Bheema auntie's face and she said bitterly, "I must have committed a thousand sins in my previous birth to have to suffer this". "At least the boy's father should have scolded Visoo and dissuaded him from marrying an impertinent girl from Pune", observed my Grandma.

"That is what should have happened. But on the contrary the boy's father encouraged him to marry a girl who had studied at a school. Now if, one's own teeth bite one's own tongue, what can one do? Well! Who am I to complain against the dictates of the gods, who govern our lives." She said this in a resigned philosophical tone but that could not hide the bitterness in her voice.

These words seemed to indicate that as far as Bheema auntie was concerned, the topic was closed. But obviously she had a great deal more to say about her impertinent daughter-in-law and it all came out when my Grandma asked sympathetically, "Is she making life too difficult for you. I hope she is not grinding red chillies with stone on your head, as some daughters-in-law seem to be doing these days?"

"Well! Yesterday she tried to teach me how I should cook suran. She said that the suran I had cooked was far too hard to bite and swallow. In Pune, she claimed, they cook a suran so that it becomes as soft as a butter."

"Did she really say that? Oh, the temerity of these girls!" murmured Grandma sadly.

Well! I wasn't the one to take that lying down. I told that suran is naturally hard and

it ought to stay hard when cooked. We folks from Konkan like it that way and eating it poses no problem for us, because we have strong and healthy teeth. Folks in Pune, it seems, do not have good teeth and that is why they cook suran till it becomes as soft as butter. We folks in Konkan need no lessons in cooking or anything else for that matter from folks in Pune.

This certainly was a blistering retort and the way Bheema auntie said it, made it sound like a knock-out blow.

"She certainly asked for it", said my grandma approvingly and added, "I hope she did not talk back, when she heard this".

"No she never talks back. Never says a word. But she covertly smiles and turns up her nose. The way she does it is very annoying. I feel like twisting that impertinent nose, when she turns it up."

Grandma was aghast when she heard this. She cried, "What on earth are things coming to in this dark age of the evil Kali! We never even looked up into the eyes of our mothers-in-law when we talked to them".

Those words only added to Bheema auntie's anger which was very much on the boil. "That impertinent girl turns up her nose at everything in our house. Why, she even turned it up, when she saw the peacock my daughter has embroidered. She considers us rustic because we have no radio in our house. Well! If she wanted radios and fans

in the house, she should have married a rich nobleman Sardar from Pune.

"But doesn't Visso pull up his uppity wife?" asked grandma, who was amazed that a husband should tolerate such impudence on the part of his wife.

"Ha! That indeed, is the root cause of these troubles. Do you know what this stupid son of mine does? He nods approvingly to whatever she says. He behaves like a man bewitched. I had never imagined that Visoo could sink so low." Cried Bheema auntie. One could guess from her manner and tone that she was utterly disgusted.

Grandma couldn't believe this, She cried, "Don't tell me that Visoo has become so small, that she can hold him in her fist".

"Why, he eats out of her hands like a poodle and I his mother have to watch it". Cried Bheema auntie and she was so over whelmed by her feelings that she burst into tears.

I was amazed and not a little confused by what I had heard. I had seen Visoo and he was a tall and hefty man with a big mustache. While his wife was a relatively small and lean woman. I wondered how she could make a mouse out of this big man.

I realized that this was a riddle, I could not solve. So I gave it up. A good hot cup of tea assuaged Bheema auntie's feelings a little and after a while she left for the Ganapati temple along with my grandma.

I too had to set in motion tramcar no. 19 which had halted in its tracks and it proceeded by stages past Carnac Bunder to Ballard Pier.

Next day it was the turn of tramcar no. 1 and it had travelled from Flora Fountain to Kalbadevi when Satyam auntie called on my grandma to spend an afternoon with her.

As she walked past me, to grandma's room I noticed right away that she was greatly agitated. As she settled down on the mat spread for grandma and her visitors, I heard loud agitated sighs which sounded alarmingly like sobs. She also pulled her nose over and again, which was an indication that she was about to break into tears.

My grandma noticing how worked up Satyam auntie was, felt greatly concerned and said, "Now, now, Satyam auntie, do sit down and relax. Laxmi bring a glass of water right away and then quickly make some tea".

My auntie Laxmi, being a well behaved and obedient daughter-in-law, rushed to do what she was asked to do.

On noticing respectful behaviour of a daughter-in-law Satyam auntie heaved a heavy sigh which was indistinguishable from a sob and pulled in through her nose very loudly.

Grandma was as usual full of consideration and sympathy. She put a hand on Satyam auntie's shoulder and said, "Now, now, do calm yourself. God is kind and everything will be all right".

Satyam auntie shook her head sadly and said, "You are very kind hearted, Mathutai. But I am unworthy of your kind blessings. I must have committed many sins in my previous birth and that is why I have to suffer this misery and humiliation and that too at the hands of a daughter-in-law. Almost every woman has a daughter-in-law and not all daughters-in-law are nice. Some are dumb and some are too clever and some are sly too. Very few are as respectful and obedient as yours are, Mathutai, and may you continue to enjoy this good fortune for all time to come. But even those that are not nice do atleast maintain appearances and outwardly atleast show respect to their. mothers-in-law. But in my house, everything is topsy turvey. Why, Mathutai, don't be surprised if one of these days you find my daughter-in-law lolling on the sofa and poor me standing behind her and fanning her".

At this juncture Satyam auntie was so overcome with her feelings that she couldn't say anything more and sat there sighing and pulling in through her nose loudly over and over again.

"What has that daughter-in-law of your done lately to make you miserable?" asked grandma who knew too well how nasty daughters-in-law were becoming lately. "What indeed!" exclaimed Satyam auntie, "Ask me what she won't do. After she is educated, isn't she? She has even studied at a college for two years, hasn't she? So nothing is now beyond her".

"Did she have the gumption to talk to you, her mother-in-law?" asked grandma and I could sense the feeling of outrage in her voice.

"Well! She hasn't gone that far yet. But that can very well happen. And, remember Mathutai, talking back is not the only way of showing disrespect for and humiliating a mother-in-law. For instance, a daughter-inlaw can pretend not to have heard the words of her mother-in-law. The poor mother-in-law may bid her to do certain things, forbid her to do other things and may even scold her. What good would it do, if her daughter-in-law pretends not to hear her at all. Can you think of anything more humiliating than that?" Satyam auntie's voice almost choked and she could not say anything more. All I could hear were sighs and sounds of pulling in through the nose.

Grandma said nothing to give Satyam auntie enough time to regain her voice. Then she said, "Having things come to that pass?"

"Well! I will tell you what she does. Every morning this girl instead of going into the kitchen to cook the morning meal, sits on a chair and reads the morning paper the way men do. Why, she sometimes sits in the favourite chair of her father-in-law. Now-adays she goes out for a walk with her husband walking with him instead of behind him as a wife should do. And what she did yesterday was the limit. She wore a six yard saree like the Gujrati women do and she had combed her hair in a fancy manner. All the residents of our chawl came out of their houses to watch her go out almost hand in hand with her husband.

After she left. I had to listen to the sharp-tongued comments of the women in our chawl. They all said, 'Satyam auntie, you have a daughter-in-law who is miles ahead of all of us in her ways and her clothes. We wont be surprised of one of these days we find her wearing a dress like English women do baring her legs right up to her knee'.

"I wanted to scream and tell everybody what I felt about this uppity daughter-in-law. But that would have been like biting one's tongue with one's own teeth. So I retired to the kitchen and hid there for the rest of the evening". Satyam auntie almost broke into tears at this point.

My grandma, who normally does not lose her cool, was outraged when she heard of the wanton, uppity behaviour of Satyam auntie's daughter-in-law. She therefore said sharply, "Well! If things have come to that pass, you should better ask her father-in-law to pull up both this girl and her husband. I know that young people are somewhat foolish and tend to run wild. But this is absolutely the limit. Why, this girl may cut

her hair one of these days as the English women do. And you won't know where and when to hide your face, when she puts you to shame in that manner. Frankly, it is time the girl's father-in-law put her foot down".

Satyam auntie emitted a loud sigh which was almost a sob. She cried, I wish my husband had done that. But he can be firm only with his poor wife. When it comes to scolding his son or his daughter-in-law, he becomes utterly tongue tied. Well, he did draw my son aside and whisper a few things to him in almost an apologetic voice but that was the end of his asserting himself. So I took matters in hand and roundly scolded my son. And do you know the outcome of that? Why, he had the gumption to say to me, "Mother, if you are so unhappy about all these things, I would rather rent a separate apartment and live there. That would give you peace of mind".

My grandma almost heeled over when she heard that. She cried, "Have things gone that far? Then better be prepared for the worst. One of these days, you will have to stand behind your daughter-in-law with a fan in hand".

It was inconceivable that a son properly brought up by a good mother like Satyam auntie would be guilty of such insolent behaviour. Obviously some external influence was at work and where could it come from except from a girl spoilt by two years of college education. Satyam auntie considered it essential to point this out. She

cried, "Mind you! My darling Madhu on his own wouldn't have thought of doing such a thing. He was decent well behaved son, who always did whatever his mother wanted him to do. But it is this spoilt girl who has put these wrong notions in his head. These are the things, it seems, she learnt in those two years at college and she pours them in his ears everyday. She is very coy and sweet, when she does so. And this silly son of mine laps up whatever she says".

Satyam auntie's voice choked as she told this tale of a proud mother being humiliated by an impertinent and uppity daughter-in-law. My grandma entirely concurred with Satyam auntie. She said indignantly, "Let me say this, Satyam auntie our good old days were the best. In those days girls were married very young and mother-in-law sternly disciplined them with a rod in hand. The daughters-in-law therefore, did as they were told. When mothers-in-law said get up, they got up and likewise sat down when asked to do so. None of them even dared to think of getting up a separate household of her own".

Satyam auntie took a deep breath and said, "Well! In any case, I didn't take this impertinent talk lying down. The moment I heard this talk of having a separate household. I picked up the heavy grinding stone and said, "If ever anybody tries to set up a separate household in my family, I will break my own head with this stone. It will be only over my dead body that my son and daughter-in-law would walk out of my house".

## A POEM

### K.B. Rai

In the years to come
Perhaps things will change
Perhaps bulbul will sing a melodious song
Perhaps the tiger and lamb will eat together
Perhaps the darkness will yield to light
Perhaps the man will be respected
Perhaps the politicians will behave decently
Perhaps there will be morale-boosting talk
Perhaps the rustic will learn the alphabet
Perhaps there will be no bungling in dealings
Perhaps the days will be better than nights
Perhaps there will be time to think better.

(Continued from previous page)

I was so engrossed in hearing this highly dramatic tale of an outraged mother-in-law that not only did my tramcar stay stalled in Nul Bazaar but I also did not notice my mother glowering at me with her hands on her lips.

Well! Thereafter events took their usual course. My mother pulled my ear and cried, "Is that the way you do your lessons? It is four days now since your tramcars started their journeys and none of them seems to reach its destination. You are man, aren't you? What business then do you have listening to women's talk. Get up! Out with you. Sit in the living room and do your lessons".

Thereafter I couldn't hear any more the tales of uppity and errant daughters-in-law. But whatever I had heard till then was enough to convince me that daughters-in-law hailing from the Vidharbha region weren't any better than those that hailed from Konkan. Daughters-in-law hailing from the city of Pune were particularly nasty. But nastier still were daughters-in-law who had a couple of years of college education in Mumbai.

I, therefore, wondered where the good daughters-in-law came from. I needn't have so wondered really. But I was then too young to know that there was no such thing as a good daughters-in-law!

# "THE GRAND SOLITARY" NIRAD C. CHAUDHURI\*

Dr. B. Parvathi

"This very small man, who ... was jeered by street urchins ... towers above his contemporaries as one of the intellectual giants India has produced in recent years", writes Khushwant Singh about the 'scholar extraordinary' Nirad C. Choudhuri. 'He is gifted with a phenomenal memory. His knowledge of just about everything worth knowing is encyclopaedic. His analysis of historical events is dispassionate and at times cruelly objective", he also adds. Nirad Choudhuri was born on November 23, 1897 at Kishorgani in East Bengal. His father was and his mother was lawyer uncompromising puritan. He grew up in an intellectual environment. The family moved to Calcutta in 1910. He topped the University in his B.A. examinations. His ambition of becoming an academic was not fulfilled due to his loss of nerve during the M.A. examinations. For the following sixteen years he suffered "poverty, want and humiliation". He took up clerical job he hated and was fired for not doing well. He worked as a clerk in the Military Accounts Department and also served as Secretary to Sarat Chandra Bose. He migrated to Delhi to pursue his ambition as a writer and journalist. He worked for the AIR as a military and political commentator. In 1951 the publication of The Autobiography of an Unknown Indian in England brought him recognition and fame. He made England his home in 1970 where he continues to live with his son.

The Autobiography of an Unknown Indian which declared him as a literary tour de force took him to the notice of the Director General of All India Radio, The Minister of State for Information and Broadcasting B.V. Keskar, Khushwant Singh writes, who did not read the book beyond its dedication, issued a blanket order publicity departments of the government forbidding them from accepting articles by Nirad C. Chaudhuri, Later when the Finance Minister T.T. Krishnamachari wanted a tract written on the plight of Hindus fleeing from East Bengal, Nirad C. Chaudhuri was the right man to choose. The ban on him was lifted. When Khushwant Singh related to him what transpired between himself and the Finance Minister Nirad C. Chaudhuri reacted typically.

'Nirad did not look pleased. "So the government has decided to lift its ban on me"? he asked. ... But I have not decided to lift my ban against the government", he said. The very same man responded very differently to Khushwant Singh reportedly stating that the best Indian writer in nonfiction was "Without a doubt Nirad C. Chaudhuri .... A bitter man, a poor man. He doesn't even own a typewriter. He borrows mine a week at a time". Nirad C. Chaudhuri in the opening pages of The Continent of Circe writes: "Khushwant Singh told me that he had never made the statement in the form and spirit in which it was reported ....

<sup>\* 70</sup> years old TREVENI salutes Nirad C. Choudhuri, one of the greatest prose writers of our time who wrote with clarity, convixction and vigopur of viewpoint.

Of course, I took his word for it". He not only borrowed the machine again but also gratefully accepted the present of a new typewriter. In <u>The Continent of Circe</u> he refers to himself as a man without social position and money. For being a writer, with his tongue in cheek, laments:

Why did I write? What sin to me

Dipt me in ink, my parents' or my own? These are two examples which show the unusual and unpredictable response of the writer in almost similar situations. In all his books The Autobiography of an Unknown Indian (1951), A Passage to England (1959), The Continent of Circe (1965), The Indian Intellectual (1968), To Live or Not to Live (1970), Hinduism Culture in a Vanity Bag, Clive of India, Max Muller Scholar Extraordinary and the recent book The Three Horsemen of the Apocalypase Nirad Chaudhuri continues to be a provocative writer.

The prime theme and subject matter of Nirad Chaudhuri's writing is without a trace of doubt India and Indians in the cultural, religious and social ethos. There is an overpowering quest - one might like to call it obsession - for India. India an ancient land, India the enigma, India the colony and India in its present context of diversity and unity has never failed to attract attention. Jawaharlal Nehru sees the glory that is India in his Discovery of India. The almost poetic reconstruction of Indian culture has no resemblance whatsoever to Nirad C. Chaudhuri's estimate of the country. Raja Rao, the writer declares that 'India is not a

country' ... 'it is a perspective'. E.M. Forster's A Passage to India, in fictional terms, tries to show the land and its people from the Westerner's understanding. It has also attracted the Nobel Laureate Octario Paz to write In Light of India recently.

Of all these writers the two expatriates Nirad C. Chaudhuri and V.S. Naipaul have responded in very strong terms to the Indian reality as perceived by them. Naipaul in India - A Wounded Civilization stands as a very severe critic of the country. To Nirad Chaudhuri Indian reality, past and present, in all its aspects is a running theme with which his mind is in constant conflict. It is not difficult to analyse what is at the root of his preoccupation. He suffered much in his personal life and observes that there is nothing ennobling in suffering. scholarship, learning and historical bent of mind prompted him to analyse the Indian social scene past and present in which effort he is at his provocative outrageous best.

Nirad C. Chaudhuri kept no notes of his invitation trip to England. But his phenomenal memory enabled him to record his impressions and opinions in the book A Passage to England. Like many men of his generation who went to England in pursuit of higher education, Nirad Chaudhuri did not go to England. Visiting the country about which he read so much must have been to him an impossibility and a dream. This long cherished desire was fulfilled by an invitation from the B.B.C. Therefore, when he set foot

in England Nirad Chaudhuri was thrilled like a school boy. The book makes this very apparent.

The climate, landscape and the country of England seemed to him like a dream. He writes that people from the tropics in a cold country are amazed by the coolness and soft colours. They tend to become less observant. But the tropics have the opposite effect on the Westerner because of which he becomes irritable, arrogant and impatient. Impressed by the English landscape, he writes: "English landscape cultivated green pastures over enturies while in India men wage a relentless fight against nature". Although the book is about England, Nirad Chaudhuri unconsciously draws up comparison between England and India at every stage in all aspects.

As a person used to the variety and range of dresses in India Nirad Chaudhuri found the English people's dress to be unusual because it made all the people look alike. In India the working class, middle class, the rich and officials are made distinct by their dress. Perhaps it is the cold climate of England that created an impression of uniformity. In the West, he says, people have to brace themselves against cold while in the tropics the heat makes people indolent. He states that Venus of Cyrene and Venus de Milo evoke feelings of a mother than mate, burning all desire in contrast to Hindu erotic sculpture. He compares the silence of the crowds to the eternal babble and noise in India where talking is as common as

sunlight. He observes that we Indians talk because we cannot work much and self-advertisement is forced on us by the urge for survival. He admires the English habit of not speaking about themselves and their position, for keeping their work and social life apart; he admires their polished politicians. Poverty, in our sense of the term does not exist in England because their poor man's flats are almost akin to the luxury flats in Delhi.

Regarding religion Nirad Chaudhuri remarks that Christianity is not involved in financial transactions while our religiosity covers every aspect of money making including the dishonest and the violent. The only aspect of English life which did not appeal to him was its attitude and flexibility in love and marriage. The English people's increasing loss of touch with religion due to industrialism and democracy and their priggishness about sport also caused him concern.

It becomes clear on reading A Passage to England that Nirad Chaudhuri's unreserved appreciation of England and its people stands in contrast with the shame that accompanies Indian noise, incessant talk, dishonesty, indolence, wild rivers, starved cows and religion; yet at the root of this strong criticism of India lies a deep love of the country. Prof. Iyenger is right when he says: "The truth about him seems to be that he is at once more Indian than most Indians and more English than many English men".

Nirad Chaudhuri wrote The Continent of Circe, An Essay on the Peoples of India

neither as a traditional Hindu nor as an Anglicized Indian', but as a person with insight, an insight which comes with unpleasant experiences. Westerners observers, experts and economists have made an E1 Dorado of India while novelists also failed in having accurate knowledge about it. India to him is a land of extremes. He writes: "I would say that no man can be regarded as a fit citizen of India until he has conquered squeamishness to the point of being indifferent to the presence of fifty lepers in various stages of decomposition within a hundred yards or not minding the ubiquitous human excreta everywhere, even in a big city". To him shielding oneself against filth is the first condition of understanding one's life.

Nirad Chaudhuri objects to the use of 'Indian' and prefers the term 'Hindu' for the people of India. 'Hindu' to him is a term like American or European. The Hindus or Aryans came from Europe, the fair men became brown Indians to become the 'victims' of the Continent of Circe - the Indian subcontinent. He says that colour prejudice in India can be traced back to the settlers of European origin. It is to him their original sin. 'Varna' means colour and the ancient Hindus were greatly afraid of 'Varnasamkara', a change of colour, which has come to be understood as degeneration of caste.

Regarding Hinduism Nirad Chaudhuri says that it is a term coined by the 'Orientalists' for a way of life known as 'sanatana dharma'. He comments that the Hindu world is "not less bizarre than the Freudian nor is it less dogmatic and fanatical than the Marxist". He says that Indologists and other interpreters invested Hinduism, which is essentially materialistic and mundane, with mysticism.

He traces the worship of sacred rivers by Indians to the Aryan love for water courses in a hot country where water is both a necessity and a pleasure.

He says that modern Hindus try to combine materialistic with the mystical aspects of life.

He opposes the occidental's plan for industrialization as a remedy for under development, as the Hindus will cease to be Hindus and become passable as Americans. He claims it would be Americanization of India while what is needed is a Hinduization of industrialism'. He also finds that America's claim to leadership of anticolonial movement is hypocrisy and empty talk.

"The resignation of Partition was both foolish and cowardly but at the moment it seemed to be the height of wisdom". He calls Pakistan 'the notorious millstone round the neck of foreign policy'.

It is rather difficult to sum up the contents of a mind-boggling work like The Continent of Circe which alternates between objectivity, concern, intense personal

observation, historical and current perspectives. He sounds outrageous because he is trying to do the impossible - of understanding, analysing and interpreting the history and psychology of a nation over the past 3000 years. He is also trying to establish a relation and find the rationale between the course of events, behaviour of people and their response to those events down the course of centuries.

Nirad Chaudhuri can never be guilty of ambiguity. He expresses his views and opinions in the most unambiguous terms. His criticism of India and its people cannot be dismissed as prejudice because of its proximity to truth. Yet, his writing reveals the predominant ambivalence that encircles his feeling and thought. It is not right to call

him an anglophile because in his latest book The Three Horsemen of the Apocalypse published in March, 1997 Nirad Chaudhuri is as critical of Englishmen and Americans as Indians. He he about remains unreconciled to reality and unsympathetic to human weakness, ignorance and force of habit. Another very peculiar feature of his writing is that it is impossible - impossible to pick up lines which would rise to the independent status of general truths. This is a very surprising feature which I have not come across in any writer of renown.

Nirad Chaudhuri has the unique distinction of being a writer who has seen the passing of a hundred years. One can only say Congratulations! Mr. Nirad Chaudhuri, For a successful century!.

#### CONTRIBUTORS! PLEASE NOTE

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# LITERARY CONFERENCE OF CULTURAL VALUE

### Dr. V.V. Ramanadham

The two-day conference conducted by Vemuri Chandravati Ramanadham Charitable Trust on 7-8 February, 1998, in the P.S. Telugu University, Hyderabad, was an event of cultural value. It was the second annual programme devoted to the subject of Telugu Poetry in four sessions, respectively on Verse (Padya), Lyric (Geya), Folk (Janapada) and Prose (Vachana). There was a paper on each topic by a scholar of eminence. A chief discussant, who had access to the paper in advance, made prepared comments: and a general discussion ensued in which the scholarly audience participated.

The conclusion was that the form of the written was a subordinate consideration, while the essential element to look for was the poetic quality of the words used. The choice of words, word combinations (e.q. 'samasas'), figures of speech ('alankaras'), which have a unique quality of beauty in the Indian languages - especially in Sanskrit and Telugu - have an important place, no doubt: but for superior and covetable is the poetic quality, 'kavitatma'. Subject and the meter does not matter much. However, some topics have greater relevance to a given time and region and tend to be relatively popular, e.q., the 'geya' and 'vachana' forms.

The intrinsic beauty of the 'verse' form in Telugu was brought out in the course of the discussions. There were even attempts made at imputting a 'metre' to 'vachana' or prose poetry, though what made it glorious was its poetic appeal -a point that was consistently emphasised by the conference.

The 'geya' stood midway between the verse and prose, and has a rhythm, a major characteristic of the old 'metres', observed with far greater freedom on the part of the author. As this weakens, we get into prose poetry. This is what applies to Telugu. The 'folk' compositions are almost invariably a special version of the 'geya', with far greater freedom in the use of diction as well. One major characteristic of this lies in the spoken style, rather than the style of the books, 'grandhika' which, incidentally, has been given up by authors, except in verse and some 'geyas'. The direct appeal of the 'geya', the folk compositions and some prose poems in certain contexts was emphasised. There was a passing reference to the very diverse quality of 'vachana' (prose) poems usually found today.

An interesting finding, which came out of the discussions, was that the 'geya' was hiding within certain traditional metres like the 'seesa'. This could be, and was, demonstrated. A suggestion was made that the many 'geyas' we already had, could usefully be analysed to establish their amenability to 'new' metres, i.e., metres other than the traditional ones.

The conference was chaired by Mrs. Nayani Krishnakumari, Vice-Chancellor of the Potti Sriramuly Telugu University, and co-chaired by Professor V.V. Ramanadham, Chairman of the Trust with long UN connection, both poets in their own right. The well-known Professors N.V. Ramakrishnamacharylu, Kalaprapurna B. Rajnikanta Rao, Kasireddi Venkatareddi and Chekuri Rama Rao were those that presented the scholarly papers.

# ENGLISH PROBLEMS AND INDIAN SOLUTIONS

Dr. P. Dhanavel

The English language has lived in this country ever since the days of the East India Company. But, the problems of teaching-learning English have continued to pose further problems. First, it is a colonial legacy. Next, it is a post-colonial necessity. Hence, it is both a blessing and a burden.

No doubt English was a foreign language, when it touched the shores of India. There was no problem. It became a ruling language. Then also there was no problem. When it was dressed up in the cloak of the Associate Official Language, problems galore cropped up. Now we are reaping the harvests. Perhaps our future generations will also taste the remnant as well as fresh fruits. The basic problem is that we do not have a consistent and comprehensive language policy with reference to English. Probably we cannot have one, given the socio-cultural and historico-political climate.

All figures of language, including paradox and irony, run amuck, when we think of English Education in India. On the one hand, the State and Central Governments are taking special and vigorous steps to localize language of instruction, administration, and mass media. On the other hand, they are giving recognition to more and more of English medium schools and colleges multinational companies, and international communication networks. The learners,

parents, and employers, including Governmental organizations, want English but the politicians and educational administrators legislate that English should not come in the way of passing years, including the Ph.D year, even in English language and literature. Teachers are appointed to teach English but they entertain or excrcuciate the students in their mother tongue, Students of B.A. and M.A. English literature are expected to become teachers of English language but they are deprived of a sound training in English Language Teaching. Of course, B.Ed. is there for school teachers. There is a popular misconception that College and University teachers do not require any training. A Central Institute of English was established to nourish English but was expanded to contain Foreign Languages for its survival. A politician can decide that English is no longer needed and the English educated administrators will implement the policy. and practices Whatever policies perpetuated, the worldly wise people will send their wards to USA, UK, Australia, Canada, Singapore, etc.

Are these the consequential achievements of our political independence? Does dignified democracy mean debilitations and degradations? Let us proceed farther than hopping to foreign countries for education. When a student tries to speak in English with his teacher, he is likely to get

low grade. He may also be harassed by the administration for having offended the teacher. A real life incident places the problem in a proper perspective. A girl student of a local college answered in English a boy student's question in his mother tongue. The boy got furious, gathered his friends, called for a strike, raised slogans against English, the girl, the teachers and the principal who tried to protect the girl, and demanded dismissal of the girl from college. The college was closed down for a few days on account of this language. Does the incident sound a romantic film story? Then, where is the difference between imagination and reality? How far do we live our real life?

These are some of the interesting problems that need illuminating solutions. Who will give them? Of course, the teachers, the students, the educational administrators, the Boards of Studies/ Examinations, the parents, the politicians, and the interested persons at large will have to think together as well as shed the doubte standards we have about English. Let us not play with English any further. We are celebrating our fiftieth vear of independence. We are entering the globalized and liberalized markets world over. Let us be honest with English which has willy-nilly become a major symbol of our contemporary India. It is true that only 3% of the population uses English. But, it is also true that more than 30% of the population desires to be English-educated for its practical uses. It is not impossible to fulfil the

aspirations of the emerging youth from every nook and cranny of the land.

Let us see what every one concerned can do. The English teachers can first of all learn to become sincere and ask themselves how they can improve their own English so that they could help improve the English of their students. Among others, they can do through distance mode certificate and diploma courses offered by the Central Institute of English and Foreign Languages, Hyderabad, Indira Gandhi National Open and University, New Delhi. Universities throughout the country. While they keep on learning, they can find some motivations for themselves which they can pass on to their students. They can organize Teacher Groups and Student Groups to discuss the problems of language that they face.

understand The students can the importance of English in developing their job potentials and social prestige. First, they should buy a good dictionary like A.S. Hornby's Oxford Advanced Learner's Dictionary of Current English. Next, they should use it as often as possible, almost everyday. They can develop their reading habits not necessarily in Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, Yeats, Eliot and their ilk. Closer home we have great many novelists and short story writers such as R K Narayan, Mulk Raj Anand, Raja Rao, Shashi Deshpande, Anjana Appachana. Besides, there is a wide variety of articles on different subjects

in the newspapers and magazines. The students can attend English classes regularly, do assignments, and participate in several activities which involve speaking, listening, reading, and writing English. Most importantly, they should stop memorizing select answers and start communicating in English. Unless they plunge into English, they cannot pass the test of life, even though they may get through their years one after another without interruptions.

The School/College administrations can make every effort to appoint teachers who have not only a degree in English but also a good knowledge of English. When they have problems of any kind, including reservation or pressure, they can always help such teachers who are appointed against reserved quota or pressure to acquire the necessary skills. No one should feel upset to fulfil one's job requirements. The administrations can encourage the teachers to go out to participate in national and local academic activities. They can help establish an English Library meant for intensive and extensive readings. A group of administrations can organize periodical workshops and training programmes for their teachers. They can provide audio-video educational aids. They can allot more hours for teaching of English. They can organize several programmes like Debates, Group Discussions, Essay Writing, Poetry Reading, Drama, Public Lectures, and so on. In short, the administrations should not be resistant to better English Education, even if it means some trouble. Let us inscribe the words of Swami Vivekananda on the corridors of learning everywhere: "No good thing can be done without obstruction. It is only those who persevere to the end that succeed".

The Boards of Studies/Examinations can look into the actual needs and interests of the students for preparing the English syllabi. They can go in for alternative methods of instruction as well as examination. They can undertake monitoring exercises and incorporate the feedback in successive syllabi.

The parents can help their wards buy prescribed textbooks and other supplementary materials. They can desist from forcing their sons and daughters to memorize answers to select questions. They can discourage the students from using guide books at home. They can take real pride in the real achievement of their children.

It is felt by different sections of the society that the actual pinpricks are our honourable politicians. If they stop politicking with English and adopt a consistent and comprehensive language policy, several fringe but badly damaging problems could be solved. Whether it is language policy or economic policy, honesty is the best policy. Let us remember this adage and rehearse it in our actual life instead of relaying it for others.

Our psychologists, sociologists, economists, historians, and their community of social scientists can open their eyes to the

phenomenon of English Language Learning-Teaching in India. They can analyze the various problems of rural-urban, poor-rich, regional language- English etc., environments and offer useful suggestions or at least project the problems in the right perspective.

As we move into the next century, problems proliferate but solutions shrink. Now we have vocationalized English in an effort to impart the language skills to our students.

We have not visualized the bitter relations between teachers as well as students of vocational and non-vocational English. What will be the future of English vocation and avocation in India, time only can answer. At best we can hope for additions to K.R. Srinivasa Iyengar's Indian Writing in English and M.K. Naik's A History of Indian English Literature. Our creative writers will continue to offer creative solutions. It is for all of us concerned to make the best use of them.

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## READERS' MAIL

"I have read your editorial TRIPLE STREAM (Vol. 66/4). Your conclusion in favour of the inner light is commendble, especially in the present national mood of negation of everything ancient or Arsha".

- Dr. R.K. Tiwary, Faizabad

"Your editorial 'Tamasoma Jyotirgamaya' is very touching. The touch of philosophical pathos moved me. So far as you and your magazine TRIVENI - I sincerely pray God to shower His Grace on you to pen a lot more articles of literary sense and cultural wisdom".

- P. Sarswati, Malikipuram

"I was greatly moved. I am really very sad. But you are able to write so beautifully about something which is really pathetic-tragic in fact. Your Upanishadic and Miltonic references show your inner stature".

- Prof. K.B. Sitaramayya, Bangalore

"You penned your feelings in such a sincere and touching way, one recalls the Miltonic experience in Samson Agnostis or Paradise Lost".

- G. Somaseshu, Nizamabad

"Your editorial titled 'Tamasoma Jyotiragamaya' was witten with great sensitivity and sincerity. It was moving, without being maudlin; emotional without being sentimental; restrained without being reticent. More power to your elbow and keener vision to your eye".

- Dr. D. Anyaneyulu, Chennai

"In my estimation your honour writes well. I am convinced about this. Kindly continue writing like this. Many will be inspired by your writing. I will definitely try my best to enrol subscribers for TRIVENI. It is an excellent journal".

- K.B. Rai, New Delhi

"And what a treasure house of wisdom this first person account has unmasked which you have been hiding all these years! It is not simply an editorial but a treatise on the importance of eye sight bringing to the readers the echoes of parallel feelings from Milton and Helen Keller. Every sentence is replete with your erudition".

- Dr. R. Janardana Rao, Machilipatnam

"Your editorial ..... is very touching. The personal element bring the event the suffering and the thought very close and makes it very dear. People may think, "Vedants is where others are concerned". One should also realise vedantic thought in the lamp that lights up the path of life and makes the journey easier and smooth if only one is ready and willing to see. You have achieved that in your life".

- Dr. G. Lakshmipathi, Hyderabad

"It is a pleasure to read your editorials .... We are grateful that you have got more light now. Let us hope that TRIVENI and its readers too have got more light for life"

- Dr. P. Dhanavel, Tripura

"Sumati Satakam and essays of Francis Bacon" by Prof. K.B. Sitaramayya ... I felt very happy to go through this article.."

- M.V. Satyanandam, Narasapur

"Your article 'tamasoma jyotirgamaya' gave me 'a new insight' it was indeed an eye-opener!" - M.G. Narasimha Murthy, Hyderabad

"The Golden Jubliee number of TRIVENI, I am glad to find, is a superb one and my congratulations. Each article is a gem"

- Dr. R. Rabindranatha Menon, IAS (Retd.), Bangalore

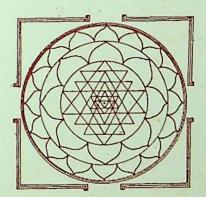
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Prof. I.V. CHALAPATI RAO

#### TRIPLE STREAM

# GANDHI, THE ONLY MAN IN THE EAST WITH A SENSE OF HUMOUR

# I.V. Chalapathi Rao

Many people think that Mahatma Gandhi was a serious-looking man with no lighter side to his character. They make the mistake of imagining that he had no sense of humour. Nothing is farther from truth. Jawaharlal Nehru wrote in his autobiography: "People who do not know Gandhiji personally and have only read his writings are apt to think that he is priestly type extremely puritanical. long-faced, Calvinistic and a kill-joy something like the priests in black gowns walking their rounds. But his writings do him an injustice. He is the very opposite of the Calvinistic, priestly type. His smile is delightful, his laughter infectious and he radiates light-heartedness. There is something child-like about him which is full of charm. When he enters a room he brings a breath of fresh air with him which lightens the atmosphere". Gandhiji himself said, "As a matter of fact, my writings should be cremated with my body. What I have done will endure".

He declared, "If I had no sense of humour, I would have long ago committed suicide". Even when he was engrossed in strenuous and stressful political activity, he did not lose his sense of humour. In his relaxed moments, he entertained his followers and admirers with jokes and witticisms. He used to laugh like a child when Sarojini Naidu playfully called him 'Mickey Mouse' (one of the cartoons of Walt Disney).

Gandhi used to make fun of his own title 'Mahatma'. He once said, "My Mahatmaship is worthless. It is due to my outward activities, due to my politics. The Mahatma I must leave to his fate. Though a non-co-operator, I shall gladly subscribe to a bill to make it criminal for any body to call me Mahatma and touch my feet. Where I can impose the law myself, i.e., at my Ashram, the practice is criminal' (Young India, 17th March, 1927). "Thank God, my much vaunted Mahatmaship has never fooled me" (Young India, 12th January, 1930).

Referring to his title of Mahatma, he once joked "The owes of Mahatmas are known to Mahatmas alone". Once, the staff of the Malaria Department went to Gandhi's Ashram to spray medicine to kill mosquitoes. They sprayed in all the rooms. After finishing their work, they went to pay their respects to Gandhi. They told him that they found a mosquito of the biggest size in his room. Gandhi smiled and said, "It is a Mahatma Mosquito".

Louis Fischer the famous American writer, discussed with Gandhi many things including President Roosevelt's Four Freedoms. At that time, India was not free. Gandhi humorously asked Fischer, "Do your President's Four Freedoms include the freedom to be free?" There was irony in his comment. Louis

Fischer describes the meeting of Gandhi and Bernard Shaw. Shaw was known for his sense of humour. He had great respect for Gandhi. He told Gandhi humorously, "I am a minor Mahatma whereas you are a major Mahatma"! He added, "You and I belong to a very small community on earth!" Gandhi enjoyed the joke and had a hearty laugh. Once Bernard Shaw told a press reporter, "Gandhi is the only man in the East with a sense of humour".

Smoking was one of the 'don'ts' at Sabarmati ashram. He wrote, "I do not know why people all over the world wish to smoke. I can't travel in a compartment in which people smoke. I can't breathe". Some one asked him to condemn cigarettes and beedies publicly by giving a statement in the newspapers. With his ready humour he replied, "If I do this, I will lose my title of Mahatma because they are greater than myself".

In London when an Englishman asked him "Mr. Gandhi, where are your trousers," he had a hearty laugh. When an English lady approached him for a dance, he laughed and said, "By all means, but my stick will be my partner!" During their conversation, the King of England asked him why he boycotted the visit of the King's son (Prince of Wales) when he visited India. Gandhi quipped "Not your son, sir, but the official representative of the British Government". King George V and Queen Mary received Gandhi at the Buckingham Palace. He went there wearing a loin cloth. Some one asked Gandhi whether he wore enough clothes. He replied humorously, "The King had enough on for both of us"

When Winston Churchill called him "a half-naked fakir", he was not at all angry. He wrote back, "I have long been trying to be a fakir".

Thousands of people used to fall on his feet. Sometimes he had to apply Vaseline. Once a lawyer fell off a running train. From the way he fell, people felt that his head would break. But he was safe. He informed every that Gandhi saved him. "I was saved", he said, "because I travelled by the same train in which Gandhi travelled". When he met Gandhi, he laughed and said, "If I am God, you should not have fallen at all". He was as humble as he was humorous.

Gandhi visited Paris and Switzerland and spent some time in the company of Romain Rolland, the celebrated writer. He was highly amused when an Italian gentleman wanted to know from him what numbers would win the national lottery. He told him with a smile that he was an ordinary man. A society of milkmen offered to supply free milk to Gandhi, "the King of India!" Swiss musicians offered to sing under his window every night. He enjoyed the joke but declined the offer of free supply and entertainment.

Gandhi decided to perform the marriage of one of the inmates of Sevagram with Chokhalal. He wanted to play the role of 'Kanyadata'. He wrote to Chokhalal, "Please come alone. I will make you 'two'. But, Chokhalal came with seven friends. Gandhi looked at them and commented with a smile, "Oh! Sapta Rushi-s have arrived". Noticing a woman with them, he said "Arundhati, too, has come!"

Gandhi went to London to take part in the Round Table Conference.

Mr. Ramsey Macdonald, the then Prime Minister of England, wanted to see him to discuss an urgent matter. At the same time, a postman came on foot from a distant place to see Gandhi who was known as India's great leader. Mr. N.Winston, the author of 'Days with Bernard Shaw" was with Gandhi. Gandhi was asked whether he would first see Mr. Ramsey Macdonald or the postman. Gandhi smilingly said that he would first see "the man of letters" (pun upon the word which has two meanings (1) scholar (2) postman). He added, "A statesman can wait because he often waits for an opportunity for his intervention". Gandhi was known for his wit and wisdom.

Once Governor-General Lord Mountbatten went to see Gandhi in Delhi. Gandhi was then discussing with three or four farmers who went to him with their problem. They were all sitting on a mat. Mountbatten too sat on the mat and politely listened to their conversation. After sometime, he said, "Gandhiji, let us go inside for a minute. I have to discuss state matters with you". Gandhi smiled and said, "We can discuss here. The state belongs to them!".

He could frequently see humorous situations in his own life. In his autobiography

he record how after surreptitiously eating goat's meat as a boy he dreamed that evening of goats bleating in his stomach! Only a man with a sense of humour could have recorded it.

Once Louis Fischer asked him about the mystical practice of a weekly day of silence. Gandhi said "I was working hard. I wanted to rest for one day a week. So I instituted a day of silence. Later, of course, I clothed it with all kinds of virtues and gave it a spiritual cloak! But the motivation was really nothing more than taking a day off!

He said "I don't belong to capitalism, socialism, communism, Rationalism or any other ism, not even Gandhism! If I were to know after my death that what I stood for had degenerated into sectarianism, I shall be deeply pained".

Ghandiji could make a joke and take it. Once he visited Santiniketan as Rabindranath Tagore's guest. A rich repast was served. He was served pooris cooked in ghee. Gandhi advised Tagore not to eat ghee - cooked pooris because it was poison. Tagore joked " Is it so? I have been eating them for the last forty years. It must be very slow poison!" Gandhi enjoyed the joke. He laughed heartily. He "bubbled and chuckled" during conversation!

#### READERS' MAIL

The subject of the article "Role of Information Technology: for good government and society" is a burning topic relevant to the present day administration. Information technology and its all round application is the crying need of the hour. The threadbare discussion on the manifold application of information technology is incisive and thorough. The author deserves rich compliments on his singular performance.

R. Narayanaswami, Tirupati

I strongly believe that to publish an article in your esteemed magazine is not only honouring myself and but also brings honour to my colleagues and students in general.

Dr. P. Rajendra Karmarkar, Kakinada

I read your editorial and found it to be informative. It looked more academic than

inspirational. Please continue the inspirational vein, 'The Glory that was India' is a fine gist, but the present India does not make us feel proud. Instead we feel more ashamed of ourselves for our inability to govern ourselves with dignity and decency... While TH Choudary offers a very optimistic technological vision for A.P., VGK Murthy sents a pessimistic educational picture. This contrasting placement is itself instructive for the readers. "Paradox of Life"... I found this piece to be very interesting and illuminating.

Dr.P.Dhanavel, Agartala

"In the field of literature, unprejudiced appreciation's are rare..... TRIVENI is a class magazine and under your editorship it has grown from strength to strength.

Dr. Rabindranath Menon IAS (Rtd).. Banglore

#### R.I.P.

We regret to report the demise of Dr. K.R. Srinivasa Iyengar, a valued member of the Advisory Council of this 72 year old - literary and cultural journal and one of our illustrious contributors.

The country has lost one of its best known scholars, academicians and literary writers. He left behind an incrasable memory as a pioneer of Indian Writing in English, a critic, a poet, an Aurobindonian and, above all, a gentleman.

There are no eminent writers in English worth the name including Shakespeare, Hopkins, and E.M. Forster on whose work he did not focus a spotlight of constructive criticism. His later day books are deeply spiritual without being narrowly religious. May his soul rest in peace! Our deepest condolences to the sorrowing members of his family.

- The Editor

#### HOMAGE TO PROFESSOR K.R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

#### K. SRINIVASA SASTRY

It was in June, 1957. I was a student in the first year of literature Honours in Andhra University at Waltair. We were sitting in a room on the upstairs of the University Arts College. My mind was heavy with expectations. Even the air, I felt, was still and hushed in hope. At last, he came! Prof. K.R. Srinivasa Iyengar! I wondered if the sea that was rolling by were serene in her salutation to him. We were awed into silence. He broke its spell with words of parental care and affection.

Prof. Srinivasa Iyengar is a personality in the real sense of the term. He is a living embodiment of culture. One who mistakes thundering voice for courage of conviction, show for dignity, instinctive aversion to life's trivialities for mental inactivity will not admire him. Prof. lyengar is, no doubt, silent. But his silence is more eloquent than eloquence itself. His apparent unconcern for dress is an indication of the philosopher in him. Now he can be pontifically solemn; the next moment, he gives a free play to his buoyant yet delicate humour. He is the practical illustration of the gentleman of Emerson's definition. A lord of his own self, he can be perfectly at home in the company of both princes and paupers, saints and sinners. He reconciles the exuberance of an artist with the austerity of a scholar. In his presence everyone humbles himself into a disciple, nay, into a devotee, and bitterness, if it is there, turns into willing veneration. His face is lit up with the beauty of his soul.

E.M. Forster says in his introduction to Prof. lyengar's Literature and Authorship in India (1943):

When Indians are very rich or very obstreperous, we pay attention to them; when they are merely

sensitive they get ignored. Prof. Iyengar does for India what Mr. Hsiao Ch'ien, in his 'Etching of a Tormented Age'', has lately done for China; he puts his country on the receptive Englishman's map.

Prof. Iyengar is well qualified for his task, for he understands our mentality ... He understands our limitations, also ... "India can neither do with English nor without it." ... He is a wise guide, too. For instance, he is against purism, and, as a convinced impurist myself, I should like to thank him for this. And I should like to thank him generally for lightening our darkness, and for showing us something of the complexity and richness of the coming day.

Prof. Iyengar has a glowing vision which illuminates undiscovered regions and aspects, be it literature. Fine Arts, philosophy, or religion. His thoughts have the force of articulate language; and his utterances have the stir of a higher life and activity. He enters the classroom with the utter nonchalance of a recluse, stares now at the roof, now at the students, and starts the lesson. He invests the spoken idiom with literary flavour and dignity, and a passing estimate with the balance and weight of first-rate criticism.

In such a busy world as ours, mechanical in its routine we seldom come across personalities of Prof. Iyengar's type, with such an intellectual integrity and resilience. To be under his tutelage is spiritual influence of the highest kind. His mere presence is a magnetism. A single syllable from his mouth treasures thousand efficacies and properties. He is a master spirit, he is one among us; yet, he is far above. He is culture itself at its highest and most refined.

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# A 'MAHASADHU' OF LETTERS PASSES AWAY B. Parvathi

It is with a deep sense of loss that the academic community has noted the demise of Prof. K.R.Srinivasa Iyengar on the 15th of April, 1999 just a day and a few hours away from his 91st birthday on the 17th of April. During the course of his conversation with me, R.K.Narayan referred to Iyengar as a 'Mahasadhu'. He was a man, who like Milton, suffered total loss of vision in the last years of his life. The loss was great but the suffering was mitigated by his gentle and devoted wife, his son Prof. Ambirajan and daughter Dr. Prema Nanda Kumar who acted as his eyes and filled his world. His feeble voice and my own awe made it difficult to fully appreciate his words on sight when I went to pay my respects to him in 1997. He spoke about vision-his vision-a white sky on which shadows of people, pictures and ideas floated across. He spoke about 'insight', an 'antardrishti' which perhaps, he developed even more keenly than earlier.

A scholar steeped in the traditions of English literature, Prof. Iyengar bestowed equal and even more attention on the cultural, philosophical and literary traditions of India. Well aware as he was about the critical fencing that raged between L.C.Knights and Wilson Knight, two Shakespeare scholars, and the English critical attitudes which, I am afraid, were exacting and many a time harsh, Prof. Iyengar had never bothered about hair-splitting controversies about trivialities in books or their authors. He was a critic who tempered his scholarship with sympathy. Though a Professor of English and a scholar, he never made the mistake of measuring either Indian writers or their works with an English

yardstick. His generous and sympathetic attitude and ability to see them both in a positive light has nurtured a whole literature today known as Indian Writing in English. It is not an exaggeration to say that his book Indian Writing in English is like a scripture to students and researchers alike. It is not an exaggeration to mention that most of the subsequent criticism and critical opinion have leaned heavily on this book As a very fine critic Prof. Iyengar never missed the angles and angularities of various books and their writers which he embedded or summed up in a few words or lines.

So simple is his tone of critical appreciation that students and teachers benefit variously from its simplicity. Unassuming and unimposing Prof. Iyengar has the remarkable gift of combining objectivity with paternal tolerance towards all trends in writing and writers. When initiation into research work was mistakenly considered as introduction to pompous expression and bombastic words, it was not surprising for simpletons like me to consider Prof. Iyengar's 'criticism' as 'ordinary', because it was understood so easily!

Only later in life was I able to understand the difference between a critic who frightens, intimidates and subdues a reader's critical ability and a critic who can gently help the reader along in the search for the essence of a work. Prof. Iyengar is a gentle critic. My first acquaintance with his criticism was through his book on Shakespeare's comedies and tragedies, remarkable for its lucidity, simplicity and profundity.

Prof. Iyengar reminded me of a 'rishi'. 'Sahitya' was his 'tapas', and though not a poet to begin with the critic in him did tread and traverse the creative path of both the writer and his work. The first question from his to me was always, 'what book did you read recently?' an unexpected question which made recollection of any title impossible at the moment. The intellectual pleasure, spiritual solace and wisdom that he found in the study of thousands of books was perhaps an ambrosia to his soul but the sheer physical fatigue took its toll on his eye sight.

As a teacher, professor and critic Prof. K.R.S. Iyengar will be cherished in the memories of generations of students. His work as the Vice-President of the Central Sahitya Academy is memorable. For more than six decades he was engaged in the pursuit of the study of not merely Indian Writing in English but also British, American, European, Oriental and Common wealth literature's. His critical abilities prompted him to creative writing also; he wrote 'Sitayana'. The Saga of Seven Satis in verse and the Australian Helix a collection of poems.

He once observed in a lighter vein that writing poetry is an occupational hazard and disease for many teachers of English-himself not exempted-referring to some modern Indian poets who also are teachers. His concluding lines in the 'Introduction' of Indian Writing in English are worthy of recall. He wrote 'Much of Indian Writing in English has had no more than a contemporaneous significance; it meant a great deal to those for whom it was written, though others might not have thought much about it.

Some of this writing, again, inspires in us strong emotion in terms of personality of the writers concerned. And, fortunately some Indian writing in English can be described as literature by any standards whatsoever". The following lines can be taken as a good description of the responsibilities of a critic: "The critic has to sift if he can the permanent from the ephemeral, the universal from the personal, give credit where it is due, account for reputations that have since faded away, and explain why from all this everlasting deluge of useless books - in Schopenhauer's pitiless phrase, some few books stand out and defy time and silence criticism. It calls for more than scholarship and familiarity with critical categories, it calls for perception of a high order, a freedom from prejudice, a capacity for looking beneath the appearance, and above all a flicker of the wisdom and insight that is more than industry and discipline and knowledge, - it calls for the flame of understanding that is itself a renewal of life. Only Christ is the best critic and only he is truly infallible, said Hopkins writing to his friend Dixon. But since we cannot be Christ's, let us atleast beware of the moneychangers, the Pharisees and the Philistines. We can at least approach this literature with something of an open mind, not too impatient to pause, nor too ready to condemn. May be we shall see some good in it, after all".

The thirty five books that he wrote, eleven books which edited, forty books to which gave his foreword or introduction and his innumerable articles bear testimony to his stand as a critic.

#### FOUNDATION OF THE KHALSA

#### Prof. Hazara Singh

(The Tricentinary of KHALSA has been celebrated very recently in a befitting manner and in devotional spirit - Ed.)

"Blessed is he who even when he wages war keeps God ever in his mind"

Meditation, service and sacrifice constituted warp and woof of the new faith. Barren meditation had not proved itself beneficial to society. Its blending with the service of society imparted a positive approach to life. The adoption of sacrifice gave a purposeful meaning to the wordly activities by popularising death for a cause rather than ending oneself in vain hope of personal salvation. The perusal of Indian epics reveals that many preceptors and warriors threw away their weapons and forgot the cause for which they had taken up the cudgels when the death of their sons was correctly or incorrectly announced to them. Bravery lacking the sense of sacrifice is a very unsteady force. But Gobind Singh, the Tenth and the last Guru gave a new conception to sacrifice when he willingly and smilingly got his near and dear ones martyred for the protection of truth. He was hardly a lad of nine when a deputation of Brahmins from Kashmir waited upon his father, Guru Tegh Bahadur, wailing as to how the Mogul tyranny had rendered their lives unbearable, leaving them with no other option but to embrace Islam

or face an inglorious beheading. After listening to them, Guru Tegh Bahadur remarked that they could be saved if a pure and virtuous man would be prepared to offer his sacrifice. Gobind Rail instantaneously remarked as to who could be holier than his father. Imagine a lad willingly depriving himself of the paternal protection and affection for saving truth, society and country from the onslaught of communal bigotry and fanaticism. Later when his two sons in their mere teens died fighting valiantly before his very eyes, he solemnly said:

"O Lord, I've surrendered to Thee, what belonged to Thee".

Guru Tegh Bahadur was arrested under orders of the Mogul Emperor Aurangzeb and on his refusal to embrace Islam was beheaded in the Chandini Chowk of Delhi. He died in composure singing the divine praise:

"Why grieve for that which is inevitable? Everyone who's born must also pass away from here."

After his father had given up his life, but not his faith, Guru Govind Singh resolved that not only the souls of people were to be purified, but also their muscles had to be strengthened for self-defence as well as for protection of the weak. He writes in Vichitra Natak:

"For this purpose was I born:
To defend the holy and to destroy evil pers"

Childhood name of the Tenth Master

He decided to evolve a new order which as a last resort would not hesitate to use sword even for breaking the shackles of social, economic and political subjugation:

"When there's no other course open to man.

It is but righteous to unsheathe the sword".

It was the day of Baisakhi in 1699. A very large gathering from all parts of the country had congregated at Anandpur. He suddenly rose to his feet with a naked sword in hand and his voice ringing like a clarion:

"I want a Sikh who can offer his head to me, here and now".

The congregation got hushed and even bewildered. When the Guru repeated his demand, one after the other five of his devotees kept rising from the gathering. Majority of them belonged to the so-called lower castes. He took them each into an adjoining tent according to his turn. After having selected the five who had not the slightest hesitation to sacrifice their lives for the protection of truth, the Guru led them out. They wore long loose yellow shirts, blue turbans, waist-bands, nicker-bockers as underwear and swords dangling by their sides. They looked not only smart, but soldier - like, inspiring and dedicated. The Guru called them his Beloved Ones. In a bowl of steel, sugarcakes were dissolved, everyone of them stirring water with a double-edged dagger in turn and singing the holy hymns along with it. The Guru called it Amrit (Nectar) and gave the name of Khalsa (the pure) to his new order. He said:

"The Khalsa shall not only be war-like, but also

sweeten the lives of those whom he is chosen to serve"

The Guru administered amrit to his beloved ones one after the other and then entreated them with folded hands to do likewise to him. When they hesitated, for, how could they administer amrit to him who was their spiritual guide, redeemer and saviour, the Guru said:

"It is a new order I have evolved from this day.

where there will be no high and no low. I want

to establish this fraternity on the basis of equality by asking to become your disciple now".

Commenting on this episode, Bhai Gurdas Singh remarked:

"Great is Gobind Singh who is the Guru and disciple rolled into one"

The Guru addressed his Beloved Ones and the congregation thus:

"From now on, you become casteless. No ritual, either Hindu or Muslim, will you perform, and believe in superstition of no kind, but only in one God Who's the Master and the Protector of all, the only Creator and Destroyer. In your new order, the lowest will rank equal with the highest and each

will be to the other a 'bhai' (brother). No pilgrimages for you any more, nor austerities but the pure life of the household, yet ready to sacrifice it at the call of Dharma. Women shall be the equal of men in every way. He who killeth his daughter, the Khalsa will not deal with him. You will wear your hair unshorn like the ancient sages as a pledge of dedication to the Guru; a comb to keep it clean; a steel bracelet to denote the universality of God; an underwear to enjoin chastity, and a steel-dagger for your defence. Smoking, being an unclean habit and injurious to health, you will forswear. You'll love the weapons of war, be excellent horsemen marksmen, and wielders of the sword, the discus, and the spear. Physical prowess will be as sacred to you as spiritual sensitiveness. And between the Hindus and the Muslims, you'll act as a bridge and serve the poor without distinction of caste or creed. My Khalsa shall always defend the poor and deg (the community kitchen) will be as much an essential part of your order as 'tegh' (the sword). And from now on, you will all call vourselves Singhs (lions) and greet each other with Waheguru Ji Ke Khalsa, Waheguru Ji Ke Fateh (The Khalsa belongs to God O. Victory be to God)1

The foundation of the Khalsa was reported to the Royal Court at Delhi as:

"He has abolished caste and custom; old rituals, beliefs and superstitions of the Hindus and

banded them in one single brotherhood.

No one will be superior or inferior to another.

Men of all castes have been made to eat out of the same bowl.

Though orthodox men have opposed him,

Yet about twenty thousand men and women have taken baptism of steel at his hands on the first day.

The Guru has also told the gathering:

"I will call myself Gobind Singh only if I can make sparrows pounce upon the hawks and tear them; only if one combatant of my force equals a lakh and a quarter of the enemy2".

Social and political conditions in India underwent a revolutionary change after the inception of Khalsa. Freedom from foreign domination, superstitions, cant and ego, became the urge of each and every heart. Nationalism, a word unknown to the Indian people, surged as a dynamic force. It made no distinction between a temple and a mosque and abolished all privileges of caste, birth, station and creed. It elevated the lowest equal in all respects to the highest.

The significance of the five Ks Kashas, Kangha, Kachhera, Kara and Kirpan is further elaborated for the information of those who may be interested to know as to why the Sikhs observe these symbols. In India the saints

Gopal Singh, Guru Gobind Singh, National Book Trust, New Delhi, pp. 29-30

<sup>-.</sup> Ibid., p.30.

and recluses grew long hair on head and beard (Keshas) as a mark of saintliness. But they shunned worldly life fearing that mundane allurements would stand in the way of their salvation. The Sikh Gurus set an example that a man could remain a saint while leading worldly life. The Kashas are a symbol reminding every Sikh that he must remain saintly at heart always. The Kangha (comb) is meant to keep the Kashas clean. The recluses and saints used to be very unmindful of their outer cleanliness.

In those days, the popular male dress for the lower trunk of body used to be a dhoti in the case of Hindus and a loose drawer (shalwar) for Muslims. Neither of the two imparted smartness to the wearer. Kachhera (shorts) is a convenient as well as a cumberless dress. It adds to the efficiency of the wearer both during peace and war. The Mogul soldiers were notorious for their lack of sexual restraint. They seldom rose to the tradition of a true soldier who is enjoined to defend the weak and protect the honour of womenfolk. They recklessly exploited the downtrodden and abducted the fair sex. Guru Gobind Singh made it binding on his Khalsa that they would remain pure both in body and mind.

Kara or iron bangle has an interesting story as its origin. Under orthodox belief, Saturday had been regarded an inauspicious day and people used to offer oil and iron to the priests for warding off evil. Guru Gobind Singh had sent a word to his disciples that they would bring their offerings not in cash but in kind. The cash offerings had led to the emergence of a class known as masands, who were more

transform souls of the devotees. The Guru took to task this mercenary class of priests. But, on one Saturday when some followers under the superstitious spell made an offering of iron and oil, the Guru looked expectantly towards his congregation. A few Sikhs rose and utilised the oil as frying medium in the community kitchen and made bangles out of iron. Thus, the significance of a bangle (*kara*) implies that its wearer believes in God only and all days are equally auspicious for him and he is out to smash all superstitious beliefs.

The kirpan (sword) denotes kirpa (mercy) and aan (dignity). It enjoins that a Sikh is ever prepared to sacrifice his life for protecting the weak, the oppressed, the Dharma and the country. His symbols make him a saint soldier, an enlightened worker and a conscientious citizen.

It is also obligatory for every Sikh to contribute one-tenth of his income (daswandh) to Guru's house for the service of society. As the priestly class is forbidden to gloat on offerings and it is binding for every Sikh to live by honest toil, the tithe offered by Sikhs is utilised for social service such as the opening of schools, dispensaries, orphanages etc.

Guru Gobind Singh denounced the personality cult in very severe terms. He declared:

"He who calleth me God will for sure burn in the fire of hell.

I am but a devotee of the Supreme, having been sent to witness H:s play.".

covetous for money and less eager to His last wish to his followers was that no CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

shrine commemorating his death be erected. He wanted that his life should be followed and not his name worshipped as a tomb.

Idol-worshipping in Gurudwars, in whatever form: is forbidden. Sri Guru Granth Sahib has been exalted as Eternal and Supreme Guru. In case of doubt, the Sikh congregation has been given the right to refer any issue to the judgement of the five chosen ones. Guru Gobind Singh subordinated himself twice to this democratic forum introduced by him. When he founded the Khalsa on Baisakhi Day in 1699, he entreated the Five Beloveds to administer him the amrit also.

Second time when he was besieged in a mud fortress at Chamkaur and his life was in danger, his five surviving followers requested him to leave the fortress during the darkness of night. He disagreed with them saying that his life was not more precious than the lives of his followers. But the five passed a resolution and presented it to the Guru enjoining:

"Thou has always said wherever there are five of you, dedicated to me, there I shall also be, and

whatever ye ask, that shall be granted unto ye.

Now we command thee as thy Guru to
leave the fort post-haste
and let us deal with the enemy later
as best we can".

The Guru decided to obey.

The Guru was a great believer in the power of people provided they could be released from superstitions. Once a learned Brahmin, Kesho

Das, from Banaras visited the Guru and suggested the holding of a sacrificial fire to invoke the blessings of Goddess of Power, Chandi or Durga, adored by many as Kali also. Kesho Dass assured that a votary of Chandi would be invincible in all wars. The Guru replied:

"Even gods and goddesses are subject to the

and authority of God, Who is Supreme over all creation. He it is from Whom we should seek all boons and benedictions. He gives man the power

to make or unmake his destiny, if man surrenders

himself to Him and fights only for His cause".

To expose the tall claim of Kesho Dass, he was asked to go ahead. The ceremony lingered on for a year. Then the Guru sought from him as to when the goddess would appear. The Brahmin observed thoughtfully that appearance of the goddess could be expedited if a pious and holy man would offer his head to be burnt in the sacrificial fire. The Guru remarked:

"Who could be holier than your learned self?

Kesho Dass was struck dumb and disappeared on a false excuse. The Guru got the remaining material flung into fire. As a strong flame blazed, he came forth with a sword flashing in his hand and addressed the congregation as thus:

"This is the true manifestation of the goddess of power,

the shining steel with which evil is punished and virtue protected and rewarded. He, who is willing to taste its baptism for a righteous cause, invokes indeed the blessings of God".

To make his followers believe that they were not a mere flock of helpless people but a reservoir of an inexhaustible power, he said:

"It is through ye that I have won battles; through your favour that I have distributed bounties to the poor.

Through ve it is that all my woes are past,

through your

favour that my house is overflowing with material

possessions, through your kindness have I smothered

my enemies, through your favour am 1 instructed in

wisdom. O, I'm exalted because ye have exalted me.

else there were many poor ones like me wandering

luckless and friendless"

This marked the beginning of an epoch where people's will is held supreme. It has preceded Rousseau's slogar of equality, fraternity and liberty by more than a century.

#### ME TOO

#### Låte Devulapalli Venkata Krishna Sastri\*

Much do I struggle
To clear my throat
And give rein to my voice
Like you all;
Longing to wander
Far and wide
In the music of the spheres
And reach the ends of thought!

But of what avail?
Alas, the song I can hardly contain
Within my heart
Dries up in the trackless desert sand
Of sorrow with no end!

Under the burden of sorrow and shame

This wretched life bends and sinks Into the bottomless limbo of Hades!

My voice that has since been stilled Has all the gurgle Of a mountain brook at rest; But of what avail? - -

(English rendering by D. Anjaneyulu)

<sup>\*</sup>This touching poem was written by Mahakavi Krishna Sastry when he lost his voice, just as Milton lost his sight! His voice used to be as beautiful and pleasant as his pen. The translator himself, a great writer, died! -Ed.

# QUANTUM OF LIGHT

#### PROF. P. VENUGOPALA RAO

#### In the beginning

Obeying the word of Lord Brahma
Lstood in front of the Great Power
Who declared that i should
Become an assistant to Lord Sun
To illuminate the right path
To the beings in the Universe

In the magnificent court of Lord Sun
Full of Golden rays of light
I stood in obedience to hear his words;
"We obey with pleasure
The command of the Great Power
Seven Horses, seven powers
Seven meters - they are the seven mothers
Know which one you desire
That shall be your mother
to give you a life and form."

Never heard of any horses Nor how many they are. Recognising my discomfort Lord Sun's assistant, Anura, Explained to erase My embarrassing ignorance. "The seven mothers are For giving birth to you Seven different flowing beings Seven different electric beings Gamma ray, X ray, Ultraviolet, Visible Infrared, micro and broadcast." Even as a desire rose in my inside To be a visible aid to our Lord I am in the womb of the mother, Visible. Words of wisdom from Anura Continue to reach me. "This state of a photon-being a quantum of light Is a blessing worth having What you do and where you go Are the transformations defining Being and becoming Relax and wander in the vastness of the universe

Nothing can travel faster than you
No state of rest for you
The words, space and time
Not part of your vocabulary,
Your frequency, your wavelength
The speed of your travel
They belong to others' lingo
No need to pay attention to them.
What your mother gave you
With blessing of the Great Power
Is your special quality
What they all call electricity.

Between the edges of this endless universe Your kind are the only messengers. Between you and the beings There is a life-like bonding. The messages you send into their eyes Are their enlightening states

Every object you encounter
Scatters you with its signature on you
Touch anything black, you shall be annihilated
Touch anything white you shell be reflected
Tiny chlorophyll of a green leaf

Can swallow you totally
Humans in particular
Can trap you in crystals
Stretch and change your colour
Make you do all kinds of things
they can rewrite your horoscope

In this entire universe
Only humans are like Cosmic designer
If you make a mistake
In this endless world
Variety of black holes abound
The worst that can happen to you
Is to disappear into one of them.
Avoid them at any cost.

Salvation must be your goal
Getting close to the *Brahman*The supreme universal soul
To reach its abode
you must enter the eye
Of an enlightened human being
A *brahajnani* par excellence

#### Reincarnation

Born deep inside the centre of a hot sun Where all elements burn and mix Tossed around and tumbling No space to move around Tired is the quantum

Bumped by every one
Amid millions of energy quanta
Buried and ignored
For a million years.
Pushed into the depths
thrown up into the edges
Lost in the whirlpools
Wandering endlessly
Without a warning suddenly

While everybody is busy
Through a magnetic doorway
It got out into the space
dark unfathomable
Empty universe
Poor quantum of light
had a sigh of relief.

Nobody in sight
To take away its energy
Or deflect its path
Paying no attention to anybody
With its divine yet defined speed
With freedom and liberty
Unending happiness
Unending Happiness
The quantum of light
Started its journey

Looked Here and there
To find if anybody is three.
Spinning and jumping
Carrying their own load
As in a pilgrimage
All kinds of quanta are moving
Electrons, protons
Fragmented nuclei in variegated states.
They are not its own kind
Their origins must be different
They do not deserve to be noticed.

This one is a pure quantum unadulterated dynamic category
There are some neutrinos around
Travelling almost with the same speed
Appears to have a defect in birth
They keep changing their state.

Anura's words came back
"There is nothing in common
Between you and the rest

You are perfect and pure
You do not need the company
Of odd balls of creation
The goals I set for you are noble and high
I am sending you out
into the world of mortals
Your salvation is in joining
The quanta of life."

So said the great divine power never minding what it meant
Carrying the burden of the message
Began its long journey; In the endless Universe
Dreaming about the living cells
That are waiting to unite with it.
Into which Brahmajnani's eyes
This quantum will enter
No one can tell. What might be the end?
What is the wish of the great power?

#### Self Sacrifice

At last the end of its long journey
That lasted through space for everThe photon
of electromagnetic energy
Landed on the petals of a flower.

"Whatever distant star is your source,
Your energy is a gift divine
Blessed am I to be in union!"
Exclaimed a living cell in the flower,
Receiving the light quantum with pleasure.

The photon did not enter a *brahmajnani's* eyes To illuminate his mind with brilliance. Its eternity was lost in an instant in the middle of the particles of pollen The self-sacrificing quantum of light The fuel that keeps the eternal fire.

# THE DIAMOND JUBLIEE ODE

(written on the occasion of the 60th birth anniversary of the poet's brother-in-law)

#### G. Somaseshu

- 1. Arise, my humble muse, arise!
  Attune thy weakened string
  To sing of joyous times
  To sing of virtue and the wise;
  What gains more than this happy spring
  With long cherished deeds dressed in
  softened rhymes!
  The praise of goodly men ennobles thy ways
  Like lotus blooming golden rays;
  Six decades passed though fast they seem
  Good deeds 'bove Times away freshly gleam.
- I sing of gentle soul that rose
   By tireless work and sincere ways
   whom to help is the living breath;
   By discerning thoughts above the woes

- Of life, he found his proper place;
  His words infused faith, hope and health
  Unvexed by routine problems and fate
  He pursued his goal to reach his state
  What more one needs above the narrow creeds
  Humility never speaks but in deeds.
- 3. I sing of noble soul with humble cheer
  The liberal man that helped in pain
  With acts of kindness untainted by pride;
  In duties busy with a judgement clear
  He seemed so calm inspite of stress and strain
  Others did look to him as their friend and guide
  In work he got his due praise and reward
  God helps those who in faith work hard
  Inspite of rising fame he did not lose
  Time and energy put to precious use.

# **MUTUAL SALUTATION: A PRECIOUS LEGACY**

#### Prof. C.Sitaramamurti

When two persons meet, they exchange greetings. This practice is common among civilised societies, irrespective of their religious persuasions. And it has gained sanctity by observance through ages. It is worthwhile understanding the significance of this long-standing courteous observance. Among Hindus, the salutation takes this form. The person who initially makes the salutation bends his head, clasps his palms together and utters the word 'Namasthe': then the other person responds with a similar gesture, makes a bow and joins his hands in a fold and repeats the greeting. This gentle nod of the head signifies humility. The gesture of folding the palms indicates a respectful attitude and an approach of friendliness, 'Namasthe' is an oral expression of love and esteem for the person accosted. Thus, these gestures, which take shape and combine simultaneously, may be deemed to signify an agreeable mental attitude, a warm approach, and a preparedness to render service. To such a courteous gesture of goodwill, the proper response can be nothing else than a similar reciprocal greeting. The enquiry of each about the other's wellbeing is a natural upsurge of a keenly-felt concern. Properly understood, this is the import of this precious legacy that tradition has handed over to us, generation after generation; and it promotes closer affability among individuals and coherent affinity in the community of human beings.

Some departures from the structure of this hoary greeting have been effected on certain valid considerations. When the person accosted happens to be an elderly senior, he does not make a bow but raises his right hand and rests his palm on or above the junior's head; instead of uttering 'Namasthe,' pronounces a benediction Subhamasthu (May auspicious events attend on you). This change in the style of responsive greeting is prompted by the consideration that similarity in a salutation augurs ill to the junior in age. It is the privilege of the younger to receive the blessing as it is the right of the elder to bestow it. This is the rationale behind the change in the accepted normal greeting.

But viewed from a different angle, the usual practice of mutual greeting 'Namasthe' does not smack of any impropriety, even when disparity in age yawns between the persons concerned. Let us go a little deeper into this gesture of mutual goodwill. Who is saluting whom? God indwells all persons; He is immanent in all His creatures. It is the God in the individual who accosts the God in the other individual. Jove nods to Jove. So, similarity in gesture between the initiator of the greeting and the other who responds is quite in order. There is no need to vary it. Considerations of caste or creed, age or sex seem to be quite out of place when we touch the soul of this healthy salutation, sanctified by observance from hoary past.

But it is a matter of deep regret that this amiable practice is fast losing its hold on our society in current times. Even when it is observed, it appears like a lifeless, mechanical formality; it is no longer an expression of genuine warmth of sentiment.

Mutual salutation is a normal practice in the West, among the Christian votaries as well. When two persons meet, they bow to each other, extend their right hands for a warm shake and greet each other "How do you do". Bending the head is a sign of humility, a mark of respect; hand-shake signifies friendly attitude; and the enquiry "How do you do?" expresses concern of each for the other's wellbeing. Unfortunately, there are some hardheaded people who refuse to bow, under the mistaken notion that such a gesture indicates self-stultifying servility. Some others show reluctance for the hand-shake, under a sense of false prestige; they believe that it involves a demeaning compromise of their status. Still others desist from making the enquiry about well-being, as they deem it as empty nonsense. But, even these categories of people conform to the practice in a spirit of nonchalance; they seem to extend a concession to a meaningless formality. Such flippancy is not the monopoly of the majority in the West; it is a privilege exercised in the East too by large numbers, particularly among the youth.

It is interesting to note how women respond to men's greetings in the West. In the East, women respond to the courtesy with palms held together in a fold and with 'Namasthe' on the lips in the same manner as men do. But in the West, women do not respond to men's greetings with a bow of the

head but with a slight bending of the knees. Why this deviation? Are their knees more flexible of movement? No, no! Their responsive curtsy has a vital significance. They are fully aware of the dominant part they play in the community. If man is head of the family as bread-winner, woman is the supporting feet of the household. She establishes her worthiness as the provider of nourishment and sustainer of the home. Man nous, bends his head, in his greeting as a token of his recognition of woman's valuable contribution to home-keeping. Woman responds with a curtsy, signalling her appreciation of man's labours in providing the wherewithal for its upkeep and maintenance. The head nods in a bow to the feet, to the lady who keeps the family in good spirits; the feet bend in a curtsy to the partner who contributes to the affluence of the family. Thus, the salutation imports the reciprocal appreciation of their respective contributions to domestic felicity in a limited sense and to a harmonious social fabric in the larger connotation.

Let us reflect on the response that the solicitous enquiry "How do you do?" gets. The response is an exact echo of the enquiry itself. The interrogative is answered with an interrogative. Evidently, the enquiry is not to be regarded as a question but as a positive statement: "You must be doing well"; and the response to it as a definite assertion: "You. too, must be doing exceedingly well".

It may be noted that a similar custom of salutation abides in the Muslim States and among the Muslim communities in all countries. The initiator of the greeting bends his body forward from the waist, raises the

Mutual Salutation: A Precious Legacy

right hand, touches his forehead with the palm and utters the greeting "Salaam aadaaburj", "Salaam aalaikoon". The same gesture marks the responsive echo. Here also the forward bend of the head and torso signify humility; touching the forehead with the right palm indicates readiness to render friendly service; and the greeting 'Salaam' expresses goodwill and wish for peace. Fraternal affinity is what is sought after through this cordial greeting.

It is a matter of deep regret that such a gracious gesture of mutual respect and goodwill has lost its spirit everywhere and is reduced to a lifeless custom and inane formality. A sarcastic spirit imbues the nod or the bow, a reckless non-chalance covers the warm hand-shake or reverential gesture of clasping the palms together and a heartless emptiness envelops the oral greeting of 'Namasthe' or 'Salaam' or 'How do you do?' It is up to all of us to refurbish the normal salutary greeting with its original import

and replenish it with its delicious flavour and actively propagate its precious value. Such a laudable endeavour will help secure individual uplift and promote social harmony and establish lasting peace. Let us vigorously strive to conserve what is of value in our established traditions and not dismiss them entirely as anachronistic practices and meaningless superstitions. To whatever religious persuasions we profess to belong, let us clearly apprehend that the spirit of this hoary mutual salutation is the same though its expression in outward gestures may vary.

May we imbibe the spiritual essence of these precious legacies, mould our demeanour in tune with higher promptings and nobler urges for our own individual uplift, for social benefit, and for the good of humanity as a whole! May the gracious Lord illumine the path of our life's journey and lead us to His Abode of Peace and Bliss!

# THE SPEED

#### Yogesh G. Nair

I agree that I fell on an alien land. I understand that I belong to a distant one.

But then
I struggle
to survive and grow
amidst stiff resistance
from the weather, the soil
and heartless citizens.

Some little questions disturb me. Does each seed fall and sprout where it desires or longs for? Or, does it struggle and grow where destiny let it fall? To let it some day be a native of that land, to fight, and kill new seeds that sprout and grow.

Like brides, cults, or helpless refugees, orphan kids or languages.

### BEWARE, FRIENDS ARE COMING!

#### Vemaraju Narasimha Rao

With nearly seven decades of my existence on this good earth, I must admit that I had gathered innumerable friends, very good friends and very very good friends, not to mention the numerous other acquaintances. On a cool introspection, it is surprising how few are left that can be called really good friends.

You can straightaway ignore that class of time-servers who have some work with you and necessarily will always make it a point to raise you to unreachable heights in their lavish praise. These can be very easily spotted and while you appear flattered at their unabashed admiration for the things you have done or not done, you will certainly be not taken in for a ride.

Bhartruhari, the famous sage, classified people into four classes. With a little minor variation, this can apply to friends also. Those that leave their work for doing a good turn to you are, of course, the best. Those that continue to attend to their needs in addition to yours are good. Those that can positively ditch you for their personal ends are of course bad. But can you name the class of friends who make it a point to harm you though it does not do them any good? Bhartruhari could not name them. Nor can I.

A classmate of mine in my school days, who was maintaining his widowed mother with the help of his uncle by way of selling idlies in the morning part-time, touched me for a fabulous amount of one rupee (capes, in those days a rupee was indeed fabulous!) as a loan and it was not repaid. When my other buddies caught the defaulter by the scruff of his neck, ne raised such a hell in the school premises that I had to write off the loan, feeling ashamed and embarrassed at having offended such a poor creature. Poverty, even in those days, was at a high premium!

I was successfully fooled by the multitudes of my mates who visited my house dutifully for the usual round of football. Not many, however, played the game though, as the team manager, I had to stand them sodas and nuts. It took me several years later to realise why they were gathering at my place. The reason was not far to seek, considering that we were the tenants in the house of the School Beauty!

Even in my college days and later when I was on my own, I was pampering several colleagues of mine with generous hospitality, often times foregoing even my meals, in the true spirit of socialism which no one understood then. Where are you, folks, and how I wish we had met again and exchanged notes!

I remember when I was in the Law College, I had to undertake the job of a campaign manager for the election of a lady who was a friend of my friend. Strictly according to the code of Machiavilli, she became instantly my friend and I took her to

each'and every student, soliciting their votes for the beaming, dumb dame beside me. It so happened, as luck would have it, that both the contestants got equal votes and no amount of persuasion and cajoling on the part of the benign principal to choose one of them for the high office yielded any result. Both of them, the man and the woman, did not budge and refused to forego their right of being an office bearer when the electorate so clearly favoured them. How could they? They had their eyes riveted firmly on the college blazers and the amount invested in the election. Ultimately, it was agreed that both of them would have the blazers and they would share the term. Once the blazers were there, the good lady ceased to be friends and that was the last I had seen of her. Perhaps I could not blame her either, for the days I was present in the college could be counted on fingers.

I can elaborate on some of my lady friends, but refrain from doing so as the Seer had very sagaciously advised - 'Leave the women alone!' They can land you in more problems than you can dream off! So, I leave them alone!

There was a great - shall we call him bosom! (I haven't checked up his bosom any way) friend of mine, who manoeuvred me into parting with my rifle, the only thing that I inherited from my dear father - a Winchester 1904 - for pittance of Rs.500. The provocation for my parting with it was that I had been toying with the idea of having a revolver! . The moment he got hold of the rifle, he turned my bitterest critic - I cannot call him an enemy for, by definition, I have no enemies. Of course, the money promised was never paid. Please

don't tell my wife; she will be terribly unhappy! She does not know as yet. When, on second thoughts, I begged him to return it for another one, he mentioned about his scrupulous principle of not returning anything he got from others which came understandably in his way. The result: The rifle is gone for good. The expected revolver did not materialise, its cost being prohibitive. I am now the proud nonowner of even an air-gun. Good luck, my friend!

Even in my extra-curricular activities indeed there were many - my experience is no different. Much against the theory of some to have a closed circuit and not allowing any strangers into the fold for fear of getting hurt by them, my views on organisational matters are more liberal. We try new comers as we still do and those who continue to be loyal and helpful are continued on a sub-pro-tem basis. Those that were active in yester-years continue to expect the same attention and consideration during their inactivity also and there lies the rub. This is clearly an impossible job unless one wants to carry a lot of deadwood along. They naturally become sore at the thanklessness and turn into bitter critics overnight and do not have any qualms about hitting you back when an occasion arises. Such occasions have fortunately been rare and we had hell of a time hibernating before things could be sorted out and put on an even keel. The experience taught us volumes in public relations and management studies. Once bitten, we are twice shy. We are much more choosy now.

Solid friendships are often built over a game of cards or having a round or two of your

favourite drink. I must confess that some of my most cherished friendships are made over a game of Bridge or a good Scotch. There were of course innumerable others who gather around to enjoy a free drink or ask for personal favours when you are in a favourable mood! But, you know where you stand with them and have nothing to be afraid of them.

The trouble comes later with those that profess lifelong partnership with you now that your interests matched with theirs and then ditch you. This is the quarter from which you least expect any attack and in an unguarded moment, you get clean bowled. I have come across some remarkable specimens of this genre who would out-run most in the field by a very good length.

Some derive vicious and vicarious pleasure in seeing you in hot waters for which they contribute in no mean measure if only to see how you get out of it, that is, if at all you can! I have a classic specimen who boasted of being a reporter of a national daily and enjoyed my hospitality at a certain District Town almost everyday while all along carrying tales behind my back to those above. One has to be vary with this dangerous and deceptive lot.

But, do I have any regrets over my royal collection of friends? No, Sir. Even if you could spot one single soul that is genuinely concerned about you and understanding, the ninety-nine others are well-worth the trouble of putting up

with. I must say also, to set the records straight, that I have been fortunate in having had some remarkably good friends who stood the test of time. I feel grateful to the Good Lord what I could have missed but for my habit of making friends with all and sundry.

I distinctly recollect a friend of mine together with whom I celebrated welcoming the Independence of our country way back in 1947, who got hold of my address after contacting the Editor of the journal which was serialising my articles and at his invitation I went to his place to re-live the warmth of his love and affection after a gap of forty years. Then there was another friend who was my old buddy in the college, who wanted to confirm about me from my photo which appeared in a newspaper only to revive the good old memories and re-start our relations where we left fifty years back.

Such incidents add pep and charm to the otherwise dull drudgery of everyday life. Such friends lift your spirits up and make life more meaningful.

Thank you Brothers, for making life sweet and worth living! You are the real reason why I do not run for my dear life when Friends are coming!

#### TWO RECENT PUBLICATIONS RELATING TO INDIA

#### Prof. D.K. Chakravorty

Every year quite a sizeable number of books relating to India written by writers belonging to several foreign countries are published regularly. Some of those acquire immense popularity. Again with the passage of time some books are consigned to the oblivion. However some of those books endure and continue giving pleasure and profit to the readers. In this article I intend to write about two such books. These two books are different from each other. Yet both of them are quite impressive and thought provoking.

In the foreword of his book named "Great Swami: Meetings with Ramkrishna"; Lex Hickson writes that it is not a traditional biography, it is a workbook. The drama of Shri Ramkrishna's wonderful life is revealed before our mind's eye. It seems as if we can see him preaching us, giving us enlightenment, elevating us to a position where we can get spiritual pleasure. There is also a cinematic quality in the book which never fails to draw our attention.

A large number of books have been written on the life and teaching of Shri Ramkrishna. Several writers of Europe and America have written about him. Among them four names stand out in bold prominence. From the chronological point of view, they are Max Mueller, a German by birth but a naturalised citizen of England, Romain Rolland, the celebrated French author, Christopher Isherwood, the well-known English author

and critic and finally Lex Hickson, an American author. Before we come to Lex Hickson's book, it would perhaps be advisable to refer briefly to the works of the three authors named above relating to the life and teachings of Shri Ramkrishna.

We know that before Max Mueller wrote his book, writers and transcendentalist thinkers like Emerson and Thoraeu gratefully acknowledged the inspiration that they received from the Vedanta Philosophy. At the same time however several dissenting voices were also heard. In his book "Three Essays on Religion", John Stuart Mill wrote: "God cannot be all - powerful and all - merciful at the same time". After the destructive earth quake at Lisbon, Voltaire had expressed his doubts and misgivings about the existence of God. Komte suggested that the Christian religion should be replaced by the religion of man. Spencer said that the ways of God were inscrutable. During the same time however Max Mueller was patiently translating the Rigveda and was analysing the subtle points of Vedanta. During the last decade of the last century Max Mueller decided to write about the great seer and saint. In the year 1898, he published his famous book, "Ramkrishna and his Disciples". The book gives the reader an understanding of the philosophy of the great seer and ultimately we wholeheartedly agree with the view of the author: "He (Shri Ramakrishna); was a poet, an enthusiast or if you like a dreamer of dreams".

Rolland's "The Life Romain of Ramkrishna" was published in the year 1928. Several years before writing this biography, he had been awarded the Nobel prize for his novel 'Jean Christopher'. He realised that the life of Ramkrishna was 'cantique des cantiques' meaning great music in the shape of man. In the foreword of his book he wrote: "Ramkrishna more fully than any other man not only conceived, but realised in himself, the total unity of this river of God, open to all rivers and all streams, that I have given him my love". To him "the only God is He who is a perpetual birth. The creation takes places anew every instant. Religion is ceaseless action and will to strive - the outpouring of a spring, never a stagnant pool". He acknowledged that he got this concept of God from the life and teachings of Shri Ramkrishna who had realised that "unity, living and not abstract, is the essence of it all". Romain Rolland wrote: "To Ramkrishna Maya itself was God. It was one face of Brahman".

Christopher Isherwood's "Ramkrishna and his Disciples" was published in the year 1964. Before this book came out Isherwood had established himself as a famous poet, novelist and political thinker. As it happened in the case of Aldous Huxley earlier, there was a sudden and inexplicable change in the life of Isherwood. He joined the centre for Vedanta studies in California and became an ardent disciple of Swami Prabhavananda.

Rolland's book is like a deep sea, where as Isherwood's work may be likened to a flowing river. Throughout the book, Isherwood's scientific thinking is always at

work. He is not prepared to accept anything without properly weighing the pros and cons of it. Yet he begins the book with the classic statement: "This is the story of a phenomenon". To him Sri Ramkrishna is not only a great man or a great saint or a great mystic, he is a phenomenon and while reading about him we must always remind ourselves "this too is humanly possible"

Lex Hickson believes that the life and teachings of Shri Ramkrishna may be compared with a great classic work of literature and ..." each generation will produce its own version of the root text". Hickson rightly says that the scientists may wait with bated breath for the day when Haking and Penrose and others would find out the unified field consisting of an amalgamation of gravity, atomic reaction and electromagnetism. If they succeed in finding out the unified field, they. would present us a bunch of complicated equations. Would that be of any help to men pestered by old age, suffering, disease and terror of death? According to Lex Hickson, herein lies precisely the relevance of this work.

Gunther Grass's latest novel named "The Call of the Toads" is a notable work of fiction. It is different from his earlier works primarily because this novel has a message that never fails to captivate the mind of the initiated readers.

In the background of Dunzing, a city in Poland, we meet the protagonists of the novel. They are Alexander Reshke, a German professor and Alexandra Piatayroska, a Polish

artist. They become intimate with each other as they realise that their aims and objectives in life are similar. They want to teach the younger generation to try to make this world free from all types of pollution, to imbibe the spirit of brotherhood and to banish warfare. Germany and Poland have a long history of hostility and dissensions. They want to unite them by a novel method and they choose Dunzing as their field of activity. They want to construct burial grounds where dead Germans and Polish people will lie in close proximity. They know that a large number of people of both countries died in the battle fields. "No one knows where their bodies are. Buried by the roadside, Individual graves and mass graves. Sometimes only ashes. Death factories. Genocide, the still unfathomable crime". They want to give them a new and decent funeral. They believe that this proximity of the dead would also bring living people close to each other. So, with great zeal and enthusiasm, they start work, but, soon they become frustrated. Shrewd business people with great commercial wisdom and acumen enter the fray and the very purpose of the enterprise is foiled. The couple find out to their utter dismay: "What was lost in the war is being re-taken by economic power. No tank, no dive bomber. No dictator rules, but, only the free market. Money rules. We resign".

At this juncture the couple come in contact with an Indian, Subhas Chandra Chatterjee. Mr. Chatterji is an ordinary man. He is neither

a patriot nor an artist. He came to England for higher education. Then he travelled to various places in search of livelihood and finally reached Dunzing and started production of cycle-rickshaws and soon his business thrived. Chatterjee, the imaginary character created by Grass, became popular in all the capital cities of Europe. Grass writes: "Rome has no fumes, no constant honking, only the melodious sound of three note bells. Friend Chatterjee has won and we with him"

In this novel, the cycle-rickshaw becomes a symbol. The author visualises the triumph of the simple life style of India over the materialistic civilisation of Europe. Slowly but surely, Mother Kali, the goddess ardently worshipped by the Bengalees also influences the people of Poland. In the words of the author: "It announces the predestined Asian future of Europe, free from nationalistic narrowness, no longer hemmed in by language boundaries, polyphonically religious, super rich in gods and above all blessedly slowed down, softened by the new warm climate."

This immensely readable novel is particularly interesting to Indian readers for here an Indian character finds such a significant role. In no other contemporary European fiction, such paramountcy has been granted to any other Indian character. Apart from this, Indian point of view, both philosophical and political view-points find a prominent place in this novel.

#### WHITHER TELUGU?

#### Prof. V.V. Ramanadham

Change is the law of life and applies equally to a language and literature as it does to men and nations. It is, however, permissible that we examine the nature of the change and its implications from the intellectual point of view.

This was the central issue that characterised the discussions that took place at the **Chandravati Saraswata Sadassu** during February 27-28, 1999 at Hyderabad. This was the third in the series of such Sadassus undertaken by the Vemuri Chandravati Ramanadham Charitable Trust.

A galaxy of Telugu scholars, including Professors G.V. Subrahmanyam, K. Sampatkumracharya, S.V. Rama Rao, V.V. Ramanadham, Ravva Srihari and Usha Devi, and Mr. Indrakanti Srikanta Sarma and Mr. Akella Suryanarayana, presented prepared papers, on which wide-ranging discussions took place. The topics covered were Modern Poetry, Drama, and Bhasha. Under these heads the deliberations of the Sadassu placed emphasis on the implications of the changes occurring in Telugu writing these days.

While the traditional 'padyam' or poem is receding in popularity, at the hands of the media, it has not gone into oblivion; for the number of persons using this 'prakriya' is still very large over the length and breadth of the Telugu land, as well as among the 'pravasa Andhras'. Yet the more popular 'prakriya' today consists of 'vachana kavitvam' - prose poetry, and it

is claimed by many that this offers itself as a more suitable vehicle for the creation of a poetic piece and that it remedies the difficulty of understanding which allegedly characterises many poems belonging to the older poetry form. coming down from the days of Nannaya. Intense discussions showed that, while in respect of content and diction, clear changes have occurred over time during this century, what with, several 'movement' -driven systems of poetic writing, today's poetic 'prakriya' of the non-padya category, does not necessarily and exclusively possess the qualities of distinction claimed for it. On the other hand, many pointed out, neither was the ease of writing a non-padya verse a blessing in itself from the standpoint of poesy, nor did an average non-padya piece suffer from the quality of being understandable. Any 'movement' -motivated writing stood on a different footing. In fact it is an inevitable development in a situation which demands social change. The literary 'word' gets used, and effectively so, in the course of furthering the movement-oriented objective - e.g., the 'dalit' movement or the feminist or 'streevada' movement. Unless the writer is capable of endowing it with the quality of poetry, its purpose is limited to the kind of intended movement - message; and there is no slight attached to this statement. In fact it achieves its basic objective. The need for such writing cannot be debated, as long as there is a social need for the message implicit in such writing; however, adjudicating it as poetry

would be a different matter.

It was shown, with illustrations even from well-known writers, that several of the writings lacked clarity as well as profundity. The latter, in particular, occurred where a 'movement'-like emotion occupied the writer's mind to the relative, though not exclusive, relegation of the basic nature or purpose of poetry, namely, 'soundrya' and 'hita' or the end of good to mankind, to put it in another way.

The discussions revealed that the 'form' of writing did not matter much, though admittedly a 'chandassu' added to the beauty or 'soundarya' of the piece, as was evidenced by many 'vachana' writings themselves labouring 'antyanuprasa' or even 'prasa'. For the 'mahakavi', Sri Sri, all the virtues characteristic of good poetry exist in abundance, even where he went outside the 'chandassu' mode. Incidentally, there are hundreds of 'chandassus', which are not generally used by writers of poems, in which there exists 'laya' - 'mathra chandassu' in many cases.

The discussions tended to show several things. First, the trend of non-verse or 'apadya' writing has come to stay, as if a law of nature. But by the same token laws of nature will weed out whatever is 'low' from the standpoint of poesy, just as many writings of the 'padya' variety are also whetted by time and reader response. Second, the writer, even of the non-padya prakriya', has to bear in mind that, irrespective of the mode, the basic tenets of good poety must be present; or else, ... Third, while a 'movement' is somewhat partial, however correct, in nature and

coverage, poetry has to reflect the permanent quality of 'soundarya' or 'kavitatma'. What this is, has been under scholarly focus for ages everywhere, the more so in India. That its purpose or quality is 'to move you and to thrill you ...." is not a new discovery: only such a slogan needs proper understanding from the perspective of 'paripakvata; or profundity. Fourth, some of the non-padya writings of today are as good as padya writings from the standpoint of poetic quality; the lack of a well-known metre does not work as a negative factor at all.

Discussions relating to recent developments in 'bhasha' - the style of writing, for example. were equally illuminating. While no one denied the legitimacy of the 'vvavaharika' bhasha, several problems needed to be tackled, though permanent answers could not be hoped for in every case. For example, what is a 'correct' word - 'sishta'? (e.g., 'vilekharudu' or 'vilekaradu'; 'sakaharam' or sakhaharm'?) What is the 'sishta verb form / 'chestundi' 'chestunnadi', 'chestadi', 'chestayundi'. 'chestuddi', 'chettadi', 'chettundu', and so on). To throw a form under the carpet by saying that it is a 'mandalikam' or something else, does not solve the question completely: for the question is: What is the base, against which we term these one way or another? To turn to another issue of style: if, on certain grounds, the 'grammatical' or 'grandhika' style is discarded, what about the highly sanskritised 'prose' writings we come across in the editorials of certain dailies - supposed to be read by the 'masses'? Is it just enough that the verb at the end is diluted, say, from 'chevunu' to 'chestundi' or some form of it.

or 'padamu' is rewritten as 'padam'? Let us watch carefully the speeches of some of our well-known, more competent, Telugu scholars; the end verb is down to earth; but from the beginning to the end the words used and the long phrase constructions are 'traditional' or sanskritised.

The sadassu realised that questions such as these were inherent in current trends in Telugu writing. Perhaps none of them is capable of a fully convincing answer to 'everyone'. One need not be pessimistic about all this; for the trends are such as none can bridle, nor should. The purpose of the above report on the Sadassu is just to show the unending issues relevant to a live literature.

What is more important, is to realise, and with grace and no partisanship, that these issues are inherent in the situation and that neither positions of power nor the strengths of a 'movement' should keep one from recognising the essential forces of nature, from which literature is not exempt.

This Sadassu, like the earlier two, consisted of learned discussants; and the purpose continued to be non-pedestrain discussion of basic issues. The proceedings, as before, will be issued in book form.

#### THE GOLDEN MASTER

#### Harindranath Chattopadhyaya

Grief hath grown silent with its own excess
And will not weep lest it betray his trust.
Even in this dark hour of dire distress
He lights the flame of knowledge through our dust.

Illuminating its blindness wide and far
He glitters from his heaven of deathless grace.
In every speck and stone, in every star
We see the lonely wonder of his Face.

Ignorance rumours that our King departs; Where can he go, O where? the being moans, He who has made rich kingdoms of our hearts And of our thoughts his countless jewelled thrones?

May he forgive our wavering faith, forgive The folly of our doubts whose eyes re dim; How dare we move or breathe except through him? How could we live if he should cease to live?

(This was composed and sung by the author at the shrine of the Ashram soon after the Maha Nirvana of Sri Bhagavan Ramana Maharshi)

# ROBERT KROETSCH - POST - MODERNIST POET

#### A. S. FRANCIS

As a reader, whose habits of perception and evaluation have been conditioned by conventional forms and techniques of poetry, I have been shocked on encountering the new frontiers of frontierlessness of the poetics of the post modern Canadian poet Robert Kroetsch, who seems to be struggling to capture in words the ineffable, the indeterminable and the unidentifiable. I deem it a creative shock, as it has thawed the indolence of complacency and pushed me out of the world of conditioned assents, hypothesis and contingency into a world of unsettling quest. I do not intend to indulge in superstitious veneration or envious malignity, but wish to hold a mirror upto the reactions generated in me on my critically selfconscious encounter with the post modernist poems of Robert Kroetsch, whose literary personality seems to elude final definition.

"Like the resourceful Coyote of Plains Indian Mythology, a figure central to his imagination, Robert Kroetsch is difficult to trap "[1]. He throws away the tight-lipped traditions of social realism and defies the restrictions of conventional forms, as he endeavours in his poetry to discover the 'I', the real being beneath the mirrored images of perception and a form through the metamorphosis of the formless.

In Robert Kroetsch we find a "historical transition .... from a literature which assumed

that it was imitating an order to a literature which assumes that it has to create an order, unique and self-dependent, and possibly attainable only after a critical process called 'decreation' "[2]. He throws away the static ordered mythopoeic world view, which finds its expression in ritualised forms, which has been given literary application in conventional forms. He tries to capture the chaotic dynamism of the complex realities of the world, employing thematic and technical devices like self-reflexivity, sub-version or deidealisation, de-centering, irony, parody, indeterminacy, generic paradoxes and mockseriousness. These thematic and technical devices testify beyond doubt and dispute that Robert Kroetsch is a post-modernist poet.

Robert Kroetsch has shown evident interest in the naked and primary problems of the poetic form. This is conspicuously perceptible in 'The Ledger' and 'Seed Catalogue'. His poems seem to be an epiphany of the problematic relations between language and selfhood.

He has fed his and his people's experiences into the smithy of his alchemising genius. There they have been transmuted. The apparently unfinished products reveal his self and the corporate self of his people. In the introduction to 'Seed Catalogue' Kroetsch says that it is an 'ongoing poem', whereby he artfully implies the suggestive parallel

between self and poem. Each individual poem is the suggestive analogy of an individual self. Each anthology becomes an implicit parallel to the corporate self of his people. He becomes acclaimed as a post-modernist, when we find multiplicity of implications in the same parallels. Each individual poem can be interpreted as the parallel to individual life. The anthology, which he epithetises as an 'ongoing poem' becomes the suggestive symbol of the ongoing phenomenon of life. He seems to be struggling to capture the protean forms of life, reality and self in the protean forms of language.

In 'The Ledger' and 'Seed Catalogue' the 'I' figures prominently. But the 'I' in these poems conforms to Kroetsch only superficially, because we find here only a hooded self. But what leaps off the pages and grapples our attention is the search for an adequate language and the quest for an authentic self. This elusive theme is central to both 'The Ledger' and 'Seed Catalogue'. They contain a veiled examination of the poet's own family's past and his seeking after the personal source. The search for the past and self become incidentally the search for form and language. It is important in this context to note what he declares in 'How I joined the Seal Herd', the final poem of 'Seed Catalogue': "I am / writing this poem with my life". He wants us to understand the absurdity in any notion of that life "as the book of final entry / in which a record is kept" [3].

The double entry, the double column printing of much of the poetry in 'The Ledger' implies the paradox in the attempt

to find a balanced account of oneself. We find Kroetsch involved in the double-sided tale of construction and deconstruction as he enters 'The Ledger'. He gives us the shocking realisation that the entries seldom balance. Wherever he looks, he finds holes. He finds "some pages torn out / by accident" [4]. He tries to fill up by imagining absences. He declares that everything he writes is a search. "a search for the dead", "for some pages remaining". 'The Ledger' becomes the record of his inward journey to his past. He doesn't find his past. He finds only the act of finding. This finding is disquieting, thematically and technically, which transforms 'The Ledger' into a symbol of the metamorphic nature of language and the elusive protean forms of realty. Each entry becomes an ambiguity, Kroetsch, who seeks adequate voice and utterance is caught in a disputed territory, a slippery ground between affirmation and negation - "Yes: no / no: yes"[5]. He tosses us between the columns in 'The Ledger', knocks away notions, causes confusions and them compels us to emerge with new thoughts and to fill the gaps in his text intelligently.

'The Ledger' evokes ancestral voices, which Kroetsch tries to record. In trying to record the ancestral voice, he attempts to speak. His attempt to speak becomes the unstable dialogue between the reality and the rendering, between the fact and the interpretation. In 'The Ledger' we find memory interacting with a document of the past. Memory engages itself in seeking the source. Kroetsch calls this a 'dream of origins'. It is the seedbed of song which he describes in his 'Seed Catalogue':

" His muse is
His muse/if
memory is
and you have
no memory then
no meditation." [6]

The interaction between memory and the document of the past is a baffling transformation of ambiguities. Yet ambiguities remain unresolved. This interaction which is essential to the inner journey, is recorded in 'The Ledger'. Kroetsch acknowledges its effect upon the Orphic passion of eloquence and loss. The alchemising effect of the Orphic passion is seen whin it transforms the very silence of death into magniloquence:

"everything you write my wife, my daughters, said is a search for the dead" [7]

Conspicuously there is indeterminacy in the search, in the finding and in the form in which these two are recorded, and there emerges the elusive literary indentity of Kroetsch as a post-modernist.

Robert Kroetsch who attempts to deconstruct the images of the records in the 'The Ledger' is a pure post-modernist. We find him trying to put back logs, which used Ifor building the cabins of the early settlers, iinto "the original forests." His insistence on relieving the experience of "the confusion again/the chaos", on "marrying the terror" is equite evident. It is reflected in the language the uses. This descent into the destructuring

element is recurrent in Kroetsch's works. "How I joined the Seal Herd" in 'Seed Catalogue' gives evidence of this. His flight back to the sea, which he honestly records in this poem, carries rich echoes and associations of this destructuring trend, which is characteristically post modern.

The pre occupation with the inability of language in capturing and containing reality is a characteristic of post-modernism. The disquieting paradox of the defeat of language occurs in Kroetsch's writings. In 'Seed Catalogue' we get his stunning assertion: "We silence words/by writing them down."

In 'Seed Catalogue' we get Kroetsch's dominant question: "How do you grow a poet?" The answer is implied in the seed time described in the poem. The seed time extends from his childhood to the present. If we want evidence of the post-modern technique of a meditation through memory upon the making of an imagination, the ten related sections of 'Seed Catalogue' offer it. The 'Seed Catalogue' is a metaphoric field. Here Kroetsch assembles the myths of seeding. decay and renewal. The poet seems to be preoccupied with a large conflict. The conflict is between the closed structures of the agrarian myths and the shamanistic role of the poet. For the shamanistic role he seems to prepare by adopting the techniques of innovation, elaboration and boundlessness. What is laudably remarkable is that his poetry is open in form. In 'Seed Catalogue' and 'The Ledger' there are no defined boundaries of genres. Prose fades into poetry gracefully and poetry weds prose in harmonious transfusion.

In 'Seed Catalogue' slightly varying questions are repeated: "But how do you grow a lover?" "How do you grow a prairie town?", "How do you grow a past ....?, "But how do you grow a poet", "How/do you grow a garden?". These variants are like the different coloured strands, which appear, disappear and reappear in the loom, finally emerging as a pattern. Here the pattern moves from the gardener to the garden. The flights of the lover and the poet complicate it. In this movement from the gardener to the garden, the mother's request: "Bring me the radish seeds" is repeated but evaded. It is noteworthy that her garden is the particular "locus" which stands in repudiation of the boundlessness of the hyperbolic story in 'Seed Catalogue'. Normally the description of a garden assumes a halo of romance. Here it is divested of that. This we find even in the lack-lustre presentation of the image of a home place, which occurs in the first and last sections of 'Seed Catalogue':

"No trees around the house.
Only the wind.
Only the January snow.
Only the summer sun.
The home place:
a terrible symmetry."

The mention of the double realm of winter and summer is in the postmodernist vein. It offers an enigma of identity. The post modernist poet seeks a 'terrible beauty' through a 'terrible symmetry' of language.

"No.176 - Copenhagen Cabbage: "This new introduction, strictly speaking, is in every respect a thoroughbred, a cabbage of highest

pedigree, and is creating considerable flurry among professional gardeners all over the world. [8]

Peter Thomas, who has done a deep study on the imaginative process of Kroetsch, which is as deceptive as Hemingway's allusive simplicity, tells us that in the lines given above we can find "the language of flight, expressing the wishful, hyperbolic dreams of winter kitchens".[9] The dreams of winter kitchens may be characteristically Canadian. But who else other than a post-modernist poet like Robert Kroetsch can present the hyperbolic dreams in the lustreless language of a piece of advertisement and yet make the description assume an unidentifiable grandeur? Normally we find poetry wrapped in the mist of metaphysical mystification. But here Robert Kroetsch divests poetry of that and he makes the muse embrace even the language of the advertiser and the accountant. "A tension between the language of acceptance and familiar meaning and that of storied enlargement is at work throughout 'Seed Catalogue' and remains intrinsic to Kroetsch's narrative methods elsewhere. "[10]. In the second poem in 'Seed Catalogue' the language of the storied enlargement of the vegetable assumes a moral grandeur. The dry advertisement is spiced with a piece of preaching: "Virtue is its own reward." This provokes a sardonic laughter. In the characteristic post-modernist mode the poet makes us think as he provokes a laughter without mirth. An antisong characteristically post-modernist. In section 4 of "Seed Catalogue" Kroetsch gives an antisong, as he defines the town as a series of absences. There are no features of the personal or collective past in this town. Here through the post modernist technique of negation Kroetsch effects paradoxically an affirmation. If we look for a deflationary story unravelled in unlyrical, sardonic, dislocated language, the following passage is sample enough:

"The Gopher was the model Stand up straight: telephone poles grain elevators church steeples vanish, suddenly: the gopher was the model, "[11]

In the seventh section of 'Seed Catalogue' we get a confessional note. Kroetsch describes a night out with A1 purdy. Here we get the male/female imaginative tension. We find the demythifying hammer of the deconstructivist heavily banging at the hallowed myths of propriety and decorum. The concluding part of the section depicts the parable of male grain iloquence being punctured by a woman. The poetic genius of Kroetsch is found here involved in construction through deconstruction.

In the final two sections of 'Seed Catalogue' we find the consciousness of past and present appearing as an intricately woven pattern of recurrence. Kroetsch uses a startling metaphor from his family history. There are a 'terrible symmetry' and a stirring irony in his veiled allusion to the death of his cousin who died on a bombing mission over Cologne in 1943. He employs metaphors of planting and recurrence. The phrasal repetition enhances the effect:

"The danger of merely living.

a shell/exploding in the black sky: a strange planting a bomb/exploding in the earth: a strange man/falling on the city. killed him dead."

Conventional norms of poetic rhythm and symmetry of poetic language are exploded here. But the force of the images emerges through the unconventional lines.

Even conventional norms and concepts of propriety are shattered when the 'She' becomes "the holy shit mother" described in 'Meditation on Tom Thomson'. The myths of Demeter and Aphrodite are deconstructed and then synthesized in the post-modernist deconstructivist-mode. A new myth, ironically, emerges as Kroetsch describes the "holy shit mother". The elements of legendary awe around this myth as we find the "holy shit mother" sending forth her sons on Icarian fligts of 'forgetfulness' and she herself remaining to guard memory and time.

In 'Seed Catalogue' we have the documentation of pieces of advertisement. But quite in the post-modernist mode, it assumes an aura of fancy; it moves into phantasy: it touches reality at poignant junctures.

In the 'The Ledger' there is imaginative descent through time. Re-invited family past becomes the means for the imaginative descent. From the bounds of time and space, the descent is into a shamanistic dream song.

Our acclamation of Robert Kroetsch as a post-modernist poet is justified as we critically analyse the characteristic concerns of Robert Kroetsch as a poet. We can recapitulate his characteristic concerns as : (1) the obsessive search for source, which he unravels in the "dream of origins"; (2) the duality of perception which he discloses in the double kingdom of winter/summer and in the male/ female hegemonies of underworld and vegetation; (3) the Orphic motif of descent, which he divulges in the motion of entry into chaos; (4) the structures of language of shaministic dream. These thematic devices and technical peculiarities help us to ascertain the poetic identity of Robert Kroetsch as a post-modernist.

#### NOTES:

- 1. Peter Thomas, Robert Kroetsch, (Vancouver: Douglas & Meintyre, 1980) p.1
- Frank Kermode, The sense of an Ending (New York, Oxford University Press, 1967) p.167
- 3. Robert Kroetsch, The Ledger, (London, Ontario: Applegarth Follies, 1975) (a)
- 4. Ibid
- 5. Ibid (b)
- Robert Kroetsch, Seed Catalogue, (Winnipeg: Turnstone Press, 1977) p.29
- 7. Robert Kroetsch, The Ledger, (London, Ontario: Applegarth Follies, 1975) (a)
- 8. Robert Kroetsch, Seed Catalogue (Winnipeg: Turnstone Press, 1977) p.1
- Peter Thomas, Robert Kroetsch, (Vancouver: Douglas & Meintyre, 1980) p.1
- 10. Ibid p.25
- 11. Robert Kroetsch, Seed Catalogue (Winnipeg: Turnstone Press, 1977) p.11

# WHY?

#### K.M. Kale

Why make such a noise
When silence is your very soul
Why bondage to sweet sounds
When liberation is the only goal?

Why look for beauty in the face Or in some piece of fine art When true beauty is that of love The love that is your very heart? Why look for happiness in things Which your hands or brain create When it eternally dwells within Which nothing can mar or make? Why hate anyone or anything That is not to our taste
Why the little energy we have
In anger and frowns waste?

Why should we cry so hoarse Against the immorality of the times When we generously forgive Hundreds of our own crimes?

Why such pride of knowledge Which leads but to confusion And an endless chattering Without any rhyme or reason?

# HOW DO I .....

#### S. Samal

How do I measure the neatness of my form and expression the exact pecise curve of my words and idiom how much the stuff is real and human? Whether my voice is heard or ignored my message received and understood and how I do reach out to poeple and audience of course. I have no means like radar or seismograph to read and register the pulse and vibration.

I wrestle daily
with the intractable
material and medium,
hack my nerve and tendon
how do I know
how fertile or futile

is the quest or game?
Yet, I scribble and sign
on the vast blank
page of the universe
for something irresistible
and unknowable
moves and goads me
spurs, and ropels me
so I write,
live and levitate

for writing is being
and becoming
to create is to procreate
not mere words or language
but life and legend
leavened by insight and experience

It is blind as love hypnotic as music pre-ordained as destiny intense and agonising as birth and dying.

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# SWARNA BHARATI - A PERSPECTIVE

#### Dr. B. SREE RAMA MURTY

In 1947, only 5 percent of the population had a satisfactory living. Beneath this lay a sea of poverty, comprising about 300 million people by then. Low income, preventable disease, premature death and illiteracy were some existing realities. Even today, the number of poor did not come down but increased to 320 million, since the total population in all these years has gone three fold. The four I's, namely, Indigence, Illiteracy, Insanitation and Isolation prevail. The socio-economic system continues to generate poverty and the political structure is either colluding or helpless about it. The disastrous drift of young from our resource rich rural interior to the ill serviced cities and towns is directly related to the kind of education they receive, which equips them neither to use their hands nor head. Even today India has more malnourished and illiterate persons than any other country. Problems of any nature do not directly affect the 20 percent of population, the traders, industrialists, politicians and civil servants, big farmers and top professionals. The present stage of economic administration represents ambiguous social philosophy which makes the government weep for the poor and prop the rich. It is a mockery of social justice that people who are willing to work do not find jobs in public or private sector.

A time has come to transform the role and function of the government to depart away from some of its powers to local administration. The 73rd and 74th amendments to the

Constitution devolving responsibilities and powers to the district administration and local bodies are a belated step in a right direction.

Let us examine the position in a few crucial areas like Agriculture, Industry and Science and Technology:

# Agriculture :

India lives mainly in villages which are around 5,75,000. The village remains the basic unit of Indian society and 70 percent of the population is rural, which constitutes the back bone of agricultural economy. Today it accounts for one thirds of the national income and two thirds of the work force. Agricultural economy has witnessed profound changes during the past 50 years. The problems of rural unemployment and poverty broadly correspond to the agriculture scenario in the country. The post independent development strategy has over looked this sector. As such during the second and third plans, there is a decline in the public sector outlay on agriculture, which has been one of the main reasons for the agricultural crisis during the sixties. There is a better performance from fourth plan onwards, as the growth benefits have been drawn from non-agricultural outputs. The effect of the green revolution continued in the seventies. Food grain production has shown a growth rate of nearly 2.2 percent in 95-96.

From time immemorial, India has prospered when Gods of rain smiled. India's

surface and ground water resources, if fully exploited, would irrigate half of its cultivated area.

The application of modern technology increased crop output. The high yielding varieties of seeds for the commercial cultivation of wheat and rice have given a sharp rise in the yield in a short span. The other factors associated with agriculture, like animal husbandry, poultry and fisheries could go a long way in reducing unemployment. Thus, agriculture can offer considerable scope for attaining self sufficiency in food and removing unemployment and poverty.

Due to partition, India lost much of its irrigated land in north west as well as in east. From first to eighth five year plans, 62,000 crores were invested on irrigation and flood control works. There is an increase of 17.1 percent of irrigated area during the eight plans. Major irrigation projects adversely affect forest cover, salinity and increase susceptibility of the region to earth quakes and also cause problems of rehabilitation. Thus future growth of irrigation will have to revolve around minor irrigation works, which may face limited ground water recharge. Surface minor irrigation schemes like tank irrigation through water shed management approach is an alternative to be explored. A bill on the ground water law would mitigate some problems.

The effect of I.C.A.R. and its centres spread all over the country along with 21 agricultural universities in different states, paid handsome dividends in absorbing, diffusing and improving the agricultural technology.

However, raising yields in rain-fed unirrigated areas has remained far from satisfactory. Now both land and water are scarce. A technology breakthrough in the dry land farming technique is a major need. The new vistas opened up by researches in Bio-technology like genetic engineering and tissue culture can help break this stalemate. Moreover since Bio-technology is environment-friendly, it can contribute significantly in regenerating degraded environment. Thus the future of agricultural growth and development crucially hinges on the priorities accorded to research in Biotechnology.

### Industry:

The Industrial economy of pre independent era was geared to the requirements of imperial and colonial interests. After independence, the government had set up industrial enterprises in several areas, the public sector was envisaged, as the private sector had no resources and skills. This public sector expanded and came to operate on core and heavy industries as well as several consumer goods industries, service oriented areas, external trade and infrastructure for agriculture. The public sector did well in segments like petroleum, steel, coal, power generation, fertilisers and petrochemical. However its overall performance became a matter of concern due to various factors. The services managed by government are notable for their unmanageable size than for technical efficiency or service quality. At the same time very little space is left to the private sector and foreign investors, which are overrun with regulations and controls.

The second five year plan provided broad frame work for industrial development. The PSUs as was envisaged, would generate enough investible surplus and protect public welfare. But it failed in both.

The industrial policy of 1956 created three distinct schedules of industry a) public sectors b) private and public sector undertakings and c) consumer good industries. The role of the private sector participants was very limited. The need for reform in PSU arises from the fact that government does not have budgetary resources to continue subsidising the loss making units. Initial efforts of liberalisation were made in 1975 in basic drugs, machine tools etc. In 1980, large industrial houses were allowed to avail the facilities of expansion. Although the liberalisation was partial, it led to better performance, as the rate of capital formation increased to 21 percent, improving productivity. This was further modified in 1990, to take liberation further and the economy picked up significantly. However, the small scale industries were not taken care of. Direct foreign investment is now permitted virtually in every sector and in the coming years, foreign firms may even dominate the core sectors like telecommunications, power and transport.

Liberalisation has given an opportunity to both industry and consumers to internet optimally in the market. Exports have gone up and revenues have accrued to the government. Consumer demographics have changed in the last few years. The emergence of middle class for major consumption territory vastly improved the market conditions. For most of the new generation entrepreneurs, India has become

an exciting destination for a variety of reasons like the size of the market, less expensive labour and vast skill base.

# Science & Technology:

The Scientific tradition of India dates back to ancient and medieval times, during which unparallel advances in mathematics, astronomy, metallurgy, and medical sciences took place and this golden era lasted till 12th century. Subsequently the pace slowed down due to external aggressions and internal feuds, repressions due to foreign rule. Subsequent developments in Europe and elsewhere stole over the march. The scientific culture remained dormant till the turn of this century.

The Indus valley civilisation places evidences of techniques of town planning. metallurgy medicine and surgery. The feudalistic structure prevailing there-after resulted in a period of scientific stagnation. Irrational thinking, superstition and ritualistic practices marred the glorious scientific traditions of the past. When scientific and industrial revolutions took place in west, India appears to have hardly responded to the sweeping changes. The British did develop science and technology, but basically to cater to their commercial interests only. Notable achievements are concept of small-pox vaccination, textile, steel and paper technology which were abrogated by British to serve their interest back home. The British have also setup a number of scientific organisations such as Survey, Meteorological observatories, Geological Survey, Archaeological Survey. Botanical and Zoological Survey and Agricultural research.

The real Indian awakening of modern science came around 1875, when Mahendralal Sircar founded Indian Association for Cultivation of Science (IACS) in Calcutta. This produced great scientific minds like C.V. Raman, S.K. Mitra, S.N. Bose, M.N. Saha, P.C. Ray and J.C. Bose.

Indian science scaled to new heights with the work of C.V. Raman and particular works of S.N. Bose, an outstanding theoretical physicist, which led to the so called Bose-Einstein statistics in the behaviour of elementary particles of nature. The works of Srinivas Ramanujam and the engineering feats of M. Viswesvarayya led to self reliance in executing large complex projects of dams, irrigation schemes, power production etc. By 1947, nine Indian scientists have been elected to the prestigious Fellowship of Royal Society of London. The coveted Nobel prize to C.V. Raman in 1930 was an ample proof for the fact that Indian science is once again on the world map and its practitioners are at par with world calibre.

The post independent era saw the emergence of organised research and technology in Indian industry. Credit for this goes to visionaries like Jawaharlal Nehru and eminent architects of science in modern India like H.J. Bhabha and S.S. Bhatnagar. The country owes it to these eminent men for the net work of research institutions, the scientific man power, the industrial infra-structure and technological base that exists today and the remarkable achievements in the fields of atomic energy, space technology and defence.

The western medicine or allopathy was introduced in India during colonial times, which has supplemented the rich heritage of indigenous medical system. A major success in recent times is the eradication of small-pox. The thrust is towards primary health care, health of mother and child and family welfare programmes, universal immunisation against six major killer diseases diphtheria, cholera, typhoid, tuberculosis, pertussis and polio.

One of the more recent ambitious programmes has been the national programme on super-conductivity. Other major areas are oceanography, non-conventional and renewable sources of energy, bio-technology and environment. The Indian personality is giving way to a new self confidence among the young, which was not seen some thirty years ago as such, the future of scientific achievements will be quite safe in the hands of new generations.

# Epilogue:

The darkest hour is before the dawn as such the tasks before us are very clear. India's population of 840 million in 1991 is estimated to reach 1260 million by 2016. Compared to 1961, this accounts to adding three more Indias by then. We will surpass China by then and there will be large population imbalance between north and south. To pin hopes on family planning alone is unrealistic and the need is for a proper education in the direction. By 2025, India will have the highest number of mega cities in Asia. Slum life and crime rate are likely to increase and many may exist in each Megan city. Certain constructive programmes towards basic education,

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sanitation, health and hygiene, peaceful coexistence of various communities have to be undertaken. Youth have to be liberated from bonds of desperation and despondency. The process of development should be made participative. The promise to "end poverty, disease and inequality of opportunity" should be fulfilled. Elimination of hunger, illiteracy, unemployment, protection of environment and preservation of bio-diversity are to be taken on war-footing by government and the society as well.

But it cannot exist without the freedom to dissent and due tolerance must be shown to healthy and constructive criticism. One great danger to democracy is the tendency the party or the state with an individual or a charismatic personality and attribute to him qualities of infallibility - Such a danger will not be there in countries, where democracy has taken deep roots and people have acquired high degree of political alertness. A climate of discipline is

the most essential factor for the functioning of democracy. Need for adherence to ethical norms by individuals holding high offices cannot be over emphasized. All power is like a trust and should be wielded with great care and caution. Another danger we face is the attempt to politicalize the public services. Particularly at the state level, hypothecation of faculties as well as servile subservience to the political bosses is a malady. The so called civil servants then will be neither civil nor servants. The success of democracy does not depend on a well drafted, nobly worded provisions of Constitution, but depends in the final analysis on the way the system is worked. That is the real "SWARAJ".

# THE SUNRISE

# B.V.R. Kiran

Pierced through the snowy pearls of night, the string of a ray,

A golden hand that held the world before in a sway.
Around the land, it rolled and rolled,
Shattering at once, the darkness of the world.
T's the hand of His, who peeps through the skies,
In whose eyes, the fruit of Morrow lies.
Stepped he, like a hope, dressed in gold

To enrapture the grief which life may enfold, And coloured the world with his hands of light As does in grief, a smile of delight. The beauty won the heart of my eyes Oh!! it's a great art of "The Sun Rise" To sketch golden flowers on silver streams, And in sinking hearts, moving dreams!

# SIMILARITIES BETWEEN BHAVAI OF GUJARAT AND SOME FOLKART FORMS OF ANDHRA PRADESH

#### DR. SAI PRASAD ALAHARI

In our country most of the regions have their own folkart traditions. These are spontaneous expressions of people. One such tradition is our folk theatre. Each region in our country has its own folk theatre tradition handed down by earlier generations. Prominent among them are Nautanki of Uttar Pradesh, Tamasha of Maharshtra, Maach of Madhya Pradesh. Swang of Punjab, Veedhi Natakam of Andhra Pradesh, Teru Koothu of Tamil Nadu and Bhavai of Gujarat.

The term "Bhavai" in Gujarat signifies a form of entertainment characteristic by narration, dialogue, lyrics, farce and drama.

Scholars contend that Bhavi must have originated as a ritual to propitiate 'Shakti' and took the shape of a folk form. (Sudha Desai, 1972 and Uma Shankar Joshi, 1972). Some of their arguments are based on the fact that Bhavai performances are held mostly on festival days dedicated to goddesses like Amba and Bahucharaji. Poet Asait who lived during 14th century is believed to be the father of this tradition. The legend says that Asait was excommunicated by his community for rescuing a Patidar girl from soldiers, claiming that she is his own daughter. It is significant that an excommunicated Brahmin created folk form to entertain the people belonging to the lower strata of the society. Umashankar Joshi opines that Asait might have consolidated an already existing tradition and given it a new form Kapila Vastyayan had this to say about **Bhavai** "We find that into the making of **Bhavai** have entered many few factors, all seeingly exclusive, belonging to different social levels and artistic streams and mutually conflicting, but in the new form they were all assimilated to create a new form", (Vastayan, Kapila 1980). Asait who belonged to Siddhpur in North Gujarat is said to have composed more than 360 **Bhavai vesh**. Most of the earlier and several contemporary **Bhavai** artists who happen to be Kayaks and Bhojaks of Targala community, belong to the same region. However '**Bhavai**' is not restricted neither to that region nor to that community.

Bhavai as a folk form flourished in Gujarat till recently. And even now it attracts considerable crowds in rural areas of Gujarat.

Bhavai, a simple but expressive form of folk play blends narration, dialogue, humour and mimicry. It presents several independent episodes called 'Vesh' one after another. Vesh means costume but here the part stands for the whole i.e episode. Each of these acts has its own plot and dramaturgy. Duration and number of characters vary from Vesh to Vesh. Each Bhavai performance consists of several such 'Vesh'. But there are no fixed number of Vesh to a performance. It largely depends on the repertoire of the Bhavayya troupe' and the preference of the audiences.

Bhavai is generally performed in the open air either in the courtyard of a temple or a village (Chora), with very little paraphernalia. No stage is needed, nor any curtains required, because most of the change overs are brought about by suggestion.

A couple of musical instruments and some colourful costumes are the only requirements for a successful **Bhavai** performance. The performances commence generally in the evening and come to an end late in the night.

Bhavai performances used to follow a pattern. As a beginning, Nayak, the leader of the Bhavayya troupe draws a circular line on the ground with castor oil which demarcates the arena. They believe that this will keep the evil spirits at bay. Spectators sit around the circle. A bearer with a lighted mashal stands on one side. The mashal provides the lighting for the performance. Some say that the torch symbolises the Devi (Jwalamukhi). Navak applies vermilion to the mashal and the mashal bearer. Flower petals are showered on the musical instruments, artists, and audiences. After that the Nayak signals the commencement Bhavai of accompaniment of Bhungals, Pakhawaj and Cymbals. The shrill and sharp notes of a pair of Bhungals herald the Bhavai performances. This is followed by Devi stuti rendered by Bavayyas.

Then the nayak by invoking Ganapati announces the entry of Ganesha. Ganesha enters holding a brass plate marked with trishul or swasthika against his face and dancing to the accompaniment of music. Lord Ganesha blesses the crowd and exits.

Next entry is of 'Kalika' who looks ferocious in a gaudy costume. Kalika blesses the admirers and patrons of Bhavai. Kalika then curses the detractors of Bhavai and withdraws'

The third entry is of a brahmin. This character is a ploy to ridicule Brahmins by presenting their mannerisms in an exaggerated fashion.

These are the preliminaries which most of the *Bhavai* troupes observe. Then onwards different episodes are enacted one by one. Each character in a *Vesh* is introduced by 'Avanu'. Dramatically 'Avanu' is very significant. The introductory remarks of Nayak, the pitch of the musical notes, the pace of the dance with which the character makes its entry, create a mood and instantaneously provides a preview of the character's personality. Usually in conventional theatre it takes several incidents and dialogues to establish the nature of a character but in *Bhavai* it is achieved in a couple of minutes.

Music and dance are used in *Bhavai*, to enhance the dramatic effect of the performance.

Bhungals, Pakhawaj and symbals are the essential instruments used in Bhavai. Bhungals are a pair of long horn like instruments. They give out shrill notes with one or two variations. One of them is high pitched while the other has a low pitch. Pakhawaj is a percussion instrument. Cymbals are metallic instruments which produce resonant sound and are used to keep time.

Some troupes use Harmonium and a Ravan hatho, a crude type of violin. In addition to accompanying the Gavayyas the instrumentalists also provide background music. Ragas and Talas used in Bhavai resemble Hindustani style but they are executed in a particular way which is typical of Bhavai.

Dance plays a vital role in **Bhavai**. It helps establish the personality of the characters. Each act in **Bhavai** commences and concludes with dance. Dance connects the incidents and helps in change-overs. Some scholars opine that the dance employed in **Bhavai** is similar to Kathak (Sudha Desai, 1972).

Bhavai is essentially an oral tradition. Only some of the compositions are recorded. During the initial days most of the themes of Bhavai were from Epics and mythology. Among the mythological themes, Ram-Lakshman, Shankar-Parvathi, Kanha-Gopi are very well known. Over the years Bhavai acquired several other legendary themes into its repertoire. Some of them are "Jasma-Odan" (Siddharaj Jayasingh covets Jasma and kills her worker husband. Jasma curses him that his capital city will be razed to the ground and a mausoleum will come up at the site of his palace.), "Sadhra-Jesang" (Sidhharaj fights with Rai Khegar and kills him. His wife while committing 'Sati' curses that Siddharaj will die childless.), "Ratna-Hamir" (It is a famous love story which has a tragic end). There are other 'Vesh' which belong to the period when Muslims ruled over Gujarat region, like "Pathan-Bhamini", "Zenda-Zhulan", and "Chel Batav-Lal Batav". Some

of these acts depict the socio-political conditions of those times. Some others deal with common experiences of characters one comes across in rural India. Typical among them are Bania (Trader), Kansaro (Tinker), Sarania (Knife Sharpener), Dari (Tailor) and Maniaro (Bangle seller). Such acts provide the audience with an opportunity to peep into the lives of craftsmen and artisans and also give them a chance to laugh at their expense. Most of the themes of Bhavai Vesh are thin and simple, but they are made attractive and presentable by punctuating them with acrobatics, tricks and jokes. Bhavai performances are dominated by humour and satire, though all the "Rasas" are represented. In addition to the humour provided by the characters themselves, 'Ranglo', the Jester, entertains the audience during the interludes with his wisecracks, horseplay and critical comments. Some troupes have a female character named 'Rangli', as a partner to 'Ranglo'. Using his wits as a facade Ranglo ventures to comment on society in such a way that the message invariably reaches the audience. Social comment and criticism form an integral part of Bhavai. Some of the acts like "Achooth", and "Kajodo" are in fact attempts to chide people. 'Achooth' brings out the inhumanity in the barbaric practice of untouchability, while 'Kajodo' highlights the irrationality underlying the child marriages. Through judicious use of satire and sarcasm Bhavai tries to persuade people to introspect. The ingenuity of Bhavai lies in the way the message is conveyed, without making it appear as sermonising. The not so rigid structure of Bhavai allows the performers to improvise and imbibe contemporaniety. The performers who are adept at modifying the language and presentation to suit the audiences of different places and times take full advantage of this flexibility. Thus *Bhavai* with its spontaniety and contemporaniety endeared itself to the masses.

Bhavai which started as a religious ritual gradually acquired the features of a peoples' art, drawing its sustenance from the life styles of rural folk. This shift from religious to secular plane was responsible for the vitality, variety in content and wider appeal of Bhavai.

Bhavai though considered as a pastime of rural folk, was and continues to be relevant socially in more ways than one. While picking up themes from contemporary life, Bhavai attempts to mirror the social life at a micro level. It reflects contemporary literary, social and political trends.

The earlier artists used to borrow from the contemporary literary works. Compositions of Kabir, Meera. Tulsidas and many other saint poets have been used by *Bhavai* performers, thus serving a useful purpose. At a time when there were no mass media and when the literature was not accessible to the masses, these performers used to bring the philosophy and wisdom in the literature to the masses in a language and manner which is comprehensible to them. In fact these performers were playing the roles of interpreters.

Inspite of the overwhelming presence of modern media *Bhavai* is still popular and continues to be a living medium in rural Gujarat because of its contemporanety, vitality

and credibility.

Shri Uma Shankar Joshi (former Chairman, Kendriya Sahitya Academy) said "The contemporary dramatist has much to adopt from the *Bhavai* technique". This is precisely the reason why mass media planners started adopting *Bhavai* format for social campaigns.

Having described the salient features of Bhavai an attempt is now made to discuss the similarities between *Bhavai* and some folk forms of Andhra Pradesh.

Only those similarities between the forms which have something to do with contemporaneity and social education are taken into consideration.

It has been observed that a few folk forms of Andhra Pradesh share some features with *Bhavai*. Notable among them is 'VALAKAM'. This form is considered as a fore runner to the present street theatre. An impromptu performance, it is used to expose the hypocrisy and exploitative nature of those who belong to the higher strata of the rural society. It is said that *Valakam* was once very popular in the north coastal districts of Andhra Pradesh (Krishna Murthy, R., 1970).

Hall mark of the form was its spontaneity. The intending performers plan the entire performance in few minutes. These performances used to take place on some festive occasions when residents of the entire village gather around a shrine. The performers, who are otherwise ordinary villagers mimic those people who exploit the

villagers in various ways. They pick up people like the village money lender, land lord, village official and petty trader for their attack and expose their exploitative ways in a satirical way. The attack is never direct nor do they take names. The portrayal itself suggests the person under attack.

The religious occasion gives the performers the licence to criticise and they used to take full advantage of it. Apparently 'Valakam' is performed to entertain the people but in reality the performers express the shared but repressed feelings of the entire village.

Another form called "PAGATI VESHALU" was in vogue in Andhra Pradesh, Mikkillineni Radhakrishna Murty traces its origins to "BAHURUPAM" which was in existence as early as in 13th century (Joga Rao, 1970). The content of this form happens to be mythological. But to entertain people the performers put on the costumes of the local land lords, village officials and traders and the like. By imitating the mannerisms and using the satire they try to taunt the exploiters. Even in this form the attack is never direct. It is so subtle that the targeted person is forced to introspect.

"VEEDHI NATAKAM" otherwise known as "VEEDHI BHAGOTHAM" is yet another popular theatre form of Andhra Pradesh which has some similarities with Bhavai. The performers of Veedhi natakam especially Sutradhara and Vidushaka through their exchanges translate and convey the essence of Mythological episodes and puranic Literature which is otherwise inaccessible to the people due to factors like illiteracy.

Vidushaka in Veedhi Natakam is almost like "Ranglo" in Bhavai. He keeps getting in and out of the play at his will. Often he becomes an observer of the proceedings and at times he plays the role of an interpreter. Like Ranglo some times Vidhushaka of Veedhi Natakam also ventures into social criticism.

All the above theatre forms have something in common i.e the flexibility.

Irrespective of their origins and categories to which they belong, these are forms served some useful and socially relevant purposes.

Performers of both *Bhavai* and *Veedhi*Natakam used to act as "CONDUITS"
through which the essence of existing literature flowed to the masses. These art forms made the otherwise inaccessible literary works accessible to the masses through their interpretations.

Another common feature found in all these art forms is the social criticism. The objective is to create social awareness among the people and to sensitise them to social issues.

Performers of these art forms used to play yet another socially significant role. Not by design but by coincidence. When the performers comment on the social inequalities and the exploitative nature of those who belong to the higher strata, they were in fact giving vent to the repressed feelings of the entire audience. The whole gathering (barring a couple of people) shared these feelings. While those in the audience as individuals neither had the courage nor the liberty to be critical, the performers had the licence to do

it. As the episodes [1] progresses the audience also participate in it vicariously. Through this process the performers were helping the audiences to get cathartic release even if it is only for a short duration.

That could be one of the factors responsible for the unique relationship that exists between the masses and the folk art forms.

Shri Uma Shankar Joshi once said that the contemporary dramatist has much to adapt and adopt from the *Bhavai* technique. This statement holds good for all the folk forms as well. Scholars of folk forms and theatre must come forward to help the Media Planners in evolving ways of utilising the folk forms in the interest of the nation.

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# RELIGION

# B. Ramesh Babu

Discipline, the key note of religion relentless prayer and sharing with God Daily, day in and day out
One can experience His beaming light.

Trouble always come in bundles,
At times leaves the man in delusion
Makes him to lean on to God
God has a purpose, a plan for every person

Praying fervently and striving hard Relentless prayer and penitence Pouring forth our troubles at His feet Solution can be attained, thereof

Troubles are indeed, a moulding clay courage, persevence will help to win over.

# AN ARRIVAL AUSPICIOUS

#### V. Lalitha Kumari

Interest widening their lotus eyes
The comely wives of the Sakya king
Found therein beautiful bowers.
Thick-set bushes of lovely flowers.

Feasting her eyes on the pleasant sights
The queen relaxed after a strenuous ride
There she espied a mango tree
That spread its branches far and wide.

She ordered the chariot to a halt: As her maids lent their loving support, Her face aglow with a kindly smile, She alighted with her sister sweet.

With soft rosy hands she pressed to her breast A tender twig of a mango plant That filled the air with odours fragrant And planted a honeyed kiss on it.

Seeing which her sister smiled
And wondered how gracious would be
The son of such a merciful mother,
Anon the queen showed signs of labour.

On the grounds of pious Lumbini Inside a groove of mango saplings In a canvas cottage beautiful The queen gave birth to a lovely boy.

Like an epic immortal born of thought sublime From the blessed womb of the noble queen Was born such a bewitching beauty As could enthrall the entire world.

In that auspicious moment when he arrived The earth was thrilled, oceans swelled; The skies cleared, the sun brightened The morning breeze gently moved.

The welcome signs at the child's birth
Filled the mother's heart with joy and mirth
The earth and heaven were brought together
In a bond heard of never before.

A proudly standing 'palasa' plant Bowed with its boughs towards the babe It was like a canopy, of white silk made Set up by gods to provide him shade.

The One that in the Upanishads praised Was at that moment in Lumbini grounds He who lights up the Vedic lore Appeared in swathes by his mother's side.

Swayed by the gentle western winds, Flowering plants sent down showers; The bees that were made heady by honey Sang in abandon in Lumbini.

The waters of the nearby brook O'er flowed to kiss the infant's feet That were liquid-soft, shapely and lovely, Like the new-born lotuses in pond.

The parrot couples on the trees around Talked in whispers along themselves; About the baby's cherubic cheeks That glowed in all the pink of health.

The sight of the son overwhelmed the mother,
The milk of love spilled from her breasts
Her emotions flowed from her eyes
She felt a thrill that roused her heart.
Like divine benediction, like desires' blossom
Like a heaven at hand, a treasure preserved.
Like the Kalpaka tree, Like Fortune's favour,
Beamed the babe beside his mother.

# D.C. CHANBIAL'S 'A POEM': A SYMBOLISTIC VIEW

AN ARRIVAL ALSPICIALS

(After reading Dr. G.D. Barche's excellent analysis in Triveni, 66:3)

#### K.V. Rama Rao

'A Poem' is a wonderful depiction of the present-day life, an overview of the whole world, a summing up of twenty centuries of human growth and civilisation. It is a comprehensive picture in broken images and half expressed symbols. The beauty is in the suggestion. The poem is rich in allusion too. It ends on a note of optimism, unlike W.B. Yeat's "The Second Coming".

of the whole poem - whether stated explicitly or suggested implicitly. Water, being a life-sustaining element, is a symbol of life itself. Without water there is no life. In fact, 80% of blood is water. A Poem is no poem if we do not realise the full potential of water in it. Human civilisations flourished on the banks of rivers and on the coasts of seas. The poem is structured on 'Water', the water of divine grace . Sand, glaciers, floods, blood, mud, lake, draw and "parched" brain - all are related to water directly. Even the word 'SOS' in the last line relates indirectly to water, it being a signal / call for help of stranded sailors at sea.

At one level lines 3-5 refer to three geographical regions (the deserts, the polar regions and the plains). Thus, embracing the whole earth, but from a different angle, they also show, symbolically, the heroic side of the poet-speaker, the saviour-man. He has seen life, he has suffered and he has conquered. Though "sand-dunes, glaciers, floods" (all

overwhelming and destructive forces) flow in his blood, he is able to say 'Come. I'll be by you".

The world sinking into the mid of Lethe suggests: (a) a regression (Lethe being the river of forgetfulness in ancient Greek mythology) and (b) the mud of modern comforts and the forgetfulness of the drunk. People all over the world are busy drowning their difficulties in drink, sinking Lethe-ward.

Boisterous lake is full. Who will draw from it?

In all walks of life, boisterous and noisy activity is uppermost. Those who indulge in sound and fury are in the limelight. The poet hints at the superficiality of this life of boisterousness, through the rhetorical question "Who will draw from it?" Real satisfaction, peace and joy are not there in the 'lake' of present-day life. It cannot slake one's thirst. So who will draw strength or inspiration from it?

The sun-set, the night-fall and the nocturnal activity of selfish elements in lines 12 - 15 suggest powerfully the darkness of ignorance and the cruel exploitation of the weak and hapless elements of society. The common man is the edible food item - the "carcass" for the foes of power, greed and political aggrandisement.

The helpless struggle of the victims is indicated by the (cold) wriggle to come out of the cruel clutches of suffering. But the brain is parched - no inspirations, no new ideas. Humanity in general is not interested in the general values of life, in learning in self-improvement. The brain is parched, limbs are weak and humanity is lying on the operation-table.

The cruel system has dulled the mind and weakened the limbs. The poet uses 'hendiadis' when he says that "hands and mind (are) amputated". By referring to the amputation of the mind, the poet suggests that modern man's mind is more whole, no more competent to think out answers to the pestering problems of life. But his hands, though amputated, are not totally severed from the body. They are weak and supine and these instruments of action are partially cut (amputated), but they are not totally severed from the body - there is a hope of rejuvenation, a new growth.

Like Keats's last line in the Grecian Urn ode, Chambial's last line 'for SOS hands' is tantalising and mystifying. It could be read as follows: hands and mind amputated not severed (waiting) for SOS Hands.

The amputated, but not severed hands are praying, are waiting for 'SOS Hands'. The capital H suggests the helping hands of God. Humanity is agonisingly waiting for the divine help. And the speaker/poet of the first two lines, the Man who carries in his blood "sand dunes" etc., the Man who can empathise with the whole world and the whole of mankind says, "Come/I'll be by you". What great assurance. He is there to sit by the sick-bed of humanity, to guide and advise, to include healing, and to inspire to do noble deeds and finally to bring down the waters of Divine Mercy. The speaker-poet is the risen Man, the realised soul, "The SOS Hands" are both his and of God's.

Thus Chambial's poem is a masterpiece of understatement of suggestion. It is symbolically rich.

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#### BOOK REVIEWS

#### **ENGLISH**

### THE PSYCHIC KNOT - SEARCH FOR TOLERANCE IN INDIAN FICTION:

Edited by Prof. R.K. Singh, Indian School of Mines, Dhanbad and Published by Bahari Publications, New Delhi, Price Rs.300/-

The present book is a compilation of review articles by critics and writers who discuss the psycho-social concerns of Indians placed in the matrix of global context as well as in their local conditions as depicted by the novelists and shortstory writers studied by them. In this changing world of shrinking frontiers, life has been growing more and more complex. With this background in view the Indian writers have portrayed the life and aspirations, the sense and sensibilities, the ideals and compulsions unravelling the psychic knot that binds the mind, thought and actions of the characters in their works.

The reviews reflect the intellectual and interracial relationships among Hindu, Muslim, Christian and foreign communities, the resonance's and desonances of conflict and resolution of this cross-section of Indian community in its inter-personal and intrapersonal relationships in the national and international situational contexts, adjusting, accommodating, compromising and sharing, transcending the internal and external barriers of the web of life.

A strong strain of tolerance, which is characteristic of Indian life and thought, is shown in the reactions and responses of the people to the dynamics of technological globalisation by the creative writers in their works.

The contributors, twenty in number, collectively present an ensemble of new values, orientations and attitudes that make up the current style of life and living, its rewards and struggles through the experiences of the characters covering a period of more than half a century as depicted in the works under review from R.K.Narayan and Raja Rao down to the writers of recent times.

Prof. R.K. Singh, the editor, sets the tone with his brief but comprehensive editorial and the leadreview. The reviewers make an objective and critical study of the meaning of life in the face of cruelties and atrocities perpetrated by man on man, by man on woman in the society portrayed through the characters and situations in the novels and short stories analysed by them.

This book will be of great help to the students of modern Indian English fiction and short story providing them with a broad as well as a deep perceptive look at the problems dealt with by the novelists and short story writers over the years in the Indian context. The small print and the close lines (about forty a page) are a strain to the eye. The binding does not go well for a library edition.

- D. Ranga Rao

"CLOUDS IN CAGES"; Poems by Dr. I.H. Rizvi; Prakash Book Depot, Bara Bazar, Barielly. 243 003; Rs. 75/-; pp 36

This is the 8th volume of collection of poems written by Dr. I.H. Rizvi, a noted writer in English and Urdu of U.P. containing 35 of his poems and a few *haikus*. His poems are rich in imageries and draw clear word pictures with great ease. He has a heart that responds to the myriad events in life in various moods. This naturally makes the poems eminently readable and sentiments appealing.

He sums up his writing in one line - "When Rizvi writes, he bleeds".

He may not always bleed. But he is certainly moved by the injustices in life. Writing of Diana, he says -

"O, Paparazzi pack!
you wanted her to stop and fall,
She has fallen into the lap
of timeless immortality Which dungeon, for yourself, you
choose?"

Who does not agree with such sentiments?

"Some times they (the clouds) hang in the balance

held between the earth and the sky like birds strayed from their flock .."

To keep the purity of the Ganges at Rishikesh, he subtly brings out the ludicrousness -

"One may wash one's own sins, not one's clothes".

The writer certainly makes you pause and think when he says things like "Philosophies are wisemen's follies"

A good reading of a good poet.

- Vemaraju Narasimha Rao

RIVER OF RECOLLECTION: by K. Lakshminarayana (Poems); Inner Voice Publications, Church Road, Principal's Colony, Parlakhemundi 761 200; Rs. 35/- pp. 42

This collection of poems has some thoughtprovoking poetry from the pen of Sri K. Lakshminarayana, a teacher by profession. Some are highly evocative and emotive. In "My friend in Paradise" an elegy on the death of one of his students he pours out his heart and says

"You emptied the ship of intimacy and loaded it with loneliness"

He pours out his anguish in lines such as

"I'm a traveller who travels the road to death

who can pour me a cup of love?"

and touches the rampant dowry problem-

"Woman is born free even in pains But everywhere in dowry chains.

At times he takes liberties with words like "Ablazing dreams" and "upsurge prize" and "umpteen grievance resulting in vain".

Though he is pessimistic when he says

"The hanging veils of sorrow

May not be torn by tomorrow,

No cheer in my neighbours to borrow"
he has shades of Shelly when he says

"Summer brings showers of June".

An enjoyable reading.

- Vemaraju Narasimha Rao

#### TELUGU

SAHITI SHAMPA: Editors: Prof. V.V.Ramanadham & K. Srinivasa Rao; V.C.Ramanadham Charitable Trust, Telugu Fine Arts Society, New Jersey, U.S.A.; Rs.30/-; pp 128

This collection of poetry, stories, galpikas and literary criticism of Telugu writers of New Jersey is a refreshingly welcome anthology and focuses on the literary efforts of the Telugus settled in the US. Of course, it also includes a couple of local authors. It gives us a glimpse of how the Telugus there keep interacting among themselves and keep the spirit of togetherness, participate in various religious and cultural festivals and gatherings and mix with other families. This is a refreshing contrast on how they behave in their own land. In all these writings, the effort to keep up with the main stream and the current trends in the home country while cherishing the old values is discernible.

This book is thoughtfully devided into four sections - The Kavita Shampa (Poetry); Katha Shampa (Dotry); Galpika Shampa (sketches); and the Vyasa Shampa (Poetics). It must be said to the credit of all the contributors that they do exhibit the spark of originality. While some indulge in matter of fact narrative in a lighter vien, a few give their themes a masterly treatment, partaking of the muse.

Oruganti Gopalakrishna's sketch depicts aspirations of the first generation settler in hoping to get a bride for his son, born and brought up there. He starts with hoping to get a decent and traditionally bred and dressed Vaidiki girl to keep up the family tradition; then comes down to a Brahmin girl; later would be satisfied if she is not a non-vegetarian; and would be happy if she at least spoke Telugu; and then further if she is an Indian-American, would be happy atleast if he married a girl. Very suggestive of modern day marriages in that country of progress and plenty!!

Some of the galpikas abound in humour, wit and satire. Parinam Srinivasa Rao lists out the good and undesirable qualities of Telugus everywhere, in a lighter vein, if only they would stop and introspect.

B.A.L. Narayana Rao's article on 'Translation' brings out the various finer points to be kept in mind while attempting to translate from language to another. Maheswara Prasad's essay on Maghabhatta's SISUPALAVADHA is Scholarly.

Some poets are proficient in both classical poetry and the free verse, while most prefer the latter for facility of expression. The effort to bring together an anthology of contemporary writers of New Jersey in commendable and is a trend setter. We are sure that the Trust intends publishing such works periodically from time to time.

- Vemaraju Narasimha Rao

# WHO'S WHO AMONG OUR CONTRIBUTORS

HISTORING FOUNDATION

Prof. HAZARA SINGH: Poet, Freedom Fighter Ludhiana (Punjab)

Dr. ANJANEYULU (late): Formerly Associate Editor of Triveni. He translated the poem of Devulapalli Krishna Sastry, a great poet of yester years.

Prof. P. VENUGOPALA RAO: Professor, Emory University, Atlanta, U.S.A., a poet in Telugu and English.

Prof. C. SITARAMAMURTY: Rtd. Principal, Ideal College, Kakinada, Scholar, author of Honourary books of religious and cultural importance.

Sri. YOGESH G. NAIR: Poet, Chennai

Prof. D.K. CHAKRABORTY: Scholar, Ranchi (Bihar)

Prof. V.V. RAMANADHAM: New Jersey (U.S.A.); An eminent Professor of Commerce and Public Enterprise; An expert of international repute in Privatisation; a poet in Telugu.

Sri.HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA (late): Famous poet, Versatile writer; Freedom Fighter.

Sri. A.S. FRANCIS: Dept. of English, Fatima College, Kollam (Kerala)

Sri. S. SAMAL: A poet of international repute; won several awards; Cuttak (Orissa)

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Sri. VEMARAJU NARASIMHA RAO: Author of many published works in English and Telugu and a translator connected with several literary, cultural and service organisations for over 50 years.

# THE TRIVENI FOUNDATION

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Illustrious contributors to the journal include great persons like Sri Aurobindo, Dr.S. Radhakrishnan, C. Rajagopalachari, Rt. Hon. V.S. Srinivasa Sastri, Jawaharlal Nehru, J. Krishnamurti, Dr. B. Pattabi Sitaramayya, K.M. Munshi, M. Chalapathi Rau, N. Raghunathan, Masti Venkatesa Iyengar, Prof. M. Venkatarangiaya, Sri Alladi Krishnaswamy, Prof. K.R. Srinivasa Iyengar, Dr.V.K. Gokak and many other eminent scholars and renowned writers.

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THE TRIVENI FOUNDATION

#### ASPIRING WRITERS! PERSISTENCE PAYS!

I.V. Chalapati Rao

All great writers did not achieve success and fame instantaneously. They suffered neglect and poverty but they did not give up. Some of them died without recognition during their life-time. Most of them suffered at the hands of the publishers and were cold-shouldered by the affluent whose patronage they sought. Almost all well-known writers experienced difficulties and agony to get their manuscripts accepted and printed. But they persisted and achieved popularity in the end.

Homer, the greatest Greek poet who wrote immortal epics like 'ILIAD' and 'ODYSSEY' was a classic example. The following couplet about him shows his misfortune:

'Seven Wealthy cities contended for Homer dead,

through which while living he begged his bread!'

Kinglake wrote a literary master-piece of his time 'EOTHEN' which was persistently rejected by the London publishers. He was frustrated and in sheer desperation gave it as a gift to the only publisher who came forward. It became a best seller!

George Bernard Shaw's first novel aptly titled 'IMMATURITY' was summarily rejected by the publishers. Another book met with the same fate. When he became famous after initial failure, publishers were after him. They vied with one another to publish his books

including the ones which were previously rejected! He proudly declared: "When I started writing, Shakespeare was a divinity and a bore. Now he is my fellow writer!"

Publishers are generally hard-headed business men and they do not know the intrinsic value of a book. They go after writers of established fame. We all know that Thomas Carlyle's 'FRENCH REVOLUTION' was an epoch-making book. He had to knock at the doors of several indifferent publishers till at long last he could hook one! The remuneration he received was meagre.

Oliver Goldsmith's 'THE VICAR OF WAKE FIELD' initially met with miserable fate. Goldsmith sat in his room, sad and crestfallen, with a hand under his chin as his rent was in arrears and the land lady asked him to quit. His friend Samuel Johnson barged into the room and enquired about the problem. Having come to know that he needed money urgently (of course he himself was not in a position to lend him any!) he ransacked the place and found the manuscript of 'The Vicar of Wakefield' in the waste-paper basket in a corner. He took it to a publisher who paid a paltry sum for it. Even that money was paid not because the publisher knew its value but because he held burly-looking Johnson in awe! With that amount Goldsmith cleared the arrears for the time being and celebrated the event with a bottle of Madiera!

Johnson himself faced frequent crises. His dignified letter to Lord Chesterfield, whose patronage he initially sought for his Dictionary and after unsuccessful attempts eventually spurned, became a classic in English literature. This greatest writer of his time, the Dictator of Letters, lived in poverty. He covered himself with a blanket with holes through which he thrust his hands to read! When an anonymous friend put a new pair of shoes in his room because his own shoes were worn out and developed holes, he threw them out! Such was his sense of self-respect!

Edgar Wallace, the fiction writer whose thrillers brought him into lime-light, had his own difficulties in the early stages. One of his detective novels was rejected by the publishers. In disgust, he somehow managed to publish it with his own money. The book became a great success and it brought him profit. The publishers came forward to finance its further editions!

Robert Ludlum had to wait for some time to achieve recognition. He produced several novels including 'The Materese Circle' which became recently the number one Best Seller world wide, although he was only a B.A. from the Wesleyan University. Persistent efforts brought him literary renown.

Arnold Bennet, wrote several books including 'THE OLD WIVES' TALES' which was his magnum opus. The publisher was reluctant to publish it. Bennet did not throw up his sponge. His patience and perseverance paid rich dividends.

John Galsworthy, the prolific writer, had to overcome insurmountable barriers when the publishers cold shouldered him. For sixteen years he remained in obscurity. No publisher was prepared to take the risk of publishing his works. Finally there was a wind-fall when one of them came forward.

How many poets and writers can say like Byron: "I awoke one fine morning and found myself famous!" His 'DON JUAN' made him the favourite poet of the drawing room elite. Macaulay, however, had no problem because he was a high-placed official, Member of Parliament and Secretary of Education. He wrote his 'History of England' with the proud claim that it would replace the latest fashionable novels on the ladies' tables!

I like Jane Austen's novels including 'PRIDE AND PREJUDICE' and 'SENSE AND SENSIBILITY' for her characterisation and realistic portrayal of social life. But her most popular novel 'PRIDE AND PREJUDICE' was not printed for sixteen long years! This happened on account of the publisher's recalcitrance and pride and prejudice. She remained patient.

'IN SEARCH OF EXCELLENCE' a successful publication of Harper and Row was earlier rejected by a large number of publishers. Its authors Thomas Peters and Robert Waterman were first-rate researchers who did an excellent job in deriving the secret of success of America's best known companies. Even Harper required a lot of persuasion to print it!

The Bronte sisters had hell of a time to get their popular novels accepted by the publishers. They waited for a long time. Charlotte Bronte's popular novel 'THE PROFESSOR' was published by Smith Elder & Company after it was rejected by several publishers. The same fate overtook 'WUTHERING HEIGHTS' written by her sister Emile Bronte! It ran into difficulties when six publishers rejected it.

Many great writers rose from humble positions to attain fame as authors. T.S. Eliot, Alexander Dumas, Charles Lamb and A.E.Coppard were clerks. Shakespeare was an actor. Bernard Shaw was an Estate agent's assistant. Charles Dickens was a factory hand. John Bunyon was a tinker, Oliver Goldsmith, W.H.Auden, D.H.Lawrence

were of the teaching profession. John Masefield and Joseph Conrad were in business. Edgar Rice Burrough (the creator of Tarjan) was a worker in a shop. Thomas Hardy was trained as an architect. William Makepiece Thackerey (whose name Bal Thackerey, the Shiv Sena Supremo bears) was an artist.

When such hardships and disappointments were faced by many great writers and when such possibilities were open to persons who were unconnected with writing, young writers need not despair when their juvenile productions are rejected by the publishers. They should buck up and persist. Writers are not born. They are made. The art of writing can be sedulously cultivated provided they have persistence, and passion.

# TIRUPPAVAI - SRI ANDAL

Dr. P. Venugopala Rao

We sing in praise of the Lord,
Who in his cosmic form
spanned the three worlds,
Bathe in clear waters for the vow.
Rains will come three times a month
No evil will lurk in the land
In fields abundant with red paddy
Fish will jump and play
Spotted bees drunk with honey

Sleep on the petals of lilies
Milk from heavy udders
Fills the pots and overflows
Wealth and property grow in the land
Our vow brings wealth to all in the world.

(Original: Tamil: Translated by Dr.Pemmaraju

Venugopala Rao, Atlanta, NJ, USA)

(Courtesy: Vanguri Foundation of America)

# THEISTIC APPROACH TO LIFE

#### P. Sitaramabrahmam

Whatever names and forms we give to God as aids to outgrow our ignorance and weakness, it is unanimously accepted that the highest God is a formless spirit. How does the formless Spirit God reveal Himself to us? How does He communicate His messages to us? How does He remind us of Himself? The answer is through the wonders of the Universe, splendours of Nature, dramatic events of Life, stirring experiences of the soul. Any object, event, occasion, situation, scene, experience that touches our heart, that evokes emotional response, that causes surprise, that responds to our aspirations or any flash of thought - we should understand as God's communication to us. It may be that He is reminding us that He is; that He is near us; that He is interested in us. It may be that He is conveying a message or giving an instruction as to what we should do in a situation or what we should not do. He may be revealing an aspect of His nature or one of His attributes. Nature and Life are media for him to reveal and for us to recognise. Rabindranath Tagore says that flowers are love-letters of God to the human heart written in coloured ink.

With this attitude, let us try to understand the right approach to life. Before making that attempt, let us know the aim of life as intended by Nature. In creation, Matter came first. After thousands of years came Life as a result of long struggle. Millions of years later, the

Mind appeared which was full of limitations and is still controlled by Matter and Life. This cannot be the final stage of evolution. Out of the mind are evolving Moral Values and Spiritual sense. We cannot conceive anything beyond Spiritual Perfection or Supreme Consciousness. What comes out last in the scale of evolution was behind creation, the origin of the Universe. That which is the origin and the Ultimate is through the Universe supporting the law of evolution. Manifestation of the Supreme Consciousness or Godrealisation is the aim of creation as intended by Nature. Hence, Life is not an end but a means, not a destination but a journey, not the final achievement but an occasion; an opportunity. Life is not purposeless or meaningless, not just for merry-making. The process of Nature, the course of events, man's efforts knowingly or unknowingly are all driving to that goal of Self-realisation or Godrealisation.

When this truth becomes evident to us, there comes about a revolutionary change in our outlook, in our attitude towards things, events and values. What is generally considered very important looks trivial. What is trivial to the worldly-minded is of immense significance to the new outlook. We begin to read meaning in apparently negligible incidents. We read books in running brooks. We hear sermons in stones. Tongues in leaves speak eloquently. Messages constantly come to us from all quarters. They

are continuously travelling in the space, floating in the air, swimming in water, resonating in the bird's song, revealing in the rosy dawn, shining in the stars, tinkling in the grass roots under our feet. Each of the many is struggling to reach the One in harmony with all others. The finite is endeavouring to exceed the limits of finitude. The perishable is moving towards the Imperishable. Everything momentary is revealing the Eternal.

Experiences happy or unhappy have not much meaning in themselves but only in their correcting influence on us refining, disciplining, culturing, training our nature in the image of the Divine. Appointments, disappointments, honours, humiliations, successes, failures, unions and separations have a role in moulding our nature. Some experiences widen our outlook. Some broaden our sympathies. Some disillusion us. Certain experiences suggest that God is all-powerful and nothing stands against Him. Man is something if God's grace abides on him. If the grace is withdrawn, he is nothing. Certain events humble our pride. Some awaken in us inner strength and confidence. Some experiences enable us to overcome selfishness and fear. Some convert us into saints. Some experiences help us positively and serve as warning signals. All experiences are thus useful if we keep our aim of life-God-realisation clear in our hearts and make use of them. In tune with God, we are something worthy; out of tune, we are nothing; like a drop of water in union with the ocean or away from the ocean. As long as the drop is in the ocean, it enjoys and participates the glory, immensity, vastness, depth of the ocean. If the

drop is separated from the ocean, it becomes insignificant. It is of little use to itself or to others. It soon dries up. We should learn to fall in line with the will and ways of the Divine, not grudgingly or helplessly but joyfully.

In living life, we have to follow Swadharma, the law of one's being. One's way of doing should be according to one's law of being. Change of nature for the better is possible only in line with the innate temperament. Each soul comes into the world cast in a particular mould to play its role in the Divine drama of life. To discover that by keen self-analysis is a must. Circumstances, opportunities, situations on the one hand, aptitudes, abilities, temperaments on the other help in discovering one's Swadharma.

Whatever work we do should be done as God's co-worker, in co-operation with God, as God's work in the spirit of worship. We should be working constantly like nature—with body, heart or mind. For a spiritual aspirant, there is no such a thing as big or small. All work is necessary. Every work has a place in God's scheme. One's moral and spiritual growth should be the highest result of doing work—not spectacular achievements.

God is the invisible Master behind the human master. If we do our personal work, we do it with interest. We do not grudge if the work is heavy. If we invite a great man to our house, we clean up, decorate and give a festive appearance to our home and give a treat accepting all the strain and stress with enthusiasm. If we believe that God is our master for whom we are working, we do not feel the burden, We feel proud. We consider it a privilege that we are chosen for the work. Joy, the highest reward for the work, we get immediately, cash down. Serving God and seeing God in service are simultaneous. Each object and event is in link with many objects and events. We cannot know all the causes and consequences of chain reactions in the complicated, complex mechanism of the Universe. Hence, anxiety for the result of our work should not come near about our minds.

God, who is taking care of us is the guiding charioteer of our lives. Feeling the thrill of his touch or the inspiration of His nearness, referring to Him when in doubt, enjoying without desire for possession, we should accept situations, rise to occasions, face challenges, tackle problems,

pass through ordeals and live with joy and dignity like a sword, like an arrow. The sword has a joy and dignity in being made for a heroic purpose, has a joy and dignity in being broken while striking. The arrow has a thrill, a joy in leaving the bow with a hissing sound to hit the target. The flower has the delight in exhilarating the environment with colour and fragrance. The river has a song of joy throughout its journey in being useful to creatures and crops. The bird leaving the nest before sunrise soars high and moves in the infinite sky day long. Though environed by a thousand dangers, it is carefree and deludes the forest with the melody of a song, glorifying God for His providence. All these are practical lessons and demonstrations to experience and to express the delight of existence.

# COLOUR - BLIND

# Dr.R.Ravindranath Menon

Gold, I had come to believe is yellow; it's now black and bold. Black which used to turn yellow is no more timid, each fellow has made it on a shady threshold. And it feels holier than white, glittering with unalloyed might and is out, flying a colourful kite.

Red has a nexus with blood, but in the land of blood - less coups, it prefers to be blue and sacred, hiding behind a white, flowing beard, blood but a connecting thread for break - away comrades who interfered. Saffron, the most sanctified tint is seen at times to have a stint, spouting venom with a violent bent.

Colour doesn't clarify, it conceals, cajoles or cautions. One feels comfortable by going colour - blind before the green too turns brown and the curtain comes down.

# KALIDAS - THE PLAYWRIGHT - DIFFERENT FROM KALIDAS - THE POET

#### R.S. Tiwary

The phrase, "Kâlidâsa-trayi", employed by âchârya Rajashekhara, the famous author the "Kâvya-mimânsâ" has been clearly intended to convey the meaning of Three Kâlidâsas not the three works of one and the same Kâlidâsa. The renowned Madras-based scholar, T.S. Narayana Shastri, had identified as many as nine Kâlidâsas towards the beginning of the twentieth century. It appears, however, that by the time of Rajashekara of the first half of the tenth century A.D., a trio of Kâlidâsas had gained prominence for their erotic portrayals. The first three, enumerated by Narayana Shastri, include Kalidasa, also called Mâtrigupta, the court poet of King Harsha Vikramaditya of Ujjain of the sixth century B.C, who had composed the three famous Plays and also the Epic, 'Setu Bandha'; Kâlidâsa, also called Meghârudra, Court Poet of the MalwaKing Vikramarka of 57 B.C., Founder of the Malwa Samvat, who had composed the three Kâvyas, 'Raghuvamsha', 'Kumârasambhava' and 'Meghadoota', and Kâlidâsa, also called "Kotijeeta", pupil of Moolashankara of Kamakoti Pâtana of 470 A.D., who composed Season Poem, 'Ritusamhara', the 'Navaratnamâlâ' etc. We are persuaded to believe that Rajashekara's utterance is suggestive of these three Kâlidâsa's who composed poems and plays of an erotic character, to the exclusion of the other six. Our conjecture gains confirmation from the fact that the works, attributed to one Kâlidâsa

presently, to wit the three plays, the three famous poems and the Ritusamhara of an inferior order, get included among the works, said to have been composed by the Trio of Kâlidâsas and enumerated by Narayana Shastri whose contribution to settling the chronology of ancient Indian History, too, is now considered valuable by a set of Indologists. It is worthwhile to observe in this connection that the poem, 'Ritusamhâra', failed to create any tration of composing poems on Seasons (Cf. 'Shepherd's Calendar' of Spenser) probably due to being of an inferior artistic order. Accordingly we have left out of consideration this last poem and have taken account only a Duo of Kâlidâsa, The Playwrite and The Poet.

# (B)

I have felt during the course of my investigation respecting the Kâlidâsian Problem, that the chief bottleneck comes to be failure of the applicability of the corpus of evidence, accumulated by scholars over the decades, in regard to the date of birth which has ben determined to be either first (or second) Century B.C., or the later Gupta period. To be clear, the evidence pertaining to the former era holds good mostly in the case of the Dramatist Kâlidâsa and that pertaining to the latter era, holds good mostly in the case of the Poet Kâlidâsa, despite the massive intellectual exercise indulged in by reputed scholars. Let me make a clean breast of the fact that this

fact, relating to chronology, coupled with other points, induced me initially to probe the problem deeper. My present conviction, accordingly, of Kâlidâsa, the Poet, is the off-spring of that detailed literary exploration.

We do not propose to enter into the discussion whether Kâlidâsa and Mâtrigupta were one and the same person. Sufficient to observe that it will not be reasonable to carry the dramatist Kâlidâsa forward to the later Gupta Period, 5th or 6th century A.D. Agnimitra, Hero of the play 'Mâlvikâgnimitra', has now been, by general consensus, acknowledged as Agnimitra of the Shunga Dynasty whose reign covers the period between 105 B.C. and 73 B.C. The last king of Shunga Dynasty, Devabhuti, had been assasinated by his minister Vâsudeva around 71 B.C. who founded the Kanva Dynasty in Magadh. It is to be remembered that the Shungas and the Kanvas were both Brahmanas. The Shungas have been given prominence on account of the fact of the. decline in Revival of the decline in influence of Buddhism, accompanied by unprecedented development of arts and letters, during their reign. Accordingly, we can locate, with a measure of confidence, Kâlidâsa, the dramatist, in the first century B.C., more probably at the line of junction of the Shunga and Kanva reigns. We are disposed to believe that the story of Shakuntalâ, heroine of the celebrated play 'Shâkuntalam', having been brought up in the hermitage of the Rishi Kanva, who, undoubtedly, happens to be a Vedic Sage, also points obliquely to the rise of the Kanva Dynasty. The age being that of the Revival of

Brahmanism, the dramatist is evidently influenced by the Brahmanic ethos. Kâlidâsa of the Gupta period could not have been imaginably persuaded innerly to portray, Agnimitra as the hero of the play 'Mâlavikâgnimitra' since the difference between their times extends over three to four hundred years. After all, Agnimitra was no where celebrated either in the Râmayâna or the Mahâbhârata, the two national Epics. He was no hero, renowned in the popular tradition as an Erotic Personality like Udayana either.

(C)

It has been a general belief that Kâlidâsa was the Court poet of some Vikramâditya. Some of the old texts of the play 'Shâkuntalam' contain the utterance of the Sutradhâra eulogising Vikramâditya as being especially versed in "Rasa-bhâva", who had an assembly of poets and aesthetes. This attaches a semblance of confirmation to the popular tradition. Then the difficulty arises that the ruler, named Vikramâditya, should be such as to cover both the dramatist and the poet. As said earlier, the overwhelming majority of scholars hold the author of the epic 'Raghuvansha' as the product of the Golden Age of the illustrious Guptas. No satisfactory evidence is available to support the thesis that Kâlidâsa, the author of the 'Shâkuntalam' also lived in the age of the Guptas.

The foremost thing to be borne in mind in this regard is that the Vikramâditya of 'Shâkuntalam' is no king or Emperor. He seems, at best, to have been a lover of art and

poetry, also being in possession of some variety or measure of power of governance, who might imaginably, be in tune with the tradition of the times, also had some assembly of poets or scholars, some scholars maintain that this Vikramâditya of the play was "a Mâlava-gana pramukha" (Head of the Mâlava Republic) and that it was under his leadership that the Mâlawas had defeated the Shakas just prior to the beginning of the Christian Era (A.D.). and had started the "Krita Samvat" about 57 A.D. in celebration of their historical victory, which (Samvat) became subsequently the "Mâlava Samvat" and ultimately came to be styled "Vikrama Samvat" towards the close of the ninth century A.D.

A certain couplet of the 'Gâhâsattasai' of the Satavahana King Hâla contains an allusion to Vikramâditya. This anthology of Prâkrit couplets was compiled in 70 A.D. circa. Granting that the compilation continued being revised or augmented during the succeeding periods, this much is certain that it must have reached its present final shape by 230 A.D. in as much as the reign of the Sâtavâhanas, who patronised the Prâkrit letters, draws to a close in 230 A.D. Accordingly, the Vikramâditya of the said couplet cannot be dragged down to the Gupta Period.

Another allusion in the play 'Mâlavikâgnimitram' also deserves mention. The 'Pâripârshvaka' has mentioned, in the 'Prastâvanâ', the presence of the poems by famous poets like Bhâsa, Saumillaka, Kaviputras etcetera in contradicting which, the

is not commendable and likewise all that is new is not to be denigrated". This allusion manifestly signifies that Kâlidâsa, the playwright, had made his noteworthy debut in the domain of dramatic writing during the lifetime of the old celebrities like Bhâsa, et cetera or during the period of continuance of their popularity among the theatre-goers. That is to say, the dramatist Kâlidâsa was in close propinquity in point of time with the famous Bhâsa. That Bhâsa had been so popular during the Gupta period does not stand to reason in as much as the "Sâmâjikas" of the prosperous age of the Guptas, cultured and developed in taste and temperament, would not have taken kindly to Bhâsa's dramas which grossly violate. at times, the laws of the theatre laid down by Bharata in his 'Nâtyashâstra' as also grammatical laws of Pânini. Scholars have suggested that Bhâsa be located in the first century B.C. We, on our part, feel that Kâlidâsa the playwright, cannot be distanced from the elder Bhasa by more than a hundred years or so. Accordingly, the dramatist Kalidasa bids fair to be located in the first century B.C. or thereabout. The earlier facts mentioned here in should be borne in mind together with this time-relation between Bhasa and Kâlidâsa. As observed before, this period coincided with the fall of the Shungas and the rise of the Kanvas which was characterised by the revival of the Vedic Brahmanic faith. It is worth mentioning that Bhasa has borrowed the themes of his plays from the epics, the Râmâyana and the Mahâbhârata, and stands out as having taken not adversely to the Brahmanic ethos.

'Sutradhâra' has remarked that "all that is old

Ashvaghosha, the celebrated Buddhistic author, also merits consideration in this context. The majority of historians regard Bhâsa to be the court poet of King Kanishka of the Kushana dynasty, whose reign has been generally located between 78 and 101 A.D. However, newer studies have revealed the validity of Kanishka being assigned to second century A.D. Therefore, Ashwaghosha might be located in the second century A.D. Kanishka's time was the revival 'de novo' of according to historians. Buddhism Ashwaghosha had, in all probability, embraced Buddhism later in life in as much as attraction for Puranic allusions is manifestly clear in writings. Significantly enough, Ashwaghosha abandoned the Pâli language, so sacred to the Buddhists, and adopted Sanskrit as vehicle for his poems and plays with the rise of the Mahâyâna Cult in Buddhism. His whole works were intended to promote Buddhistic Faith. This Ashwaghosha is posterior in time to the dramatist Kâlidâsa. In this wise, the relevant chronology settles down to this: Bhâsa was followed by Kâlidâsa, the Playwright, who was followed by Ashwaghosha who was, in turn followed by the Poet Kâlidâsa.

There is also a tradition that the Vikramâditya who was the patron of Kâlidâsa was also "Shakâri" or "Shakarati" as mentioned in 'Râmachandra-mahakâvyam'. Now the possibility of the Vikramâditya of the 'Gahâsattasayi' having been "Shakâri" (Enemy of the Shakas) cannot be ruled out, in as much as the Shakas had started migrating into India since 150 B.C. circa, as is acknowledged by

all historians. Plenty of mental exercise has been resorted to respecting the 'Hunas' in connection with the 'Raghuvamsha' which is totally un-called for the case of dramatist Kâlidâsa. It is a different matter if the 'Raghuvamsha' does not make any direct or indirect reference to the Shakas. Its author was, however, fully acquainted with the historical fact of Hunas having invaded India, and while describing the "Raghu-digvijaya", he has naturally mentioned the discomfiture of the Hunas at the hands of Raghu.

One significant fact needs mention in this context. Kâlidâsa, the playwright, seems to have flourished in an age when Buddhism was "losing" its influence where as Kâlidâsa, the poet, lived and wrote in an age when the Brahmanic ethos had "fully established" itself, virtually liquidating Buddhism. This is borne out by the dramatist's veiled criticism of the Bauddha system of the "Bhikshuns" (Nuns) which is reflected in making the "Bhikshuni" Kaushiki entangled in the palace intrigues suggested in the play 'Malvikagnimitra'. As for Kâlidâsa, the poet, there is no gainsaying the fact that he has, unreservedly and explicitly, chanted the glories of Brahmanism in the two epics, the 'Raghuvamsha' and the 'Kumarasambhava', more eloquently in the former. Further, it is also of some significance that in the plays,"Gandharva" marriage has been celebrated while in the poems the "Prajapatya" marriage has been accorded the prominence. That leads us to separate the dramatist from the poet. In this very connexion, mention may be made of the fact that the

dramatist alludes to "Saptadweepâ prithivi", that is, Earth comprising of Seven Islands, while the poet speaks of "Ashtâdash-dweepâ prithivi", that is, Earth comprising of Eighteen Islands. That might be taken to suggest that geographical knowledge had advanced by the time of the poet which means that he flourished much after the playwright.

A difference also becomes patent as to the aesthetic sense of the two Kâlidâsas. Although both have portrayed the "Shringara rasa", the "Erotic Relish", in their works, yet the consciousness of the dramatist is frankly governed by Romantic Proclivities whereas that of the poet is oriented to Classicism, at any rate, in the Indian tradition, characterised by adherence to solid Realism. While describing the physical beauty of the Heroines, Kâlidâsa, the poet, takes avid delight in depicting the "Nakha-shikha" of his heroines, that is, their beauty from Toes to Head or vice "Nakha-shikha" The versa. Pârvati in the 'Kumârasambhava' and that of Yaksha's wife in the 'Meghadoota' are instances.

Contrarily, the heroines of the plays are "Avyâja-manohara" or "Avyâja-sundari" The response of Agnimitra to his physical encounter with Mâlavikâ, after having seen her picture, is reflected in his remark: "It seems that the painter ('Chitrakâra') had grown "Shithila-samâdhi", that is, "Relaxed in his mental concentration", which is why he has not been able to capture her charms in their full grandeur. In Shakuntalâ's description, too, the dramatist's Romantic propensities have

become evidently palpable: "Sarasi Jamanuviddham Shaivalenâpi Ramvam". That is, she looks exquisitely beautiful albeit her body is covered with "Valkalas", i.e., "Tree-skins", even as a lotus flower looks beautiful though covered with the aquatic plant, "Shaivâla". Further more in Pârvati's comment, after she has failed to capture the heart of Lord Shiva whose profundity of transcendental meditation has been disrupted by Kâmadeva (Cupid), "Ninida roopam hridayen Pârvati, priyeshu saubhâgya-phalâ chârutâ", the poet's commitment to the Indian ethos in matters of Love become clearly manifest. Pârvati hurls calumniation upon her physical endowments since they have failed to conquer the indifference of Lord Shiva, her desired consort. Such comments are nowhere available in the writings of the dramatist.

Furthermore, the dramatist is committed overtly to "Rasa-vyanjanâ", that is, plapable portrayal of 'Rasa' or Reslish whereas the poet is cabined by no such commitment. It will cause an amount of surprise if we comment that even in the 'Meghadootam', traditionally famed among Sanskrit scholars as a piece excelling in depiction of "Vipralambhashringâra" (separated love), the full relish of 'Love in Separation' has failed to be evoked. Only around fifteen verses are devoted to 'Separated Love' out of a total of about 163 verses, constituting the full poem in two parts.

(D)

Conscious of the growing length of the article, especially in view of the Editorial

Instructions, in this regard, I would like to conclude by alluding to a popular tradition ("Janashruti") respecting Kâlidâsa. It is said that a Princess, named Vidyottamâ, exceedingly learned, had made pronouncement to the effect that she would marry one who would vanquish her in "Shâstrârtha". Numerous scholars thronged her palace precincts, entered into discussions with her and got defeated. Conspiring together, at last, to outwit her, they, going out in search of a down right fool, came across Kâlidâsa who was cutting down the branch of a tree on which he happened to be poised. They got him down the tree and told him that they would secure him a Princess as wife — the condition being that he would respond to her questions simply by bodily gesticulations. The fool agreed and was brought by them to the proud Princess who was told by them that he was their learned Teacher and would like to discuss with her any metaphysical question simply by bodily movements since he had been observing the Vow of Silence. The Princess raised one of her fingers, meaning thereby that there was only the single "Brahman", nothing else. The Fool thought she was intending to blind his one eye and therefore he raised his two fingers, meaning thereby that he would blind both her eyes. The Sanskrit scholars interpreted this gesture on the Fool's part as conveying the existence of the "Jagat", the Phenomenal Universe, as well besides that of the "Brahman. The Princess got vanquished and married the Fool. During the nightly intercourse, however, she realised that she had married a Fool and turned him out. The man went away and undergoing a lot of labour and

becoming a real scholar, returned one night to the Palace and asked the Princess in pure Sanskrit tongue to open the doors. Vidyottama, astonished and recognising the voice, asked him in response in Sanskrit: "Asti kashchid vâgvisheshah?", that is, "Have you acquired some speciality of tongue?". The door was opened, welcoming Kâlidâsa, now a Sanskrit Scholar. Tradition further concludes that Kâlidâsa composed his three famous poems, each beginning with each of the three component words Or 'Kumarasambhayam' beginning with "Astyuttarayâm dishi devatâtmâ himâlayo nâma nagadhirajah"; 'Meghadootam' beginning with "Kashchitkanta virahaguruna swadhikarat-pramattah"; 'Raghuvamsham' beginning with "Vågarthaviva sampriktau vågarthapratipattaye".

Now, naturally the question arises: Why, at all, are the poems, mentioned in this tradition, excluding even the world-famed play 'Shâkuntalam'? The obvious answer will be: The tradition is relative only to the Poet Kâlidâsa, not the Dramatist Kâlidasa which clearly suggests the same. Yet further, the famous appellation, "Deepashikhâ Kâlidâsa", applies only to the poet who has described the beauty of Indumati, passing from Prince to Prince with the "Jayamâla" in her hands "Swayamvara Hall" as matching the flame of a Lamp Quaking. "Upamâ Kâlidâsasya" also applies pre-eminently to the author of the three Poems, not the author of the three Plays.

(E)

To conclude, the above brief discussion bids fair to separate Kâlidâsa, the Playwright, from Kâlidâsa, the Poet. who (the latter) flourished in the beginning of the sixth century A.D. and had not enjoyed the patronage of any famous

King or "Samrât"- no internal evidence having been earthed out so far. According to us, the poet, deeply imbued innerly with the Vedic Brahmanic ethos, probably enjoyed the protection of some potentate, entertaining identical views.

(The article is a summary of my first paper presented at one of the annual sessions of 'Kâlidâsa Samâroha', held at Ujjain in M.P. under the joint auspices of the Vikrama University and the State Government. My purpose is only to attract the attention of the Kâlidâsian Scholars to The theory of the Duo of Kâlidâsas even though I am opposing my own views, earlier enshrined in my critical treatise, 'Mahâkavi Kâlidâsa', published by Chaukhamba Vidya Bhavana, Varanasi)

# THE LOTUS TEMPLE IN NEW DELHI

M.G. Narasimha Murthy

Amidst lush green fields
And flowers waving in the breeze,
Blooming hedges and shimmering ponds,
Stands the lofty lotus looking heavenward.
A marvel of marble petals
with crimson tints of the morning sun,
Symbol of sanctity and devotion,
Purity, love and compassion Noblest feelings of the human heart

Inspiring sculpture of exquisite art,
A sight divine and uplifting,
The \*Baha'i House of Worship, a splendid dome,
For prayer and meditation, a silent home,
Abode of perfect peace and hormony
That welcomes all without distinction
To feel the unseen presence of the SPIRIT
SUPREME
And the ecstasy of communion.

<sup>\*</sup> Baha'i House of Worship, a grand, lotus - shaped edifice on a site measuring 26.6 acres at Bahapur, Kalkaji, New Delhi, built during 1980 -'86, has a beautiful auditorium with a seating capacity of 1300 persons. The House of Worshipwelcomes all people, irrespective of their religion, caste or creed, to meditate and pray in silence, and it is dedicated to "the Unity of God, the Unity of Religion and the Unity of Mankind".

# MARCUS AURELIUS (AD 121 - AD 180)

(A Soulful Roman Ruler to be remembered)

#### K.P. Naidu

History holds mirror to the past to be of benefit to the present. Remembering the great men of the past, will have a salutary effect on the people of later age. The lessons left behind by those great men of past era will be timeless. Their super human efforts transcend the barriers of time, past, present and future.

Marcus Aurelius became the Roman Emperor in the year AD 161. He is perhaps the most beautiful figure in history. He was the ruler of the grandest of empires, the Roman Empire. He was one of the best men. Mathew Arnold, the great English writer and critic compares Marcus Aurelius to two eminent sovereigns, Saint Louis and King Alfred for his goodness. He even adds "neither Alfred nor Saint Louis can be morally and intellectually as near to us as Marcus Aurelius".

Marcus Aurelius was born at Rome on the 26th of April in the year AD 121. He was the nephew and son-in-law to his predecessor on the throne Antonius Pius. After his uncle's death in AD 161, Marcus Aurelius, reigned as the Roman emperor for 19 years. He waged wars against barbarians in Asia minor, Syria, Egypt, Greece. His campaigning extended to Austria, Moravia and Hungary. He was a famous writer. During his campaigns in these countries it is said, he wrote much of his famous 'Journal', or 'Commentaries' or

'Meditations' or "Thoughts". These writings by Marcus Aurelius are said to be the everyday depiction of his ideas, or his metaphysical writings on par with the present day practice of diary writings. It is only through these recordings of his thoughts, now popularly know as "Meditations" that the greatness of the head and heart of this great emperor is known to the modern world. But Marcus Aurelius made these daily recordings of his thoughts, only for himself and not as a book to be published. Hence even to-day his daily recording of his thoughts are being called "Journal", "Commentaries" or "Meditations" or "Thoughts". A few portions of his Journal are dated. And he continued his diary habit till his 59th birthday when he fell sick and died on the 17th of March AD 180.

In his first book of his works, Marcus Aurelius gives an account of his education, his teachers and how he was indebted to them. It is refreshing to note his thoughts and philosophy of life while he was engaged in wars and 'trade of blood'. It is a priceless treasure to read and learn about the early life of this great man in his own writings. "From my mother I learnt piety, beneficence, and abstinence, not only from evil deeds but even from evil thoughts, and further simplicity in the way of living far removed from the habits of the rich". The last word 'simplicity' became the epitome of his noble life.

Let us see how this great Roman ruler, acknowledges, the debt of his gratitude to his teachers. "From my tutor, I learnt endurance of labour, and to want little, and to work with my own hands, and not to meddle with other people's affairs, and not to be ready to listen to slander". These words of Marcus Aurelius reveal to us what "a disciplined, hard working, gentle, wise, virtuous man" he was. It is these great traits of this emperor that interest us even today and signify their relevance to these modern times.

Marcus Aurelius acknowledges his debt, specially to three teachers. It is interesting to know about them and their contribution in moulding Marcus Aurelius as a great man and emperor, in the words of this great pupil. "From Rusticus I first conceived the need of moral correction and amendment and from Apollonius to keep free and to make nothing on the hazards of chance, never for one instant to lose sight of reason to keep equable in temper under assaults of pain or the loss of child or in tedious illness......and from Maximus selfmastery and concentration of aim". From this autobiographical account we realise that Marcus Aurelius acquired all the above noble qualities by the teachings of his great tutors. It is interesting to note that this historic report makes us feel that in this case both the teachers and the student, proved great.

There was a significant anecdote in the life of Marcus Aurelius which makes him remembered as a great soul. He was marching against Avidius Cassius, who revolted against him. On the way Marcus Aurelius was informed that Avidius Cassius was assassinated by somebody. Anyone in that circumstance would have thought it to be a good riddance. But how great the words of Marcus Aurelius on that occasion were! He said he was 'sorry' to be deprived of the pleasure of pardoning him". Even while waging a battle against a revolting subject, this great Emperor sought the magnanimous gesture of forgiving the enemy, of course after defeating him in battle.

The time and position of Marcus Aurelius rule should be understood, as the Christians in those early days were misunderstood by the Roman rulers as a secret community making preparations for a revolt. And they were dealt with severely by the Roman rulers. But no authentic account of how Marcus Aurelius dealt with his suspected revolting early Christians is available. Regarding this point Mathew Arnold writes "And Marcus Aurelius incurs no moral reproach by having authorised the punishment of Christians ..... One may concede that it was impossible for him to see Christianity as it really was". Mathew Arnold refers to those times as the "Mists of prejudice against Christians". His son Commodus was not as great as his father. He was under the influence of his mistress Marcia. He left Christians untroubled. It is said that he was without good counsel and direction. But Marcus Aurelius in the words of Arnold "saved his own soul by his righteousness and he could do no more", (to help his son).

But if one leaves aside his outward life and tries to study his inward life, one has to go through his entries jotted down from day to day, after the royal business and fatigue of the day. These writings in **Meditations** are praised by several critics as unsurpassed for their naturalness and simplicity. They were without the slightest striving for style. There were no discussions or arguments, 'carp and civil dies away'. 'One is overpowered with purity, delicacy and virtue'.

Let us read how the great Roman ruler wrote about what was then called "polity", and presently called "democratic state". "The idea of a polity (state) in which there is the same law for all, a polity administered with regard to equal rights and equal freedom of speech and the idea of a kingly government which respects most of all the freedom of the governed".

Regarding 'drive at practice', Marcus Aurelius asks us to think on these lines. "The greatest part of what we say or do being unnecessary, if a man takes this way, he will have more leisure and less uneasiness. Accordingly on every occasion a man should ask himself 'Is this one of the unnecessary things"? Doviously he had a philosophic bent of mind and democratic learnings.

He cautions us again, "We ought to check in the series of our thoughts, every thing that is purposeless and useless, but most of all our curious and malignant feelings". He resembles Benjamin Franklin in placing stress on practicalness. "Let nothing be done without a practice". He categorises people doing humanitarian service into three types. "One man when he has done a service to another is ready to set it down to his account as a favour conferred. Another (the second type) is not ready to do this, he thinks of the man as his debtor and he knows what he has done. The third in a manner does not even know what he has done (the humanitarian service), but he is like a vine which has produced its proper fruit. As a horse when he has run, a dog when he has caught the game, a bee when it has made its honey, so a man when he had done a good deed does not call out for others to come and see, but he goes on to another act".

Regarding expectation of rewards for doing a good act he states "Art thou not content that thou hast done something conformable (suitable) to thy nature, and dost thou seek to be paid for it, just as if the eye demanded a recompense for seeing, or the feet, for walking". How noble he breathes in his classic analysis! How he resembles our Indian poet and a once ruler Bhartruhari!

Marcus Aurelius reminds us of our present sociology when he says "the prime principle in man's constitution is the social". "When thou wishes to delight thyself, (i.e.) when you feel proud) think of the virtue of those who live with thee, for instance, and the activity of one, and the modesty of another, the liberality of a third, and some other good quality of a fourth". Thus Marcus Aurelius exhorts us not to pride ourselves on our virtues but to identify ourselves with the noble traits to be found in

others who live around us. This is true selfabnegation.

Let us study some of his pithy assertions:

"Short is the little which remains to thee of life. Live as a mountain".

"Whatever happens to everyman is for the interest of the universal".

"All things work for good".

When we study the life of the great Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius, who led a simple life sleeping on hard beds, and ruling his kingdom endowed with noble ideas we are reminded of another such great ruler of ancient times of unrecorded history - Janaka Maharaj of Mithila Kingdom.

C. Rajagopalachari, the freedom fighter and the first Governor General of India, and a prolific writer, giving summaries of our epics 'Ramayana' and 'Mahabharatha', admired the life of this great Roman ruler and contributed his profile to Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan. 'Meditations' by Marcus Aurelius is worthy of our serious study.

# SONNET SALUTATIONS FOR THE LATE PROF. K.R. SRINIVASAN IYENGAR

Dr. H. Tulsi

A law of Nature it is that, some day, All beings breathe their last and turn to dust. But how can we not grieve though Death's a must when stars among mankind are whisked away?

Our idol Iyengar has ceased to breathe! The doyen who has done his country proud wears, now, each 'shawl of honour' as a shroud,

stor occupant in the black tupping so

Each laurel and each garland as a wreath!

But deathless is his bequest literary.

A mirror to his face his works will hold

So that man, down the ages, may salute

This figure fossilized in history.

His precepts if we practice and uphold, would we not be paying the best tribute.

# BROWNING'S "FRA LIPPO LIPPI"

#### Patricia Prime

In the form of the dramatic monologue Browning was searching for a structure that would enable him to make an impact through the voice of one person. This person addresses and interacts with one or more other people; but the reader knows of the auditor's presence and what they say and do only from clues in the speaker's monologue. As Shaw (1969) argues, "The speaker must in some sense persuade his auditor, but he must also communicate his meaning to the reader". (p.60)

Many of Browning's monologues portray personae at dramatic moments in their lives. By entering into the lives of so many people, Browning satisfied, in part, the desire he stated in "Pauline" - to "be all, see, know, taste, feel, all". Some of Browning's characters are perceived as being "good", and some are perceived as being "evil". With both types, Browning indirectly expressed his belief in the value of action, and his dislike of passive behaviour. Browning's dramatic monologues affirm his belief that life's imperfections and strivings are a prelude to the perfection of the afterlife.

In the poem "Fra Lippo Lippi", Browning uses the voice of a monk who is also a painter, a man of aestheticism and sensuality, who wanders from his cloister in search of sex. Despite his quest for excitement, Lippi remains true to his artistic profession. He is, as Shaw (1968) says, "A philosopher who mimics the self-delusion of spiritual experts like the Prior in order to expose their contradictions". (p.156). By this, Shaw means that we must take Lippi for the man he is; a man who can see him own faults reflected in the lives of others.

Lippi's sexual transgressions are noted in the first lines of Browning's poem. Lippi has been caught by the night watchman in a back street where the "Sportive ladies" flaunt themselves, and it is possible he is entering a brothel. Lippi's invitation to the officer to share vicariously in his experience depends on several of the syntactic features that relate in progression of the monologue in its interiorising effect. For example, in the lines.

'Tell you, I liked your looks at very first. Let's sit and set things straight now, hip to haunch.

Lippi instills at once in his listener the specific beginnings of comradely feeling. It is night time in spring, and any man should be able to empathise with the monk's dilemma. What the officer is invited to feel is the tedium of being shut up in a cell with the repeated paintings of "saints and saints and saints again" for occupation. In a few lines Lippi gives us the gist of his perplexing situation and invites us to become a participant in his escapade.

Lippi has no difficulty interpreting the watchman's responses, and thus, when Lippi says late in the poem "You understand me", the reader can easily credit his confidence that the exchange has been successful. As Martin (1985) argues, "The success of communication and exchange in Browning's monologues may be gauged in part by the degree to which acknowledged responses are interpreted by the speaker." (p.138). In addition, the frequency of turns in the conversation suggest that when Lippi says of the Prior's condemnation "Now is this sense, I ask?" the channel is open for the constable to speak, despite the absence of an acknowledgment by Lippi that he has done so. The degree of interpretability does not depend on whether or not the response is verbal.

As Martin (1985) states, "This retention of an always disappearing line of past disclosure is just one method Browning uses to begin monologues in the midst of an unbroken tempral stream..." (p.90). Reference to an immediate linguistic past is not the only way Browning's oratorical devices create their characteristic effects. When Fra Lippo Lippi exclaims "You need not clap your torches in my face", he refers to an action that has presumably taken place. Gestures and actions can convey the same degree of acknowledgment. For example, when Lippi says,

Aha, you know better! Then, you'll take Your hand away that's fiddling on my throat,

the reader is immediately in the heart of charged action.

Lippi does not want to be confined to his cell painting saints - his current commission from his patron, Cosimo de Medici. He complains that he did not choose the monastic life but rather had it thrust upon him through force of circumstance. When it was discovered that he had a penchant for drawing, he was given food and shelter in return for his talents.

Lippi's argument to the men who would turn him over to the authorities is the backbone of the monologue. He argues well - about his reasons for being in the street so late, about his dysfunctional childhood and about his views on art. As Shaw (1968) argues, "But though his discourse begins at the erotic level, and even returns to the erotic level, the new terms discovered on the way, make it improper for the ascetic Prior to reduce Fra Lippo's dialectic to its simplest and most guilty biological terms." (p.157). By this, Shaw implies that even Lippi's adversary, the Prior, may be turned into his ally through the force of his argument.

However, Lippi's art may be too realistic for the Prior's taste, since it reveals his latent sexuality, "You should not take a fellow eight years old and make him swear to never kiss the girls" (11.224-5). His fellow monks observe that one of the women depicted in his painting is "like the Prior's niece who comes/To care about his asthma' " (11 170-1). The Prior also suspects the presence of his "niece" (a probable euphemism for mistress or daughter), in one of Lippi's paintings. This time she is depicted as Herodius, who plotted with Salome to behead St John the Baptist. It is implied in

the poem that Lippi was having affairs with the young women who were his models.

Lippi steadily prepares the reader for his three climaxes: "You are about the best thing God invents" (1. 218); "I always see the garden and God there/A-making man's wife" (11. 266-267), and "Interpret God to all of you" (1. 311). After disclosing these precepts, with their symbolic powers, Lippi reduces them to the physical level. This tends to expose Lippi's character and expands it from that of a sensualist to a religious philosopher. The conflict between the flesh and the spirit is a play of opposites and results in the union of Lippi's personality with his ideas. But the resolution of his character is never quite made by Browning, for if it were the poem would cease to be a dramatic monologue and become instead a vehicle for Browning's own ideas.

Lippi defends himself against the charges of mere sensuality. He takes the human figure to "Make his flesh liker and his soul more like" (1.207). Lippi's art follows the model of God's design in the Garden of Eden, where Adam and Eve sported unashamed of their nakedness, "my lesson learned, The value and significance of Flesh, I can't unlearn ten minutes afterwards" (11. 267-269).

Next, Lippi refers to one of his promising pupils, "Hulking Tom": Tommaso Guidi, stating that his young student's approach to art bodes well for the future. (However, we are told in a footnote to the poem that Browning "erred in

regarding Masaccio as Lippo's pupil, whereas the converse is true" (Loucks, 1979, p.111). After Browning discovered his mistake, he was undeterred and one can only assume that he meant Lippi to be the originator of the new "pagan" sensuality in painting.

As a sensualist, Lippi is fully responsive to the senses: taste, smell and touch prompt remarkable similes: "the air this spring night . . . turns/the unaccustomed head like Chianti wine!" (1. 339). He intersperses his speech with snippets of song, "Flower o' the pine,/You keep your mistr . . . manners, and I'll stick to mine!" (1. 239). The natural world for Lippi, abounds in sensuous pleasures. He revels in its "beauty and the wonder and the power,/The shapes of things, their colours, lights and shades" (11. 293-4). He sees everything with a painterly eye.

As Bristow (1991) argues, "There is much to forgive this provocative and life loving rogue, particularly when he is so honest about his ambitious commitment to producing better and stronger works of art." (p.100). Lippi's ambiguous position in his own painting sums up his role in life: he waits outside, officially forbidden to participate in the sexual world around him, but nevertheless makes an unofficial entry into it. The monk in the painting engages his audience in a round of sexual activity that is totally opposed to "his sacramental doctrines of nature as is the nonartistic world the audience inhabits to the aesthetic realm of his painting." (Shaw, 1968. p. 162).

Browning's differing approaches to the Italian Renaissance and his stance on behalf of Victorian artists reveal his perception of what it took to be an artist in Victorian England. The use of the dramatic persona enabled Browning to stand aside from his poems and allow the persona to do his talking for him.

Although Browning's ideas are important in themselves, the verse patterns and rapid movement of his poems are just as important. These qualities show Browning's respect for physical energy and action. At his best, in a poem such as "Fra Lippo Lippi", Browning shows us a monk who cannot separate flesh from spirit,

just as we, as readers, cannot isolate the characters from their ideas.

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# I DON'T KNOW...

R.K. Singh

I don't know how to negotiate the long steep trail with hidden scorpions under loose rocks at home with human muck in a valley existence strolling upward through a thicket of TV images

politics of glory, garbage, and god the odd arts of money, hierarchy, and control nobody knows who unmakes whom.

I don't know how to follow the ridges back to the trail and the dead river but stand for a moment to rub the sand from my feet before worrying about the lost vitality and fear of the approaching night and rising smoke dissolving in the sky or conspiring with elements

hardly in balance but contorting the psyche.

I don't know what is there for me to hope when the rains rejuvenate and flood both the repulsive stench and the loss of pathways linger longer than the puddle feeds no sparrows but algae that couldn't dry now trap tiny souls that fail to swell with heaven's breath.

## TO BE THE LAND OF A THOUSAND CLASSICS

B.S. Murthy

The universal success of 'The God of Small Things', and the exuberant outburst of Salman Rushdie on 'regional' Indian writing call for a dispassionate approach to the genesis of Indo-English writing, ney, all Indian writing. Let us first propitiate the 'God of Small Things' before we turn our attention to the 'Satan of verses'.

As Arundhati Roy's success is of historical magnitude, it would be in order to follow the Gibbonian track to seek its causes. To this enquiry an obvious but satisfactory answer may be returned: that it was owing to the newness of 'The God of Small Things', exemplified by the peculiar and pixillated use of the language to weave a sensuous story in a sinusoidal fashion, and the magical power of the narration, repetitions notwithstanding, that enthralls the reader throughout. But as truth and reason seldom find so favourable a reception in the world, and as the wisdom of Providence frequently condescends to use passion of the human heart, and the general circumstances of mankind, as instruments to execute its purpose, we may still be permitted, though with becoming submission to ask, not indeed what were the first, but what were the secondary causes, to borrow from Gibbon, of the unprecedented success of 'The God of Small Things'. It will, perhaps, appear that it was most effectually favoured by the three following causes. 1. The Indo-Christian ambience of the subject. 2. The extraordinary hype bestowed upon it in a sustained manner. 3. The glamour and intelligence of its author.

As the second is widely felt, and the third truly perceived, it is the first of the secondary causes that needs to be delved into at some length for a general understanding. While 'The God of Small Things' is selling in six figures in The States, the other two most publicized faces of Indo-Anglican writing, Salman Rushdie and Vikram Seth, reportedly, have come a cropper there. The reason, perhaps, is all too apparent on appraisal, notwithstanding the relative merits of their works. Rushdie's writings are about Indo-Muslim ethos, while Seth's 'Suitable Boy' is in essence Indo-Hindu, and both of which are alien to the American cultural mindset. On the other hand, the Christian experience conveyed in Roy's book, abetted in the exotic Indian setting, could vibe well with the American cultural consciousness that helped it to position itself, for months on, on The New York Times Best Seller List. For the very same reason, perhaps, the book got patronized, in translations, in many European countries as well.

However, the culturo-literary scene in England, where Rushdie and Seth too sell well, not to speak of Roy, is altogether different. Owing to historical causes, the British are privy to the Indo-Hindu as well as Indo-Muslim

socio-cultural nuances, and for nostlalgic reasons tend to condescend to patronize Indo literary products packaged with the right kind of market mix.

This inherent anomaly of Indo-English writing seems to have been grasped by many an aspiring writer to stay afloat in the trecherous literary waters. One feels constrained, so it appears, to pave his literary way to the Western markets over the transcontinental route by transplanting assorted alien characters, for no rhyme save for a reason, in the Indian social sub-soil. But inspite of this promissing recipe, or, perhaps, because of it, most of the fare turns out to be stale literary kichdi. Most of this effort seems to lack conviction as superficial alien pegs are sought to be placed in soulless holes of the shallow native soil. Paradoxically, this compulsion occasioned the wastage of much Indian literary talent. Besides: the formula in most cases, failed to click in the West leaving many a hopeful stuck.

This is where Arundhati Roy scores. Being a Syrian Christian herself, she instinctively captured the ambience of her community ethos, and artfully crafted the East-West equations, albeit Christian, to make 'The God of Small Things' refreshingly appealing, and eminently readable, to one and all in India, and the world over.

What about the compulsions and quality of the Indian regional writing? "The prose writing - both fiction and non-fiction - created in this period (post-independence) by Indian writers working in English is proving to be a stronger and more important body of work than most of what has been produced in the 16 'official languages' of India, the so-called 'vernacular languages', during the same time. Thus spake Salman Rushdie, ruffling many a vernacular feather and occasioning much regional breast beating. And the decibel levels of the retaliatory counter-trumpeting that followed could have made Hushdie more sleepless than the fear of the *fatwa* ever did earlier. To be fair to Rushdie, he did concede that he came to this conclusion based on his reading of the available body of translations, which obviously failed to inspire.

Why single out Rushdie when Naipaul is not flattering either. In 'An Area of Darkness', he wrote-"the feeling is widespread that, whatever English might have done for Tolstoy, it can never do justice to Indian 'language' writers. This is possible: what I read of them in translation did not encourage me to read more. Premchand turned out to be a minor fabulist. Other writers quickly fatigued me with their assertions that poverty was sad, that death was sad. Many of the modern short stories were only refurnished folk tales..." Can there be smoke without fire, or are these two highly successful and decorated writers jealous of their poor vernacular cousins to insinuate in like manner? But before we go into that, we should have a look at the other side of the coin as well. U.R. Ananthamurthy, President, Sahitya Academy, sounds eminently reasonable when he states: "that no Indian writer in any of the languages can assume to know what is happening in the Indian languages. Rushdie does not even live

in India. How can he make such an enormous assumption?"

But would human curiosity leave the issue at that so stoically? Doubtful, given the human propensity for comparison. Why, for that matter, don't we come across people who claim their language is the best evolved, and that their literature is better? It does not stop at that either: endless arguments ensure among the literati of the same like about the perceived merit of some writers over the others of their own language. Can one deny such debates ensuring literary introspection besides improving human understanding? By being privy to the varied experiences of the people of our vast land, all Indians should stand to gain intellectually. And the only way out for effecting inter-linguistic cultural interaction is to bring all the noteworthy works in Indian regional languages into the English mainstream through translations. This enables the worth of the composite Indian writing to be judged on a single platform, by us as well as by others. But in the solution seems to lie the problem itself.

It has been, more or less, accepted, even by the protagonists of the regional language pre-eminence, that the available quality of the translations is woefully inadequate, for most part, robbing the Preston beauty of the originals. There is another school of thought that the real taste of the regional works cannot be captured in English translations owing to their unique linguistic flavour. First, let us turn to the alleged poor quality of the translations. Assuming the translators at work are novices,

who are unable to capture the nuances of the original regional masterpieces, v'hy should the professionals be shying away from the calling? For sure, there would be sufficient number of well read professionals capable of experiencing the nuances of the regional masterpieces, why should the professionals be shying away from the calling? For sure, there would be sufficient number of well read professionals capable of experiencing the nuances of the regional works, who could also have been exposed to the intricacies of English, in all regions, to turn out competent translations. What could be preventing these learned bi-linguists from bringing the masterpieces of their mother tongues to the international lime light? Besides attending to the patriotic calling, there would be a chance too to make a name for themselves, if not money, in the process. But this, as alleged by many, is not happening. But why? Could it be possible that those who savoured the best of world literature while acquiring mastery over English find he native stuff unsavoury? It would serve well the regionalists to open channels with their bilinguists, who hold the international literary barometers, to exchange notes, and then to update their efforts if necessary. Till then Rushdie will get away by default.

About the untranslatability of some of the vernacular works. The exponents of this theory, without their realising it, may be admitting to the queer nature of such works in regional languages. If some works appeal solely for their unique vernacular glitter, which obviously does not lend itself for translation, then they deserve to remain where they are,

To be the Land of a Thousand Classics

for the greatness of world literature owes itself to substance in the main.

But where will all this lead Indian literature to? Shall it rest on the laurels of 'Small Things' for times to come. Going by the potential of our diverse cultural backdrop, to inspire varied literary expressions, India should, one day, be the land of a thousand classics. But to realise the dream there seems to be a need for the change of attitudes - of the writers, of the publishers and, of course, of the reading public. Firstly, our writers should weave 'modern' stories around our varied cultural canvas, than

seeking worn-out western crutches as props, to explore true Indian fallibilities and possibilities. When asked to buy, as of now, the Indian readers may say there is nothing inspiring, barring an odd 'God of Small Things' for them to venture into the arena of Indian creative writing. The vital links in the chain are the publishers who should consciously look for, and promote true Indian experiences sans Western trespassing. It is only thus, in time, we may have our own Tolstoys and Zolas, who one day could trod the world literary scene as colossuses, and make India the land of a thousand classics.

# MOONLIGHT FISHING

Subbuswami Krishna Murthy

Moon overhead, the barges set sail To the deep middle waters into the vortex rings to cast their nets, the Moon mutely witnessing.

All day they slept for the night vigil for a bigger catch, a variegated variety of shell - fish.

The owner lazing in the larger barge, checking up the numbers of the costly catch.

What life could be under the glittering Moon no music, no noise, no child's cries

save the Moonshine, illumining the waters to help the fisher - folk delve deep to spot the shifting shoals sporting in pairs.

My eyes wonder as I watch the fleet in their mindful mission,

so disciplined, stuck so stubbornly searching to feed their ever - hungry stomachs.

Worrying not a whit but enjoying too, to be back to their dear and dearer ones to unload their loads of lobsters and all for the elusive morrow under the sun.

## THE RUSSIAN'S MIND

# Prof. V.L.S.Bhimasankaram

As one in charge of the Department of Geophysics in the Osmania University, I had to do with lot of Russians, some thirty years ago. The whole thing started like this.

In 1967, when the department itself was a few months old, we had started for the first time a Post-graduate course and taken five students. As geophysics is a field subject, we needed good field instruments and reasonably equipped laboratories. We found that the few pieces of available disconnected equipment earlier ordered by non-specialists in Geophysics and obtained from UN Assistance were not at all useful for the purpose. With limited funds available for purchase of new equipment, we faced an insurmountable task of conducting practical training for the students. As a new department, we had to compete with the already well established departments in other Universities, and provide best training possible which alone would ensure employment to our students.

It was then that the rumour which was in the air for quite some time, appeared to be true. The Soviet and Indian Governments have agreed to establish four centres of higher education in different sciences in different parts of India, with the former's Rupee credit and technical assistance, and our Department was chosen for establishing a Centre in Geophysics. I suspect this has nothing to do with the strength of our department or the expertise of the staff, but a political decision.

The massive assistance from the USSR, of nearly a crore of rupees for the next five years, was supposed to be in three directions. A varied number of field and laboratory equipment was to be supplied by the Russians to our Center. Soviet geophysicists were to be sent to help us develop the laboratories, to plan field training and research programs. Finally, our teachers, including the future recruits were to get training in chosen branches in the geophysical institutes in the USSR.

On the face of it, this appeared to be very welcome proposition. At first, it would solve our problem of not having good laboratory and field equipment. Since virtually no geophysical equipment was manufactured in our country at that time (the position remains more or less the same even now), the only possibility of running a good geophysics department was to import them from abroad.

Nobody here had ever before heard of Soviet equipment and always we all looked towards the free countries for importing our equipment. That used to be the situation not only here, but also in Andhra University and some other institutions in the country where geophysics was being taught. But, practically this was not possible for any of us. Firstly, all the state universities were poor to

afford huge funds for buying Western equipment or to use them.

No doubt from time to time the University Grants Commission used to sanction funds for purchase of equipment. But thanks to Government of India's policies for conservation of foreign exchange, no University could import any equipment worth its name. Any application for import of equipment had to pass through a series of red taped beaurocrats, who not being able to judge matters on their technical merits, rejected all such requests.

One who was persistent and successful in pushing the papers from the State Chief Secretary to the Central Secretariat, found it took nearly three to four years before permission to import was granted, and later to claim customs exemption available for teaching institutions. By this time, either the equipment became obsolete or the foreign manufacturer discontinued its production.

I must however say that the position for the Central Government institutions, like CSIR laboratories was different. This added another difficulty for the Universities. The Central laboratories were flourishing well with equipment and funds and our students suffered for want of on-hand training and our research scholars for quality research. That was why most of the university teachers turned to theoretical research where no instruments would be necessary.

The position was much more serious for the Osmania University because a large CSIR laboratory with almost unlimited funds was sitting next door. As a small seedling under the wide shadow of a huge tree, we had to struggle for survival.

Some of us who were mostly interested in field and laboratory research tried to rig up some equipment indigenously, for which the expertise we had was moderate, and even then, the necessary parts and meters available locally were third rate. Thus, we wasted most of our working time in re-inventing the wheel, that ended up square-shaped.

It was against this background, that we were not averse in getting Russian equipment though we suspected they would definitely be crude, bulky and inferior to those manufactured in the West.

The second aspect of the Soviet aid was in the form of Soviet specialists to assist us in the day to day activities connected with training of students and development of geophysical culture. Here too, we were apprehensive, for we were often told by our western colleagues that the level of Geophysics in the USSR was not up the mark. Not only that, but from the human relations angle, we were made to believe, that the Russians look grim, act reserved, and are tight lipped. With all their activities shrouded in secrecy with their sworn ambition for protecting their knowledge, it was doubtful whether they would really give us all they knew.

We were warned not to enquire about the political atmosphere in their country (which was a very sensitive issue for the visitors), nor to dwell upon the freedom we enjoy in our country in discussing any matter openly, whether it was religion or politics, or to criticise the Prime Minister or the President with no fear of repercussion. In fact, it was well known we do this too often without batting an eyelid. But we Indians have a way of getting along well with anybody - well, with almost anybody (may be with the exception of our own countrymen), particularly if they are white skinned.

I was also worried about the training aspect of our teachers in the Soviet Union. Unless one could speak and read Russian well, the contact with Russian science would be useless. That means our visiting teachers had to spend several months learning Russian, said to be a difficult language, with its gutteral sounds and complicated grammar. Also, any slight indiscretion on the part of the visiting young trainee may attract the attention of the KGB, and we may not hear about him again.

But was there a choice? I, therefore, mentally attuned myself to get the best of the bad bargain. It was also a challenge to the new department and its young staff.

Anyway, one day we got a firm communication that a one-man delegation was to visit our department for a fortnight to work-out the details of this program. The delegation and I had to sit together and prepare a Project Proposal for the approval of the Governments of India and the USSR.

The day the delegation was expected to arrive in Hyderabad, I went to the airport to

receive it. Three Russians arrived, and one of them introduced himself as the official from the Russian Embassy in New Delhi. He introduced to me the leader of the delegation as Prof Plusnin, Head of the Geophysical Chair of the Moscow Geological Prospecting Institute. The official also told me that Plusnin was the recipient of the Order of Merit of Lenin or some such thing. Prof. Plusnin was a well-built man with an impressive face and inquisitive eyes. He was around 50 plus years of age, with plentiful whitish hair, and I instantly liked him.

The third person was an young girl, of medium height, with well done blond hair, lean, but at the same time well provided in the necessary parts of her anatomy. She looked most charming by any standards, certainly from Russian standards. We drove them to the University Guest-house, and since they expressed a desire to rest, I left them for the day, well settled in their rooms. Of course, I could very easily see that the Embassy Official wanted me out so that he could have a detailed discussion of the strategy to be adopted by the delegation and to brief Prof. Plusnin on the official exigency of seeing the project go through, possibly over a bottle of Vodka which for certain would have been brought from Russia by the delegation.

The next morning, I went to the guest house at 8 A.M. as agreed, but was surprised to learn that the Embassy official left for Delhi, apparently having fulfilled his duty of successfully briefing the delegation. I then

The Russian's Mind

went to the room of Prof. Plusnin and was warmly received by him.

I must admit that, that morning he was more vociferous on seeing me, in quite a contrast to his reserve, in the presence of the Embassy man at the airport and later at the guest house, the previous evening. I used the word 'vociferous' purposefully, for he did make lot of sounds which meant nothing to me, as he spoke in Russian. But soon he realised his mistake and brought his lady companion who I understood was the interpreter.

No doubt, the atmosphere brightened with the entry of this sprightly girl, but lo! again I understood next to nothing of what she spoke by way of translation, though I could make out that it was some sort of Hindustani. The Russians apparently, thinking that all Indian spoke Hindi, specially brought a Russian-to-Hindi interpreter.

I was later on told that they had moved earth and heaven (or some equivalent of heaven, for the Russian political philosophy did not believe in heaven) to find a Hindi interpreter just to impress us by this 'friendly gesture'. But truth came out much later. Not that they did not know that we in South were not well-versed in the National language, but the father of this girl, being a Party leader of some stature succeeded in pushing her into the delegation and thus get her a free trip to India.

·Whatever it was, the girl was at first annoyed that I could not follow Hindi, (for, she found herself useless in our work, as she was not good at English) but soon overcame the disappointment, and spent rest of the fortnight visiting and sight-seeing, for which there were plenty of interesting places in Hyderabad for a Russian girl.

I, on my part, was really worried that my visit to the guest house that morning ended in a fiasco, and was apprehensive of the outcome of our joint efforts in the next few days to plan the future of a major project, in which both parties had high stakes.

But, surprisingly, it was Plusnin who revived my lost hope when he spoke a few halting words in English by way of an apology for his inability to speak good English. We soon started our discussions in right earnest for some time in the guest room and later in the Department of Geophysics. Though he was a poor speaker of English, his comprehension of the language was surprisingly good. Belonging to the same fraternity of geophysics, each of us understood several technical words in other's language, and thus the first day of our discussions was not unsatisfactory.

From the next day onwards, I used to collect him in the mornings in my car and bring him to the department (for the contract between Soviet and Indian Governments provided for a free transport to the visitors by the host institution, i.e., Osmania University which, however, did not bother about it, and the department had no vehicle at that time). I used to drive him back to the guest-house for lunch and then back to the department, then to the guest-house in the evenings. By the third day,

I felt it would be simpler and more productive to sit in his room and go to the department only when needed, for it was only in discussions and writing the project report we were engaged in. By the same token, I felt it would give us more time, if we could work in the evenings also, and thus I ended up in inviting him for dinner almost everyday at my house, much to the chagrin of my poor lady who not knowing what type of food the Russians ate and that too in a vegetarian home like ours, ran helter skelter in and out of the kitchen, like a kitten with a burnt foot.

But it was a great relief for me that the visitor enjoyed the food my wife gave him the first day, and said he liked it very much, though I had some lingering doubt whether he said so to please her. Every day my wife made new experiments in food, not simply to exhibit her masterly culinary talents, but mostly with a genuine desire to make the guest happy and satisfied. Such experiments on foods like Punjabi 'Chole', Hyderabad 'Biryani'. Bombay 'Dhoklas', Gujarati 'Kachoris', Bengali 'Rasagullas', Delhi 'Alu Tikkas' etc., which she prepared on the basis of cookery book knowledge, were very common to her even when there were no visitors and I was the only target for her innovations, though frankly, I must admit, she was a good cook and my only difficulty was I relished pure Andhra hot food and nothing else.

The visitor on the other hand appeared to like all types of food made by my wife. Not only he used to shower praise on her for her extra-ordinary talents in cooking, but he went

a step further, by asking her for the recipes and noting them in his note book, for the benefit of his wife as he told my wife by way of an explanation. Having been encouraged by his accolades, my wife slowly made the food more and more spicy, in contrast to the bland food she gave him in the beginning, till the poor man was eating just the same food we Indians in different parts of the country normally partake on our homes. Thus, his visits to my house were satisfying not only to him, but to my wife and particularly, to me because on a full stomach, Plusnin's plans for our future scientific programmes appeared to be more fulfilling.

Only when the interpreter girl joined us in the dinners was the atmosphere more surcharged. Plusnin was business-like, my better-half a tight-lipped and dutiful serving house-wife and I had to be careful not to show that I was paying too much attention to the lovely girl. But those occasions the girl joined us for dinner were rare, for she, having better ways of spending her evenings with her youthful country-men from the Russian Department of the Osmania University sight-seeing or some thing else, I knew not which, was an infrequent visitor to my house and to our business meetings.

On the other front, I was happily surprised that the professor was understanding my English better and better day by day. He explained me this unusual progress was because of his learning English for some months, while in Moscow, specially for his visit to India, and the practice of speaking with me.

Anyway, he said he understood almost all I spoke, But I doubted this, for his speaking was poor. He used to drop the articles and prepositions often, used wrong verbs and mispronounced Russian versions of English nouns. Some sentences he appeared to comprehend very well, but suddenly put a blank face when I spoke relatively simple sentences. Anyway, I was careful not to use complicated sentences, spoke slowly and repeated the sentences several times to ensure that he understood them.

On my part, I developed a faculty of understanding of what he was trying to tell me. Thus, as planned, in a fortnight, we completed the report not only to our satisfaction but to the satisfaction of the University Grants Commission which was the direct link for us for providing funds to execute the project.

It was part of history that the Center of Exploration Geophysics established under the project was a success to the satisfaction of the concerned in both the collaborating countries. The Center became the largest of all geophysics teaching departments in the Country and made a mark internationally, that our Government extended the project for five more years and provided additional funds munificiently, unlike to the other three institutions planned under this collaborative agreement, by the Government in the rest of the Country in other branches of science.

That was the business part of the story. On a personal front, I enjoyed operating the project and seeing the young department grow by leaps and bounds. This was no doubt mostly due to the young and intelligent staff members whom we had carefully recruited, but not the least because of the visiting Soviet scientists. During these ten years, nearly fifteen Russian Scientists visited our Center for varying periods, some of them more than once. Prof.Plusnin was with us for atleast half-adozen times.

We found the visitors to be very friendly, witty, and willing to help our growth with all their ability. They genuinely liked our country, its culture and its people. There were many occasions when I used to enquire, particularly of Prof.Plusnin, deeply into their system of governance, the role of the party, the human relations and liberties, etc. They used to answer all such enquiries with reasonable fairness, agreed with certain faults in their system, but tried to explain them on the basis of their chequered history, the cruelty of the earlier monarchy, poor food resources and finally on the basis of the political philosophy of their party.

I had also to go the USSR several times, though for short periods of a month or so, and I was never allowed to eat at the hotel except for breakfast, but in the homes of one or the other Russian colleagues mostly out of friendly respect for me, but definitely because they knew that I would not be able to eat their hotel food.

During my first visit to Moscow, remembering the charming young interpreter who visited us, I insisted on having an interpreter for myself, hoping either she or . another girl of similar stature would be in charge of conducting me through the complicated mechanics of getting to feel the pulse and throb of their culture, if not science. They agreed, after some hesitation and discussions with their higher-ups in the party, and in a couple of days, I was woken up in the hotel room one morning by a grim-looking bearded gaint of a man who spoke English that sounded like shaking of a tin container half - filled with stones. I had, later on, great difficulty in requesting my hosts to withdraw him, stating that I now found that we could manage the discussions and visits, better without an interpreter's distortions.

As years progressed, Plusnin became a best personal friend to me and my family members that we were so unhappy, when the project ended in 1978, to realise that he would not be visiting us in years to come and there was no possibility of our going to his country just to spend some happy moments with him, since getting a visa to visit the USSR for such purposes was next to impossible.

It was after a couple of years that some Russian who was not connected with us came to me specially to convey, at the behest of Mrs. Plusnin, the sad news of the sudden demise of Plusnin some months earlier. I was shocked at first and for several days could not push away the unhappy incident out of my mind. I later became philosophical just to overcome the bad feeling. What was the meaning of my grieving over some one who was not my relative, not even my

country-man. What was there that was common between us. We belonged to different religions, spoke different languages, ate different foods, wore different clothes, came from different cultures, and lived in countries with different political philosophies. Why should I grieve over some body who came from thousands of miles away whom it was difficult to meet even if he were alive?

But that was friendship, a bond between two human beings that could only be felt, not explained, not rational - a mutual feeling of each for the other, a wish to share the happy occasions with each other and a state of mind that cannot be put into words. But life goes on, each lives his or her own life however close one was to the other. This is where time erases the memories of the mind. But the mind cannot be completely won over, it cannot be suppressed fully. Memories can at best be blunted, but cannot be thrown out into oblivion. In some lone moments, the mind plays tricks with us. However much we want to forget, it takes us back, without our knowing it, to those days one spent with the other. One can only circumvent these tricks of the mind by acceeding to its wishes, by confining one-self in recalling and recollecting the happy moments one spent in each other's company, and by not dwelling on the unhappy memories, and thus cheat the mind.

While on the topic of the tricks of mind, I wish to end this narrative with an incident that happened with Plusnin, some years ago, during one of his trips to India.

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I had to go to Delhi the next day on official work in the Ministry of Education, when I received a phone call from Plusnin that he had arrived in Delhi from Moscow the previous evening and was starting for Hyderabad that evening. I thought for a few moments and felt that it would be useful for our project if he joined me in the discussions with the Ministry, the next day. Hence I suggested to him to postpone his departure by a day since I was going over to Delhi the next morning. I was not sure whether he understood me. I repeated the statement and requested him to wait for

me in Delhi and to meet me in the guest house of the Indian National Science Academy where I normally stayed when in Delhi. He appeared to have agreed. But I was not sure, and again I repeated my proposition. He said 'yes, yes'. It was then I asked him doubting if he correctly understood me, whether it was inconvenient for him to do so, and said 'Prof. Plusnin! Do you mind? His immediate reply was, "I have no mind!".

Finally, I understood the Russian's mind.

# REAL JOY

#### A.N.Sarma

Oh joy! Don't offend, I tell only my mind Never I saw you in replete - prior, Although I tried often earlier, A day shall come to present your face kind

On my mother's lap I didn't feel you, For too young to call upon you, As a student I knew not for clear, Since we had too many tests for fear.

Marriage made me joyous - only tense time, As children made the family prime. All my earnestness turned dim as midday moon Now, Oh joy! The great! I see you full in delight In flesh and blood of town's elite, Clapping and acclaiming my play staged tonight.

# MILLENNIUM 2000—WHAT IT MEANS TO ME

I

When I recite the sankalpa on any day I am reminded where exactly I stand at that moment, in a space - time continuum, with reference to the geographical position and the spot on the indefinite scale of time which has neither a beginning nor an end.

Aadyabrahmana: dwiteeyapararddhe swetavarahakalpe Vaivasvatamanvanthare ashtavimsatitame Kaliyuge..... jaboodweepe bharatavarshe.....

I am in the fifth Kalpa of a segment of six, called Sveta Varaha. In that Kalpa consisting of 14 Manus and six Mahayugas, I am in the 8th part called Vaivaswatamanu containing 71 Chaturyugas or Mahayugas. I am in the 28th Mahayuga, comprising of Krita, Treta, Dwapara and Kali of which the last is one - tenth of the whole and I have stepped into the 5100th year of this Kaliyuga. How can then a Millennium of 2000 mean anything to me? With a perfect understanding of the Kalaganitha, have not our forefathers taught us that Time itself is incomparable and immeasurable? The more we look into that vast expanse of unfathomed depth of space of Cosmos, extending to billions of light years, do we not feel the presence of that Kalapurusha, the most impeccable and imperishable?

In that Akhandabrahmanda of Time and Space, I feel that Millennium 2000 is just a minutest speck of part of a particle of Kalapurusha. It looks to me as if I am just counting the sands on the shores of great oceans and have just reached 2000. Time goes, you say? Ah no! Alas Time stays. We go.

V.S. Kalyana Raman, Bangalore

II

Those of us who will live beyond the last day of this year will wake up from our dreams into another millennium - 2000. But a rational thought will assure us that it will be simply entering another fresh year like the bygone ones and time is a continuum, who can divide it? Again, if we are not cocksure about the exact date of birth of Jesus Christ, how shall we be sure about the beginning of the millennium? But if we keep aside all such arguments, we will surely be the lucky ones to be able to embrace the new millennium in our life - time which will be a great adventure into the unknown.

As we endeavour to think about the future, a look - back becomes inevitable. History has recorded many great events that took place during the past millenniums; great literary and artistic creations, wondrous scientific

inventions, industrial revolutions, wars and defeats including the two world wars - the ominous possibility of a third one sometimes looms large before our eyes. No Ism has been able to solve the human problems. Even communism has miserably failed. The League of Nations was ignored, now the UNO is also ignored. Big brothers are often meddling in other countries' affairs, bombing them through push-button devices when they are suffering from their own ethnic problems. Those who are armed to the teeth are asking others to disarm themselves for peace! Those who gained freedom through enormous struggles the other day, are now subjugating other free nations like Tibet.

Men are killing millions of animals not only for eating, poaching and fun, but also to get rid of the diseases which affected the animals. Could the animals not be treated? Is it not throwing out the baby with the bath water? Dalai Lama has recently said this to USA - 'You talk about democracy, freedom.... it's still the same old concept - show of force. '(Hindu - Dt.18.4.99).

Science has greatly improved the human destiny but it has brought untold miseries to human lives. After the recent killing by students in Littleton School, US President Bill Clinton has addressed the students thus - 'All of you are exposed to much higher levels of violence through television, through video games - you can actually find out how to make bombs on the Internet. '(Hindu - Dt.24.4.1999) Terrorism is the order of the day.

In countries like India corruption, superstition, illiteracy (30%) and poverty (50%)

still rule the society. It is no wonder then that in cast - ridden Bihar more than 434 persons have been killed in three years in feuds. And does 'Reservation' in all walks of life strengthen the society and bring a sense of equality or create fissures in it?

Scientific and technical developments have far surpassed the average human consciousness and wisdom which has given birth to the crisis of civilisation. Man is standing at the crossing of many roads. But he is a transitional being too, Sri Aurobindo observed.

After the descent of supramental consciousness in the earth atmosphere in 1956, after it had been brought on his body by Sri Aurobindo in 1950, Mother had given us a great hope that great changes will occur in human lives and his consciousness. A greater dawn perhaps awaits us if we collaborate with the divine plan, resolve to grow from within. 'All things seem hard to man... become at once easy and simple when God in man takes up the contract'

(Sri Aurobindo. Aphorism No. 109)

Aju Mukhopadhyay, Pondicherry

#### III

The second millennium comes to an end by 2000th year and the third millennium starts. It starts not with a big bang but starts as this day from yesterday. There are no marks of division in the infinite time. We make division of time for our convenience. The invisible steps of time move silently. Every age and every era leaves its marks on the sands of time. Great Britain, for instance, has produced great scientists like Newton, great statesmen like Winston Churchill, great Philosophers like Bertrand Russell and great poets and dramatists like William Shakespeare. According to Emerson" every great man is an age, an era and a century..." and the Britishers have chosen Shakespeare as the man of this Century because his influence on the minds of men all over the world still continues.

The object of life for the civilised man is peace and happiness. This has to be achieved by adventures in wisdom but not in war and destruction. But the paradox remains. If one man constructs, another man destroys. The thrill of achievement is counteracted by the shock of dismay.

I can not better express my view of the millennium 2000 except by quoting the following lines:

"New times, new climes, new arts, new men, but still the same old tears, old crimes and oldest ill ".

The words of William Blake further support my view

"A mark in every face I meet, Marks of weakness, marks of woe"

Therefore I remain contented with the soothing words of W.S.Landor, I recall here.

"I warmed both hands before the fire of life, It sinks and I am ready to depart".

- Dr. C. Jacob, Narasapur.

# TO A SCULPTURED IMAGE

# K.B.Sitaramayya

In the midst of other woes than ours You have brought calmness in the past, Now you play ditties of no tone To spirits that are alive and awake, When future generations cry and sigh your radiant eyes will rain light and joy.

And yet you cannot help stony hearts
That see in you no more than a stone.
You are cold to them that lack the warmth
Towards the splendid form that you are.
No music breaks for them from your flute,
No delight descends for them from your smile.

## ALL FOR THE DEAR MOTHERLAND

(A leap from Kargil .....)

Death stared at Indian soldiers at every step they crept along the cold steep slopes from high above. But when it came to responding to the call of duty, sky was the limit.

The enemy and weather vied with each other seeking to assert supremacy knowing little that the last hurrah was reserved for the Indian Jawans whose heroism in recapturing the Tiger Hills has already become part of the army folklore.

"With artillery shells whistling overhead and empty stomach... we kept crawling up along almost perpendicular rocks to reach the destination fast", recalled Satpal Singh, one of the first two jawans who returned from atop the Tiger Hill on successful completion of the operation.

"The journey to the hill top is next to impossible as there are no tracks in the conical mountain. The rocks are steep, almost perpendicular", he said.

Well aware of the "death trap" ahead, the Indian soldiers with rope tied round their waists kept climbing and crawling until a forward observation post was established which would direct the fire of a battery of artillery at Dras.

"Weather God also played tricks at times...", he said.

As the Indian soldiers neared the goal, grenades were thrown at them by intruders who shouted "Indians go back", recalled Madan with a stony foce. The intruders, were holed up in bunkers while the Indian soldiers had to hide behind boulders in freezing cold, he said. But every Indian soldier that night was charged and motivated to evict the intruders and there was no looking back, Madan said.

"Neither the shelling by the enemies nor the weather, not the steep climb could deter us from completing the mission", he recalled - PTI

[ Courtesy 'The Hindu' ]

# ABRAHAM LINCON'S LETTER TO HIS SON'S TEACHER

He will have to learn, I know, that all men are not just, all men are not true. But teach him also that for every scoundrel there is a hero; that for every selfish politician, there is a dedicated leader....

Teach him that for every enemy there is a friend.

It will take time, I know; but teach him, if you can that a dollar earned is of far more valuable than five pounds ...

Teach him to learn to lose ... and also to enjoy winning.

Steer him away from envy, if you can, teach him the secret of quiet laughter.

Let him learn early that the bullies are the easiest to lick .....

Teach him, if you can, the wonder of books ....

But also give him quiet time to ponder the eternal mystery of birds in the sky, bees in the sun, and flowers on a green hill side.

In school teach him it is far more honourable to fail than to cheat .....

Teach him to have faith in his own ideas, even if everyone tells him they are wrong ...<sup>1</sup>

Teach him to be gentle with gentle people, and tough with the tough. Try to give my son the strength not to follow the crowd when everyone is getting on the bandwagon... Teach him to listen to all men but teach him also to filter all on a screen of truth. and take only the good that comes through. Teach him, if you can, how to laugh when he is sad ... Teach him there is no shame in tears. Teach him to scoff at cynics and to beware of too much sweetness. Teach him to sell his brawn and brain to the highest bidders, but never to put a price tag

Teach him to close his ears to a howling mob ....

on his heart and soul.

and to stand and fight if he thinks he's right.

Treat him gently, but do not cuddle him, because only the test of fire makes fine steel.

Let him have the courage to be impatient .....

Let him have the patience to be brave.

Teach him always to have sublime faith in himself, because then he will always have sublime faith in mankind.

This is a big order, but see what you can do .......

He is such a fine little fellow, my son.

## MAN AND TREE

### R.Sundaresan

A tree rooted into the earth and sustained by its water of love, lives longer than man; even if uprooted and out, it regrows, when a piece of its branch is planted into the soil; the earth puts life into matter which seems dead; man moves above the earth

without sending
his roots of attachment
deep into it;
the earth
has no mercy for him
who is not rooted in it,
and so, it gives up a dead man
as dead,
once and for all.

## THE POLITICAL SCENE

Dr. Santishree D.N.B.Pandit

This has been one of the most eventful periods both domestically as well as internationally. On the international front, there has been the action against the Serbs in Kosovo on humanitarian grounds. This has led to the transformation of the NATO in the Post Cold war period as a peace keeping and peace making force replacing effectively the UN forces. This has led to a lot of debate of the use of force for humanitarian causes and who determines this. By the world community, it effectively means the First world and the G8 group of rich nations. The other major issue that has been the most dominantly covered issue is the war in Kargil between India and Pakistan. Whether one terms it as a full-scale war or a low intensity one, depends on how it is viewed. The Scandinavian school of Peace and Conflict studies defines a war as a conflict where there are more than one thousand battle deaths. It is from this definition that Kargil is a war. This brings the Pakistani mindset of its obsession in getting Jammu and Kashmir from India in the fair name of Islam. There seems to be no dearth in the holy mercenaries who are all geared to fight a jihad with India. From all these wars has been the unfortunate death of John Kennedy Jr. along with his wife and sister-in-law brings in the sad legacy of the Camelot, who had all the gifts except the length of years.

Nearer home, the people of India have again an election imposed on them by

irresponsible politicians, who have showed unprecedented unity at defeating the BJP-led coalition government, by a single vote. This also showed that when it came to forming the government, the fissures were more though the Congress, which has been restless to be out of power, was only too willing a partner. The Congress has been unable to project a single national leader and its other politicians are extremely uneasy to be out of power. The alternate government could not be formed due to the exaggerated ambitions of two women. One Jayalalitha, who did pull down the BJP coalition by withdrawing from the coalition but was unable to put Sonia Gandhi in power. Her tantrums and blackmailing tactics were so resentful that people wondered why the BJP was tolerating her in the first place and trying to appease her. Sonia's foreign origin did prove a stumbling block atleast in the eyes of the Samajwadi Party leader Mulayam Singh, who pulled the rug under Sonia's feet. This also brought in the national debate whether a woman of foreign origin could hold the highest office in India. Elections have indeed made strange bedfellows and there have been parties breaking up and new allies coming together.

The international events proved beyond doubt that the only real superpower is the USA, which has a global military reach to impose its will. This is what it showed by taking action against Milosovich and the Serbs in the Kosovo crisis. The Kosovo crisis is an ethnic crisis,

which has been due to the hegemony of the Serbs and their refusal to give autonomy to the Kosovo Albanians. This allege that a few years ago the Serbs and the Albanians were in equal number. But due to political problems in Albania, the Albanians have grown in greater numbers and the Serbs have been reduced to a minority. The Serbs have also left Kosovo to other parts and their presence has been more in the urban areas. This coupled with the oppressive policy of Belgrade worsened the situation. The ethnic divide has been along religious lines, the Serbs are Orthodox Christians and the Kosovo Albanians are Muslims.

The bombing of Serbia, especially bridges, factories and a lot civilian places done by the NATO for several weeks made the leadership accept the NATO peace plan with Russian participation. But this was construed as too late and too little for the Serbs, who thought that the Russians were allies. This crisis confirmed the supremacy of the USA and the gap between the USA and the so-called challengers, that is China and Russia. Russia could in no way help the Serbs though their sympathies were with them, they could only intervene to negotiate and the Serbs feel betrayed by the once Big brother and cousin Russia. The bombing of the Chinese embassy by mistake also saw that China could do nothing more than scream fouls from international for like the UN. The USA simply gave an apology and there the matter ended. the destruction caused by the aerial bombing has shown the usefulness of air power in the Post Cold War period. The need for control of communication and information technologies and advanced air warfare can easily win a conflict without a single soldier from the NATO side being killed though several innocent civilians were killed on the Serb side.

45

What is worrying from all this is that can human rights of one group be violated to protect the human rights of another group. This is a theoretical question and a shift from accepted norms of international law, where sovereignty and national borders are sacrosanct. This unilateral intervention from a global power along with her allies, which is the use of force against the elected government of a state, does raise the issue of intervention as a norm for global governance. Does global governance mean the will of a few powerful states against the rest? Who defines as to what is humanitarian? By the same token the so called global community, which has been in reality a US-led alliance that took action against Iraq to protect the Kurds, but what about a NATO ally Turkey's systematic elimination of the Kurds, including a false trial against its leader? The global order can be a partial order as well and this can be dangerous for other states that may want to be independent and are not part of the western alliance.

Luckily for India, the USA made a total paradigm shift from its earlier stand in the Kargil crisis where Pakistan army sponsored militants had crossed the LOC (line of control). The USA has used the Kargil issue to correct its stand towards India which was reflective of the Post Cold War realities China that has

to be checkmated. All this within a year of the Pokharan II and the fifty years of reserve towards each other. Pakistan was intending a Kosovo like action from the USA, where the ISI and the Pakistani army have been portraying Kashmir as a human rights issue. But this bluff did not work, not because the USA was seeing things more realistically but because she herself has been a target of these militant groups, who are also fighting a holy war against the West.

Osmana Binladen, who is the supreme leader of three of the militant outfits that are fighting in Kargil has now become a terrorist, who was initially a darling freedom fighter fighting against the Soviet occupation in Afghanistan. The USA in its generosity armed him to the teeth and it is these weapons which were used against India, though India has been shouting hoarse about the diversion of these small arms into India especially Kashmir as well as other states. The USA will have to learn its lessons from history that once a terrorist always a terrorist. And Afghanistan has been a waterloo even for the biggest outside imperial powers, like the British during their Afghan wars and recently the Soviet Union. Pakistan is playing a dangerous game by setting up a fundamentalist Taliban regime, which is so backward that even a conservative regime like Iran calls it unIslamic and fundamentalistic. It is like the pot calling the kettle black. It can become the Vietnam of Pakistan, which is on the verge of a debt burden and the failure of democratic institutions and the increasing power of the military to dictate terms to the political authority becoming a failed state.

This clearly shows that Islam can be politically misused by power hungry groups and can be hijacked by men to oppress women. What is more tragic is that the founder of Pakistan, Quaid-e-Azam M.A.Jinnah, would be turning in his grave seeing the backwardness that is being spread in Afghanistan in the name of religion. His dream was to make Pakistan a modern secular state, though he used religion as a weapon to achieve this end. But he never wanted a theocratic and a fundamentalist state. It is he who imprisoned Maulana Moudodi as the founder of the Jammat-I-Islami.

Pakistan's intentions failed totally and exposed her and even a reliable friend like China diplomatically isolated her. The intended Kosovization of Kashmir dispute did not take place for the only similarity is that both start with letter "K" and there ends the matter. It is a minority that is targeting the majority. The US and the world community saw it as aggression an unilateral crossing of militant groups into the Indian side. All this was aided and abetted by the Pakistan army and the ISI, which was initially denied by the Pakistan government. It was a violation of international law and seen as an issue of religious terrorism. Pakistan wanted to imitate its mentor and benefactor China. The parallel is to talk peace and stealthily occupy Indian territory like China had done since the Panchsheel and occupied Aksai-Chin. In the same way Pakistan was pursuing the Lahore process and sending intruders into Indian territory. Luckily in this case India realised in time unlike the earlier instance where there was an aggression as well as loss of territory.

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China did not want to be overt for this would have exposed the covert role of the benefactor of the Pakistan nuclear programme. China is a realistic power and it realised that openly supporting Pakistan would be detrimental to her interests in the region. For it will push a neutral India into the arms of the US camp and China herself has had problems in the Xinjiang province, where it recently executed a Muslim fundamentalist from Pakistan. China has also become status-quoits power and does not want to LOCs to be re negotiated as this would open up a Pandora's box in her case. So this pragmatism brought about Chinese neutrality which was forced by global circumstances and the sea shift in the US position. Though China despite several Sheriff visits had to refuse any help. The best thing to happen was the Indian External Affairs Minister, Jaswant Singh's visit to Beijing, which in reality may not have got any concessions but kept the Chinese happy after the bad bashing that they got from the Indian defence minister, George Fernandes earlier.

The US position is indeed a total change in the present Clinton administration which when it started and in the first term questioned the accession of Kashmir to India. The Assistant Secretary of State, Ms.Robin Raphael made a lot of statements that made India feel that the Cold War mindset was not yet over in the sub continent. It started with questioning the very validity of the accession of Kashmir to the Indian Union and indirectly the US endorsed the Pakistani view point of the "Two nation theory" as enunciated by the founder of Pakistan, Mohammed Ali Jinnah. This theory set about that the Muslims of the

Islam does not allow coexistence with outsiders, that is, those who are not Muslims by faith. This has caught on and with Islam as the basis for political discourse and practice, especially after the Iranian Islamic revolution; there has been further evidence in the global system that Islam has a political avatar and an all-encompassing vision. The rise of a more fanatical and fundamentalistic groups aided and abetted by Pakistan in Afghanistan is the Taliban. It is nothing but barbarous and fanatical all in the name of Islam.

These groups were initially freedom fighters led by Osmana Binladen, a Saudi national and a darling of the West, especially the USA to fight the "Red peril", the Soviet imperialism. These groups were armed to the teeth by the charity of the USA and the plying conduit of Pakistan, which used this opportunity to extend its influence into Afghanistan as well keep its pot boiling by aiding the militants in Kashmir and Punjab. This has been going on for a decade and India has been shouting from roof tops about the easy availability of small arms and stringer missiles, all of which were intended for fighting the Communists finding their way into India. All of India's protests did not register, until the Muslim fundamentalists with the loss of the enemy turned against the USA and targeted their embassies. It is then the USA woke up from its deep slumber about the realities of funding fundamentalist groups in the region. Now for the US, Bin laden is the most wanted terrorist and Pakistan, its once client state, its benefactor.

A little peep into what the types of groups that are fighting reveals Pakistani trained mercenaries whose resolve has been fortified by faith. These groups have made wresting Kashmir their primary aim. Local jihad collections as well as donations from Arab countries fund them. Some of the well known terror outfits are:

1)JAMAAT-E-ISLAMI - The religious party is led by Quasi Hussein Ahmed and has three major wings.

2)ISLAMI JAMAAT-E-TULBA - Enrols members from various colleges in Pakistan.

- 3)JAMAAT-TULBA-E-ARABIA Its members are from religious schools called madrasas.
- 4)HIZBUL-MUJAHIDEEN The militant outfit of the Jamaat-e-Islami is one of the most active in the Kashmir valley.
- 5)LASHKAR-E-TAYYIBA The militant outfit of Markaz is backed by the ISI and operates from POK. Its Kashmir wing is headed by Abdul Rehman ul-Dakhil.
- 6)BINNOT TOWN MADRASA Centre for orthodox Sunni learning in Karachi has produced some of Taliban's top military commanders. Madrasa graduates are waiting in Kabul for military assignments and weapons. The bulk of them have been trained at the Darul Uloom Haqqania near Nowshera in the NorthWest Frontier Province and the Jamia Uloomul Islamiya in Karachi.

7)MARKAZ-UD-DAAWA-WAL-IRSHAD-Its headquarters at Muridke, near Lahore, prepare Mujahideen for jihad around the world. The 170-acre Muridke centre was set up after a meeting between Saudi millionaire Osaman Bin Laden and a professor at Lahore's University of Engineering and Technology.

8)HARKAT-UL-ANSAR - Started in the early eighties as Harkat-ul-Mujahideen. Draws support base from Tabigi Jamaat movement, now headed by Lt.Gen.(retd.) Javed Nasir, former director general of ISI. Sixty percent of members are foreign mercenaries, the rest Pakistanis. Since it was declared a terrorist organisation by the US in 1997, it has reverted to its old name, Harkat-ul-Mujahideen, and set up another group called Harkat-ul-Jehad.

All these groups seem to be ignorant of the Kashmiri language and this was clearly exposed in international fora. Atleast India has held elections in Jammu and Kashmir but in the last fifty years Pakistan has not held any elections in POK.

For Pakistan, raising the Kashmir issue and a military victory against India will divert attention of the people from the failures of the Nawaz Sheriff regime and its corrupt and militant nature. His party is just the moderate facade of the military groups and the Army and ISI, all of whom helped Sheriff gain a landslide victory. This was a misadventure and Kargil has proved to be a disaster for Pakistan after the total loss to India and the diplomatic isolation. What is surprising is that Pakistan is refusing to accept the failure and hell bent in continuing the training and abetting terrorism of the fundamentalist groups. It is in a very bad shape with its economy and debt ridden which is in contrast to the boom of the Indian economy. The reason for this refusal to accept reality and the LOC are:-

1. Pakistan's paranoid obsession of parity with India. The 1971 partition of Pakistan is not still accepted as a genuine freedom movement of the Bengali Muslims.

- 2. This has led Pakistan to aid and prop up a fundamental, fanatical brand of Islam with the US support initially in the rise of the Taliban. The success of this campaign has revived the hopes for Pakistan that Islam is a potent weapon. But Pakistan has gone into amnesia, when the earlier benefactor, the US and her allies would not touch these groups with a barge # pole now.
- 3. Pakistan hopes to influence and control Afghanistan through the Taliban. But history tells us that no group have been able control this tribal and geopolitically important region. The British learnt hard lessons, the Russians had their Waterloo and this can be no different for the latest external power, Pakistan.
- 4. The Pakistan state is on the verge of collapse with institutions failing, the economy in shambles, the army having a rogue character, the drug lords controlling urban areas and civil society absent.

And 5. Even the great ally of Pakistan, China could not accept the new avatar of Pakistan as a benefactor of the radical and fundamentalistic variety of Islam.

By restraint and extremely well conducted diplomatic, political and military campaign by the BJP led coalition especially the Prime Minister, Atal Bihari Vajpayee won for himself party laurels at home and abroad. This has ensured his party's return to power with an absolute majority in the coming elections. The

Jaswant Singh-Talbott talk also helped the USA see India's viewpoint in a more realistic way. This is one of the greatest successes in free India. But India will have to be vigilant for a wounded and isolated Pakistan will be more aggressive. India will have to modernise its airforce and its intelligence services totally. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. The meeting with the American secretary of state, Ms. Albright at the ARF meeting will help build better ties between India and the USA which should be independent of both the China and the Pakistan factors. We should build a relationship with dynamics of its own. The USA has realised that India is the power with self-restraint and it is time that it should be rewarded. If the best thing the Pakistanis did was talking repeatedly of a nuclear strike. The White House which now directs foreign policy decided to send Gen. Anthony Zinni, Chief of the Central Command to give Pakistan a perfect dressing down and it seems to have worked. And India was briefed about it. India comes under the Pacific Command, USA also realises that Indian democracy is qualitatively superior to Pakistan or to any in South and West and South East Asia for one rarely sees the flexibility and freedom with which it works at various levels. A good example is the Defence Minister, George Fernandes. He was once to become a priest from Mangalore but became a Socialist and a trade union leader, married to a Muslim and today one of the senior most leaders of India, who sees the BJP as the better party than the Congress.

In the domestic sphere, it has been nothing but Kargil all the way. This war due to media attention has been a war in which the Indian citizens showed their patriotism in different ways. The civil society and public opinion have been so supportive of the war. The present government, which was struggling to have issues for the elections which was imposed by a divided opposition and a desperate Congress party, Kargil obliterated it totally. Even the issue of Sonia's foreign origin was simply crushed under the feet of the national patriotism in the aftermath of Kargil. The real test of Sonia's leadership was exposed when the whole party was at a loss to make any useful move. They were simply overtaken by events. That the sycophants in the Congress who were shamelessly comparing her with Annie Besant could not help her make one sensible statement during the Kargil crisis. It is not that one is against Sonia just because she is a foreigner. Where are her qualifications, educational and services to India, apart from being the widow of Rajiv Gandhi and the "bahu" of Indira Gandhi. If these are the only qualifications, then Menaka Gandhi has better claims as the widow of Sanjay Gandhi does. These are accidents. One will not mind if Mother Teresa stood for Prime Ministership. Nobody, even the Congress does not know what Sonia did before she married Rajiv.

The greatest blow for the Sonia leadership came from within, the "AMAR, AKBAR, ANTHONY" of the Congress. The Pawar, Anwar and Sangma trio who questioned her leadership through a letter and hence got thrown out clearly showed the dictatorial tendencies of Sonia. Like an immature schoolgirl, she threatened to resign and went

into a shell knowing very well that she will be begged and cajoled to comeback. Her legitimacy was given a thrashing and this will benefit the BJP, whose leader Vajpayee has conducted himself with great dignity and restraint both on domestic and international issues. He is the only national leader and has become more acceptable because of his vast experience and attitude to accommodate all views.

The most surprising thing of the Kargil issue is the total peripheralization of the Left parties in India. The Left parties in recent times have tried to gain political power through alliances of all sorts. The Congress was welcome but the Congress did not want it and the great embodiment of corruption and arrogance, the AIADMK supremo, Ms. J. Jayalalitha, whose idiosycratic ways imposed elections has become the new embodiment and hope for both the Congress and the Left of a clean and a secular alternative. The other is the break-up of the Socialists and their realignment under the leadership of our irrepressible Defence minister, George Fernandes. The old foes in Karnataka have become the new allies and this has brought a rift between the national and local units of the BJP. But this polarization of the Socialists toward the Hindu right alliance is indeed a major shift in the national political discourse.

The Congress fiasco in its month long support to the Haryana government of Bansi Lal was indeed another clear indication of the muffled thinking within the Congress. It has also exposed the Sonia factor as that which is created by the media and she is unable to

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function on her own. Now the other groups in Haryana should get the assembly dissolved and go for elections rather than form a government with all defectors. Already, three states, that is Maharashtra, Karnataka and now Haryana should go for state assembly elections. In Maharashtra, the presence of the new force in the Rashtriya Congress of Sharad Pawar will make a serious dent as the present incumbent government of the Shiv Sena - BJP alliance has totally misgoverned. The Shiv Sena has antagonised all sections, the majority on the insult to the Marathi Literature and the University and College teachers, the high level of corruption, the handling of an honest

bureaucrat like Arun Bhatia, the daylight murder of Kini, the threats to Dilip Kumar and the indecent behaviour of the Sainiks against those who supported "Fire", the beating up of missionaries and several more. Bal Thakeray has become more of a liability even to the majority. It was a good sign that he was asked to keep quiet on Kargil.

It is hoped that these elections will atleast create a stable government at the Centre and the Centre and the Centre and the citizens are saved of elections as an annual feature. It is an extremely expensive type of entertainment for a poor country like India.

### READERS' MAIL

"The articles you have brought out in Apr.-June 99 issue are scholastic and enjoyable"

-K.Lakshminarayana, Pathapatnam

"The latest issue of Triveni (68/2) is a compendium of scholarly writings awakening the consciousness of its readers to a new awareness. This journal is touching new heights under your discerning editorship."

-Dr D.C.Chembial, Maranda

"The article, "An Arrival auspicious" published in your esteemed quarterly, is fine, exquisite, and without a peer, dealing as it does, with the birth of Tathagata, the Buddha, the Supremely Enlightened, the Master Incomparable, the teacher of Gods and man, and the Saviour par excellence. Such priceless contributions enhance the prestige of, your illustrious periodical in an abounding measure."

- R. Narayanaswami, Tirupati

"I have just gone through the Editorial on Gandhi's sense of Humour. You have brought to light the unknown side of the Mahatma in a superb style. I am taking my flight to Washington on 29.6.99. I am taking "Triveni" with me and I will show your article to the NRI's there, if possible taking copies and distributing them, with an appeal to help the journal."

-Dr.R.Janardana Rao, Machilipatnam

"I read your editorial. I felt greatly delighted while reading through it. I could not but laugh within my self at the humourous words of Gandhiji (quoted by you). He is a *karma yogi*. Where serenity dwells joy is always present and from the joyful heart comes forth humour. Very nice are all the articles full of rich information and beauty."

- B. Indirakumari, Anantapur

"The April-June part of TRIVENI is received quite early. Almost all articles are informative and interesting. As regards the article of Mr.K.Srinivasa Sastry, on Srinivasa Iyengar, his reference to Emerson as one who defined a 'gentleman' is doubtful. As far as I know, Cardinal Newman's definition of a gentleman in his book. "The ideal of a University" is famous. Srinivasa Iyengar comes within the definition of 'gentleman'.

-Dr C.Jacob, Narsapur

"I congratulate you on the way you are bringing out the paper giving a standard fare of a high calibre to readers. Your article on "The foundation of the Khalsa" by Prof. Hazara Singh is very illuminating. It gives the reader a correct appreciation of what Sikhism stands for and describes the contribution of Guru Gobind Singh to promote inter-communal and national unity."

-Dr G.Lakshmipathi, Hyderabad

"Of the forty one (not thirty five) books he (Prof Srinivasa Iyengar) wrote and the eleven books he edited, over a dozen books deal with religion and spirituality or religious and spiritual personalities; four books concern Sri Aurobindo and the Mother, not to speak the numerous articles about them. He has rendered Sundarakanda, Shankaracharya's Atma Bodha, the vachanas of Basava. He paid homage to Guru Nanak as well as Swami Viveknananda. Hopkins and Tagore are also writers treading the via mysica. His poetical works include "Tryst with the Divine" ... Even his works on literary criticism draw heavily upon the insights of Sri Aurobindo and the greatest tribute paid to Dr KRS was by an adverse critic of a book of his in the Madras Mail in 1953: "All roads to Dr KRS lead to the Rome of Sri Aurobindo".

-K.B. Sitaramayya, Hyderabad

## **BOOK REVIEWS**

## **ENGLISH**

Sri Andal's Tiruppavai: An English adapation by Dr.Pemmaraju Venugopala Rao; Editor: V. Choudary Jampala; Publishers: Vanguri Foundaration of America, PB 1948, Stafford, TX 77497, USA (For copies in India: Sri Krishnasramam, Peda Muttevi Post, via Challapalli, Krishna Dt., AP); US\$ 100 (Donation)

This excellently and lavishly got up adaptation in English of Sri Andal's TIRUPPAVAI (in Tamil) by Dr. Pemmaraju Venugopala Rao is a feast to the eye and a connoissuer's pride. What with multi-coloured illustrations by Bapu (whose lines speak more eloquently than many a Mahakavi's verses) for the title and the individual pasurams; and Indraganti Srikantha Sarma's article on Sri Lakshmana Yatindra, who encouraged bringing out this version; as also an introduction in Telugu (with an English translation) by that great and multifaceted penman Mullapudi Venkataramana add great charm to this already charming outpouring of Andal's heart.

With the uncompromising design and layout by Vanguri Chitten Raju, this work is a treat to behold and read. With the art plates and high cost production, this book belongs to the rare genre of classic productions which appear only once in a while. A proud addition to any good library.

- Vemaraju Narasimha Rao

Metverse Muse (Bi-annual journal): Edited by (Mrs) Dr.H.Tulsi; Publishers: 21-46/1, Kakani Nagar, N.A.D.Post Visakhapatnam-530 009; Price: Rs.50. \$7 5 Pounds (Sterling) Pp.112

When we think of traditional English poetry the famous names such as Wordsworth, Keats, Shelly, Byron, Shakspeare come to memory immediately as their poetry is immortal. As the times changed metered verse also suffered a set back. Free verse which is more suited to express poet's feelings fully, effectively and more forcefully occupied upper place. This is the case with every language without exception. However inspite of several new trends and innovations in the arena of poetry the metred poetry still occupies its pride and respectful place. There are umpteen number of metred poetry lovers throughout the world and in this regard India has its commendable share. A band of lovers of metred poetry started a biannual journal devoted to metred verse entitled "Metverse Muse" from Visakhapatnam with (Mrs) Dr.H. Tulsi as Editor cum Publisher. The insignia printed on the cover page of the 4th Issue (July '97) projects in unequivocal terms the aims and objects of the Publishers. It reads thus-

The time has come at last for re-installation of metred verse as king and for his coronation just a few pages between him and the throne Once again his lost crown he soon will own Let us on this long looked-forward-to occasion Promise him allegiance of boundless duration

Though the Head Quarters of the journal is at Visakhapatnam it transcended all the geographical barriers of the world. The popularity of the journal is truly reflected in the fact that the contributors hailed from every nook and corner of the country and also from several foreign countries. The contributors include such stalwarts like Dr. Niranjan Misra, P.K.Majumdar, Hyder Nayab Dr.(Mrs) Louella Lobo Prabhu, S.Chandrasekaran, N.N.Murthy, Dr.Eric Poersch (Canada) Peter Geoffrey Paul Thompson (England). Even poems of many novices also are refreshingly enchanting. The wide response of the readers is startlingly great. Though the journal is devoted mainly to metred verse sufficient space is allocated to articles and essays, Prosody and several other features. Views and Reviews on the contents of earlier journals is a novel feature. Naturally this helps enhance the quality of the contents. Photographs of the contributors is an added attraction. The journal with rich content and so many novel features is a feast to the palate of the poetry lovers. It is a boon and an oasis in the wilderness for them. The Publishers and the Editor deserve all praise for this excellent format and rich content.

- Dr. K.R.K.Mohan, Hyderabad

Vistas of Integral Vision: By Dr. P. Subba Rayudu; Pp.107; Rs.35. For Copies: Seva Sadan C/o Srinivasan Enterprises, 1-14-234, Balamrai, New Vikas Nagar, Secunderabad -500 003

The irony of the man is that though he knows much better of what is outside, he knows pretty little about his inner Self. He already stepped on the Moon and is zooming towards other distant Planets. Yet except his Physiological organs and their functions had almost does not know about his inner powers. All of us have five senses. Could there not be sixth or some more senses? There is Anthropological evidence to show that the Home-Sapiens once possessed extra powers to the nose. Even today certain Cannibal tribes of African and Brazilian jungles could scent humans from a distance of few Kilometres. As a species hounds do posses this power even today. It is believed that even snakes have this power. what about Telepathy? How to explain premonitions, Clairvoyance or ESP? Though all these defy scientific explanation within the frame of well defined laws their existence could not be denied. In recent times a new discipline of science known as 'Para Psychology' emerged and is fast developing. This branch tries to explain occult phenomena on rational lines. Dr.P.Subba Rayudu who is also a double master evinced keen interest in the inner realms of Self and higher dimensions of the mind. He made an in depth study of the subject and attempted to explain several such phenomena which are still questions to the scientific community. His observations and explanations are thought provoking and convincing. The book offers a rewarding study even to the common reader. Dr.P.Subbarayudu deserves kudos for taking up a less touched subject.

- Dr. K.R.K.Mohan, Hyderabad.

Book Review

#### TELUGU

Telangana Jateeyalu: (Collection of Teluguidioms of Telangana) by Vemula Perumallu; Raikal (V & M), Karimnagar Dt. 505 460; Rs.100/- pp. 265.

Sri Vemula Perumallu has done a great service to the Telugu literature by bringing out this compendium of idioms and proverbs in general use in the Telangana region of Andhra Pradesh. It reflects the enormous effort put in by him in collecting, collating and editing the various dialectical usages among the Telugu people in this part of the country. Each of these entries vibrate with the rustic vigour and the profound common sense of the Indian villager. Many of these may border on the obscene superficially, but are not so considered from the rustic's point of humour and making a point directly without beating around the bush. He has also given concise explanations for the entries, on the appropriateness and the context in which these are used. This highly useful reference work should find a place in every library and be available to the readers and the writers alike.

- Vemaraju Narashimha Rao

# TELUGU BLOOMS FROM THE STATES

- 1. America Telugu Kathanika Aidava Sankalanam (Nutana Kathalu); Edited by: Dr. Pemmaraju Venugopala Rao, Pp. Not printed Price: 10\$
- 2. America Telugu Kavita (Modati Sankalanam); Edited by: Dr. Pemmaraju

Venugopala Rao; Pp.115 Price: 10 US\$

3. Metamorphosis (Telugu Rachana Sankalanam) By; Veluri Venkateswara Rao; Pp.71 Price: 10 US \$

For Copies of all the books; Vanguri Foundation of America P.O.Box 1948 Stafford TX 77497 U.S.A

A popular quotation from the epic Ramayana states that mother and motherland are superior to Heaven -Janmabhoomischa Swargadap Griyasi. This axiom is amply proved in the efforts of Vanguri Foundation of America. In the States the largest contingent of N.R.I. Scientists is from Andhra Pradesh only. Many hold very high positions even some acting as advisers to the President Bill Clinton on some important matters. There the Indians are known for their hard work and intellect. Despite the fact that they find little time to devote their attention to extra curricular activities especially in literary and cultural fields some enthusiastic people are working with devotion to keep the image of Telugu language and culture high on the foreign soil.

The situation in the States and for that matter in any other advanced country for the outsiders is peculiar. They do not find much time to speak in their mother tongue. The first generation of NRIs know Telugu fully well. The second generation especially those born and brought up there is apt to know little Telugu which is spoken in their homes. In any case the words used in day to day domestic life do not exceed a hundred. In the outside as the society is a mixed one the common language

for communication is English only. The medium of education also is naturally English. In the Weekends people are busy with shopping and meeting friends and relations. With this scenario inspite of the fact that the N.R. Telugus wish to keep alive their language it turns very hard to translate this into action. However the situation saw a sea change with the emergence of Electronic media. Internet and Website are there on which one could have access to Telugu papers, books etc., The Software developed for Telugu printing made it possible to publish Telugu books from America.

With such encouraging situation a young and dynamic NRI Engineer Vanguri Chitten Raju took up the lead in propagating Telugu literature and culture there, in America. He established 'Vanguri Foundation of America' at Houston (Texas) and published a series of books the latest being "America Telugu Kavita", "America Telugu Kathanika" and "Metamorphosis." The former two were edited by the Bhismacharya of N.R.Telugus of America Dr.Pemmaraju Venugopala Rao. The third one is an Anthology of Short stories by Veluri Venkateswara Rao.

In this connection the services of Dr.Pemmaraju Venuopala Rao deserve to be remembered. During 1971 he started a monthly entitled "Telugu Bhasha Patrika" from America. Though the name suggested language or literature in reality it devoted maximum space to science. As there was no scope for Telugu printing in America in those days he got the magazine printed in Andhra while those working in the States contributed

the matter. It ran for about five years and faced infantile mortality for obvious reasons. The same Venugopala Rao edited the books "America Telugu Kathanika" and "America Telugu Kavita" in which Patrika he conducted story competitions relating to science fiction. That is why I consider him as Bhishmacharya of N.R. Telugus.

With a view to encourage the talents of N.R.Telugus Vanguri Foundation has been conducting competitions in Telugu short story and poetry every year for the last three years. The response was overwhelming. Besides the prize won entries, many other write ups also were quite good. Hence the foundation decided to publish selected ones in book form and the result is the emergence of the above mentioned books. The development of Telugu Software made it possible to publish the books from the States. The book entitled "America Telugu Kavita" contains sixty free verses including the six prize won poems. All these poets though rooted in American soil didn't forget their mother tongue. They kept it refreshingly alive. Almost all of them are quite good and fare fairly well with those written by native Telugu poets.

In the poem entitled "Om...Bhuuh" K.V.S.Rama Rao amalgamates science with poetic flavour. The poem is about the Earth. In this he describes the scientific truths-thus.

In a corner amidst the infinite number of stars there is a small Star (Sun) around which a group of Planets is rotating. Among the Planets there is a very ordinary body called 'Prithvi' (Earth) which is nothing but an infinitely small particle in the Ocean of Space. He renders this meaning in beautiful Telugu.

In another poem entitled "Moksham" (Salvation) G.V.R.Sarma states that the concept of God is a myth.

Man only is the creator of a mythical God. He installed him supposedly for his safety and fulfilment of desires. If we openly say it amounts to self defame.

In her poem "Archana" (Worship) Rajyalaksmi Penumaka highlights the concept of "Manava Sevee Madhava Seva" (Service to humanity is serving God) She feels that God could be found any where and everywhere in this beautiful nature. Some of the poems written by others are really heart rending.

The book entitled "America Telugu Kathanika" contains thirteen stories (not caring for the igneous number 13 though working under western culture). The first prize won story entitled "Adrustavantudu" (Lucky fellow) is a satire on the greed of some N.R.I.s who care only for amassing wealth and riches. It has a sprinkle of subtle humour.

The second prize won story entitled "Hundi" by Syam Somayajula is an offbeat story. It has an excellent technique which only an adept could carve. A day time robbery takes place in a Bank at Tirupati. The cashier Bhakta hands over the bundles of notes at gun point. While giving the last bundles he switches

on the wireless transistor which looks just like a notes bundle, secretly and mixes it with the other bundles. It sends the wireless signals by which the police could trace the thieves in no time. While leaving in a hurry the thieves leave some bundles in the room. Bhakta the cashier who is otherwise honest gets the temptation of pocketing them, thinking that the blame would fall on the heads of the thieves. The police catch the culprits but for one. The fourth one is a devotee of Lord Venkateswara and places half of his booty in the Hundi. Knowing about this the police hatch out a plan to catch him red handed when he goes to the temple at Suprabhatam time. Bhakta fears that if they catch him they would find the shortage of other bundles which ultimately lead to further enquiries in which his offence might come out. So he decides to place those bundles in the Hundi. He watches the movements of the thief who just pours out the bundles into the Hundi when police catch him. As the cash was already poured down which mixes with other bundles no body comes to know even if de did not place the bundles brought by him. What he does at that moment is a suspense which has to be interpreted by the reader according to his line of thinking. Syam Somayajula can become a very good writer if he pays serious attention.

Like this many of the stories in the book are quite interesting and the entire book is a good treat to the reader.

The book "Metamorphosis" contains 17 stories and articles put together written by Veluri Venkateswara Rao. All the stories are

refreshingly humourous. The first story entitled "Metamorphosis" is about a typical coastal Andhra who migrates to the States changing (metamorphosing) as a ultra modern American. The earlier part of the story brings to memory the travails suffered by Barrister Parvatesam in connection with his voyage to England.

In the articles section there are nine in total. Two are about Chalam and Sri Sri while others are for time pass. The entire book gives an interesting reading.

Vanguri Foundation deserves all praise for their commendable efforts. However absence of page numbers in "America Kathanika" is an eye sore.

Vanguri Chitten Raju's "Danta Vedantam Katha" is hilarious. He talks humourously and his pen also writes humour. In Telugu the word "Pallu" means both fruits and dents. Referring to a Dentist he describes that near his house Dr. Mathew's "Palla Dukanam" is there. Similarly he refers to the greedy doctor Dr.G.Reed as Dr.Greed. He writes that an Arabian lady fixed dentures like those of a horse. (Arabia is known for high breed horses). Like this there are many witticisms.

Satyam Mandapati's "Turpu Padamara" is a thought provoking story. In India the higher castes observe outcast system and untouchability. Same treatment is meted out to them in the States by fundamental whites. The narration and presentation are quite good.

- Dr. K.R.K.Mohan

#### **TAMIL**

**Tiruppavai**: V.S.Parthasarathy Iyengar, Kalai Arangam, N/5 Adyar Apartments, Kottur Gardens, Chennai 600085; pages xiv + 137; Rs. 135.

This is a collection of hymns of Andal, the Vaishnavite poetess of the Bhakti Movement of Tamil Nadu. It contains the lyrics in Tamil with translation and detailed commentaries in English. But, more importantly, the songs are set to music with notations in Tamil by the late Shri Parthasarathy Iyengar. What distinguishes this publication from others on Andal is the fact that the songs are in ragas different from what one has been hearing in concerts for a long time. In the fifties of this century, the trustees of the Andal Temple in Srivilliputtur in Tamil Nadu requested the late Ariyakkudi Ramanuja Iyengar, the then doyen of Carnatic music, to set Andal's lyrics to music. Obviously they were not aware of the traditional rendition, which had been almost forgotten. All these years most of the musicians have been following the varnamettus as set by Ariyakkudi. It appears that there had been another musical version, brought out by Shri Chetalur Krishnamachari around 1907, which was based on the traditional way of singing Andal's Tiruppavai. Parthasarathy Iyengar followed this version mostly in twenty out of the thirty songs in the publication. In the case of ten he changed the Ragas in order to avoid repetition. Thus he may be said to have attempted the revival of an earlier tradition in the rendition of Tiruppavai.

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The ragas of Tiruppavai in the publication are different from those of Ariyakkudi's as could be seen from a sample of the more popular of the hymns.

Song	Ariyakkudi	Parthasarathy
Margazhi	Nattai	Bilahari
Mayanai	Sri	Todi
Thoomani	Hamir Kalyani	Mohanam
Orutti Makanai	Behag	Sankarabharanam
Male Manivanna	Kuntalavarali	Arabhi
Vanga Kadal	Surati	Surati

There is a saying: " Adi Natta, Antya Surata." ("Start a concert with Nattai and end with Surati.") This is the principle Ariyakkudi followed for the first and the last songs of Tiruppavai, viz., Margazhi and Vanga Kadal, which are also the first and the last in the list above. In the publication Surati is retained for the last song but Bilahari takes the place of Nattai for the first lyric. The change in the raga is not inappropriate for two reasons. My guru, the late Veenai Vidwan Shri Devakottai Narayana Iyengar, used to say that ragas with antara gandhara are suitable for beginning a concert. Like Nattai, Bilahari also has antara gandhara in its swaras. The song calls the gopis to hurry up for their morning bath. It is appropriate to set it to a morning raga like Bilahari. The songs are in different talas, some with eduppus ( starting points ) other than from sama. All the 30 songs are meant to be sung one after the other in the month of Margasirsa. One could speculate whether Ariyakkudi would have undertaken to prepare the varnamettus for Tiruppavai had he known that there was one already in existence. Carnatic music is, however, richer by the availability of two versions of rendering Andal's immortal lyrics.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating of it. At my request, Shri Srinivasan Rangaswami, the publisher, sent me a couple of cassettes the rendering of all the songs by a group of students of the late Ramapriya Rangaswami, who had learnt them from Shri Parthasarathy Iyengar himself. The concert was held in the Indian Fine Arts Society during the Music Festival in Chennai in December 1998. It won an Award in the category of 'best devotional music'. Normally, when one is used to hearing songs in one set of melodies, it becomes a little difficult to appreciate them, if rendered in a different set. In this instance, the flow of songs in the concert is smooth and one hardly remembers the difference between it and the way the songs have been rendered in recent times under the Ariyakkudi paddhati. The musical enjoyment is complete.

The commentaries in English are well written by Prema Nandakumar, a linguistic scholar. They bring out the spiritual and philosophical content of the pasurams besides giving their meanings in a simple manner easily accessible to the lay reader. The songs exemplify the philosophy of saranagati (total surrender to the Lord) and are also illustrative of Bhakti Sringara. Hence they are popular with the dancers of Bharatanatyam. The English translation of the hymns by Shri Bangaruswami is apt and captures the essence of the original. The book is enriched by the Publisher's Note, the Foreword by Vidwan V, Viraraghavachariar and an Introduction as also

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by the inclusion of *Varanamayiram* from Andal's *Nachiar Tirumozhi* and Periazhwar's *Tiruppalandu*.

The publication has an attractive cover in glossy paper with the picture of Andal offering flowers to Lord Ranganatha. It is generally free of errors and the quality of printing is good. Each song is preceded by an illustration which looks like a Tanjavur painting. The only minor point I would like to make is that there could have been an explanatory note on the symbols used in the notations (e.g. underlining. semi-colon, etc.) for swaras and the beats of talas. Of course, they are the standardised ones which could be obtained from other books on music but their inclusion would have made the publication self-contained.

Andal is to Tamil Nadu what Meera is to the North. While Meera has become a household word in Tamil Nadu thanks to M.S.Subbulakshmi, Andal is practically unknown outside her region with the exception of Sribhashyam Appalacharyulu's Telugu work on the hymns, artists in the fields of music and dance and students of Hindu religion and philosophy. One hopes that the concerts of Tiruppavai will be held in different parts of India with the active support of music sabhas. All those concerned with the propagation of the traditional version should be congratulated and thanked for the signal service they have rendered to Carnatic music in popularising the efforts of Shri Parthasarathy Iyengar to make known to the world the rendition of Tiruppavai that was reported to have been in vogue at the turn of the century.

- A. Seshan, Mumbai.

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## TRIPLE STREAM

#### I.V.Chalapati Rao

A poem is not what you think
It is not finding, but trembling on the brink
of finding. It is not the where,
But the road to there.

#### (——Edsel Ford)

A poem should have poemness. Verse can be terse. Whether Poetry is a craft like carpentry or a shrine of literary values or "what is oft thought but not so well expressed" is a matter for pedagogues to wrangle over. Whether it should be analysed like a compound in the Chemistry department or used as a machine to think with, is for critics to legislate. But the reader can derive maximum pleasure from poetry only when he approaches it with a sympathy and sensitivity. Interpretations may, however, vary according to the reader's philosophy of life or personality pattern and the critic's pedantic scholarship.

As I read the American verses - mini poems - published in the home-forum section of "The Christian Science Monitor" of U.S.A., I was deeply impressed with their quality and novelty. I believe that poems do not lose their 'caste' and taste if they are found in the pages of a newspaper magazine section. I did not know anything about the poets until my friend Miss. Bessie Bacon Goodrich of Los Angeles (U.S.A.) sent me excerpts from a letter of the Editor—"It is

good to know that our coverage of really upto-date poetry is appreciated... At the Annual
Meeting of the Poetry Society of America in
New York last January, four of the principal
prizes and one lesser one went to our
contributors. Currently too, the Golden Rose
of the New England Poetry Club is held by
our frequent contributor Mrs. Norma Farber".
Well it does not kill one's curiosity and one's
enthusiasm when one is told that one's spirit
of exploration is not water-logged among
specimens of shallow and second-rate poetry.

A synoptic survey of these mini-poems will reveal certain trends and tendencies in the new writing. However there is much that is in line with the old traditions and new aspirations. They are mostly free verse which gives license for organised violation of the arbitrary principles of grammar and prosody. Conventional metre has been replaced by rhythmical run-on prose which is refreshingly different from the matter-of-fact and pedestrian prose of daily use. In most poems lines do not begin with capitals. Spelling is simplified and Americanised.

How artistically the poet has sculptured the splendour of the tall, slim eucalyptus trees!

'Airy and slender, elegant with tattered splendor of old tapestries, they lean their tall slim lattices on the air, perpetually tossing largess and sun-faded silver bark,

retiring and at once renewing, their leaves deciduous but indecisive'...

('The Eucalyptus Trees' by Helen Harrington)

Cities are crowded. People find it difficult to get living accommodation and parking space for their cars. Contrastingly Nature offers luxurious apartments for our feathered friends!

'There is not a hedgerow or a vine, a shrub or tree, that is not hanging out these days, a sign: "Vacancy".

"Room for robins": claims the apple bough; a field remarks' it can accommodate whole families now, of meadow larks canaries can find quarters there beside that garden path; river reeds want ducks and will provide an added bath':

('Vacancy' by Helen Harrington)

Helen Harrington and a host of writers denounce the din and bustle of city life and celebrate the glories of nature. There seems to be a vigorous campaign going on in favour of rural life with its tranquility and wholesome influence on body and mind without pollution found in our mega cities. The poems range from Wordsworthian simplicity to Miltonic loftiness: Let us have a look at the following three specimens:

'They drowsed through summer, greenly indolent

Where pungent marigolds strung the air, Where lavender phlox breathed musky fragrance,

These leafy whorls lay bloomless there'.

('Christmas Roses' by F.A.Cray)

'At six the precise, the punctual sun aphronically appeared. But still sight-salvos of color, crescendoing shouted so, shook me so from sleep'.....

('Sun-rise' by D.S.Squdra)

'Nature is practiced, old with skill, versed in the ancient lore of lace; working with dignity, style and grace working deftly alone until pattern of tree and stream and hill Are crocheted in their destined place'

('Snow craftsmanship' by J.C. Solovay)

Some of them are pre-occupied with the benign aspects of Nature.

There are others who see Nature 'red in tooth and claw', in her militant and hostile mood.

'Militant March

Come armed with your battering ram, the winds.....

Will our defences hold, our carapace of walls,

Shuddering under the thud of your legions That mass out of the north and west together? We are beleaguored by confusion,
Till not even thought finds shelter'.

('Militant March' by A.C.Mathews)

'The right of winter to possess this land Is disputed now......and plainly......
by the sun.

It lays its claim down with a heavy hand

Its days of weak temerity are done.

Where once it thrust uncertainly through cloud, fingered withered grass and withdrew, now it stands firmly, principles avowed, knowing its power, sure what it will do'.

('Sun Claimant' by Helen Harrington)

There are a few poems with cultural yearnings and spiritual hankerings. After the hard glut of material satisfactions there comes an irrepressible urge to explore the unknown. The poet stands agape, in awe and mystery. As H.G. Wells says in his 'Shape of Things to come', "For man there can be no rest and no ending. He must go on-conquest beyond conquest. This little planet and its winds and its ways and all the laws of mind and matter that restrain him, then the planets about him and at last across immensity to the stars. And when he has conquered all the deeps of space and all the mysteries of time-still he will be beginning"! The scientist sends the rocket to the moon and comprehends the hardest things but fails to understand the simplest things, the tremendous trifles! Having swallowed the camel, he strains at the gnat!

'We seek a fourth dimension
Who have as yet to read
With simple comprehension
The secret of the seedWe guess at suns by billions,
Propound a galaxy,
And still the fire-fly's brilliance
Retains light's mystery'.

('Enigmas' by G.S. Galbraith)

In Norma Farber's poem 'Monkeys and Moon' satire is directed against man's pursuit of the vain pleasures and shadowy nothings. The writer presents her reflections on an ink drawing by a Japanese artist. The picture represents monkeys trying to reach the Moon:

'The artist sage pokes ridicule
at apes among us who aspire
to what's not there.
or so I take it.
Suppose we try direct ascendence.
shall we be less deluded, hankering up
to catch true-moon in our poor fingers'
cup?'

The following poet sings of patriotism, love and all heroic qualities celebrated in literature. But he is a staunch believer in freedom and individuality. He can never visualise a Utopia or an El Dorado consisting of standardised specimens of humanity, this thought is gall and worm wood to the American poet. She sees the bewildering diversity that exists behind the facade of unity.

'Cut me with silent shears by ancient pattern,

Stitch me with necessity's dark thread; trim off frayed seams with disciplined convention,

Edge me in purple, border my hem in red. Shaping whatever fate or fashion cast Even though piece by piece, I have resembled

pieces of others, I will be me, assembled'

('The Unique' by Mary Alice Hart)

The age-old gospel of love is re-phrased as the fourth dimension. Love is the elixir of life. It makes things work and grow. It is protoplasm in plants.

'This is their green age, tender and tough: they need

love at their roots to strengthen their airy learning,

They need clear springs of laughter at at their feet

to send the sweet sap upward. Oh, they need a World of love, the green believing children, to-day's slim trees, the future's sturdy seed!'

('Green Children' by Frances Frost)

'So will my heart from wintering come forth Shyly, and yet with tender certainty,

Lifting new Blossoms, conscious of their worth proving again that love must breathe and be'.

('Tardy Spring' by Elizabeth Parker)

I would like to conclude with a beautiful poem 'Compleynt to an Ink well' by Bridgman. It is an invocation to the Muse—the Modern Muse of the ink bottle. The poet is confronted with a blank paper, mute pen, lack of inspiration and dearth of ideas. Naturally and ofcourse jocularly, he turns to his dream goddess Urania!

'How fast you flowed when Chaucer's page Wrote up the pilgrimage

Through all those sonnets scratched by quill You did not disappoint Sweet Will, And turned into immortal lyric The easy grace of Robert Herrick.

Ink well! the hour is late tonight. Your ink has not begun to flow. The paper lies before me white As once for Shelley long ago'.

We should appreciate Bridgman's courage and confidence in comparing himself to Chaucer, William Shakespeare, Robert Herrick and P B. Shelley.

#### GANDHI: TO THE 21ST CENTURY

## Dr. Ramjee Singh

#### 1. An overview :-

While addressing the Philosophy Club of Cambridge University (U.K.) in 1952, Toynbee had chosen to speak on the topic "2002". Taking a long look into the shape of things in future, he proclaimed that the world would get increasingly unified, physically economically and militarily. The human spirit would rebel against this global unification and this rebellion will start in India. In another characteristic and prophetic statement Toynbee says: "It is becoming clear that a chapter which had a western beginning will have to have an Indian ending if it is not to end in the self-distruction of the human race." A hard-headed rationalist, Bertrand Russell also writes to Einstein almost in the same view : " A great war with nuclear weapons means .... not improbably extinction of all life on this planet .... A great war must therefore be prevented. For this reason, India has the opportunity to do a supreme services to mankind for which no other nation is equally fitted." 1. pp.628-629). Here we have an attitude and spirit that can make it possible for the human race to grow together into a single family and, in the Atomic Age, this is the only alternative to destroying ourselves.

## 2. Beyond Violence :-

The Nuclear winter and Gandhi: The possible consequences of a nuclear war, as

developed through computers, is the scenario of a long nuclear winter. The 10,000 M.T. blast can plunge the surface temperature in mildlatitude areas to minus 50° C for a year or longer. Even a nuclear 100 M.T. could produce sufficient smoke to blacken the skies and chill the continental countries to below minus 20° C with recovery taking over three months. A nuclear war-toxic smog generated out of massive burning of synthetic materials in urban industrial centre is another chemical hazard. Temperature will drop from 15° to 40° C. over most of the world including India. Plants will be the first casuality because photo-syntesis will not be possible. Acquatic eco-systems will be affected and marine alagae will perish. The Fate of the Earth will be as "the republic of insects and grass." Hence, "Either we abolish war, or war will abolish us." Infact, war has lost its dynamics and arms race is bound to stop. That is why, the Communists have rightly given up the doctrine of inevitability of war and Gorbochiv behaved like a spokesman of nonviolence proposing a blanket ban on nuclear weapons. As a matter of fact, we have to choose between non-existence and nonviolence, between total catastrophe and Gandhi. Bluntly put, this is infact the choice being forced upon mankind today. Faced with a threat of survival, there can be no choice between nuclear disarmament and nuclear winter. Total nuclear disarmament has thus become a far more feasible proposition today when we have been fully assured of total

destruction of mankind and its civilization. There used to be the so-called laws of war which made it tolerable. Now we know the naked truth. The nuclear warfare knows no law of war. It can bring an empty victory but more correctly total annihilation.

Here we may ask, will the nuclear threat be averted by simply knowing its destructive nature? In our daily life, we know what is right but we feel no inclination to follow it. On the other hand, we know what is wrong and yet we cannot desist from doing it. This is human nature. But there is a qualitative difference in the destructive power of the atomic arsenal. It is not partially destructive but omni-destructive weapon. This is therefore called MAD or Mutually Assured Destruction. Then the monopoly of the nuclear powers has also been broken and there is a "balance of terror". The nuclear powers labour under the illusion that since one side knows that the other can destroy it, it would not start the nuclear war. This is the policy of deterrence. Hence disarmament is a necessity for survival. Einstein was right when he said: "America goes on stockpiling atom bombs. They do this in the name of security. This is stupid... The more atom bombs you have, the more you become a target for atomic attack." However, the mutual distrust is so great that unilateral nuclear disaranament is becoming delayed. But when mankind discovers its true nature and its true implications, distrust will give place to determination for total annihilation of the nuclear war heads. They will "beat their swords into plough-shares" and "turn their swords into pruning hooks." This is because

man has a very strong and intense desire to live. Life is a rule, suicide is an exception. Hence, whether it is human instinct or reason, whether it is fear of total destruction or even balance of terror, nuclear war is a human impossibility. A peace phenomenon has been born in the U.S.A and we are blessed for it. A nation that has a war culture and a war economy, that dared to drop the first atomic bomb and has been known to threaten to drop a hydrogen bomb has produced a lot of peaceactivists. In short, military victory is a concept which has become obsolete with the coming of the nuclear age. Hence, whether they are generals like Omar Bradley,2 Macarthur3 or Eisenhower4 or heads of the state like John F.Kennedy<sup>5</sup> or L-B.Johnson<sup>6</sup> or Religious Heads like Pope John XXIII7 or Pop John Paul II8 or a vicious war-monger like Herman Goering9 all of them condemned war completely.

In March 1951, Einstein stated "Revolution without the use of violence was the method by which Gandhi brought liberation of India. It is my firm belief that the problem of bringing peace to the world on a supernational basis will be solved only by employing Gandhi's method on a large scale."10 Oppenheimer speaking at a UNESCO conference said that if he had to think of a single word for Einstein's attitude towards human problems, he would pick the Sanskrit word Ahimsa.11 In fact, Ahimsa is not a part of science. Ahimsa goes beyond science. And beyond science, beyond reason, is not antiscience or anti-reason. Neils Bohr's open letter to the U.N.Secretary General in 1950 also

reminds us of Kant's prophetic Essay (1975) on Perpetual Peace. An open world is based increasingly on Science and Ahimsa. Any other course can lead only to mankind's total annihilation. The 25th Pugwash Anniversary Conference in Warsaw in August 1982 signed by amongst others, nearly a hundred Nobel Laureates reaffirmed the joint declaration of Bertrand Russel, Einstein, Yukawa and others in 1955 with new urgency: "Shall we, instead choose death, because we cannot forget our quarrels?" Therefore, Gandhi had warned the West: "It is dispairing of the multiplication of the atom bombs, because atom bombs mean utter destruction not merely of the west but of the whole world, as if the prophecy of the Bible is going to be fulfilled and there is to be a perfect deluge."

## 3. Beyond Technology: The Third Wave

Nuclear weapons are not just a mistake in an otherwise healthy world. They are the logical outcome of an aggressive way of life and the result of materialistic world view and industrial culture. There is a conceptual revolution in the realm of sciences. The old materialistic mechanistic Newtonian conception is in a state of crisis. Fritz of Capra presents a new vision of reality in his famous book The Tao of Physics. In his recent book, The Turning point, Fritz of Capra says "what we need, then, is a new paradigm, a new vision of reality, a fundamental change in our thoughts and values." This is change from the mechanistic to the holistic conception of reality, leading to new economics and technology with ecological bias. Like Gandhi, Alvin Toffler

condems the mad rush towards industrialism and both the capitalist and communist paradigms becuase they have failed to solve the basic problems of poverty, hunger, unemployment on the one hand and aliniation, dehumanisation, resource exhaustion, environmental pollution, ecological threat, and violence and war. On the other hand, both the systems have brought the world to the brink of a nuclear holocaust and if we want our survival, we have to find out the third wave or a new alternative. In his most absorbing book the Arrogance of Humanism (Oxford University press) Professor David Ehrenfield, says that the Western materialistic civilization has provided a life of vulgar ostentation and luxury for a few. This materialistic humanism unduly inflates our ego and assumes that we can do anything with the aid of reason, science, and money. In this control, mankind has incurred heavy losses-the loss of hoary forests and wilderness of animals and vegetable species, of landscales and scenic spots, of human skills, of environment, human health and human sanity. In his well-known books, Small is Beautiful, A guide For the Perplexed and Good work. eminent economist E.F.Schumacher decries the economics of gigantism and automation. We must learn to think in terms of an arti-culated structure that can cope with multiplicity of small-scale units. If it can get beyond its abstructions, the G.N.P., the rate of growth, capital output ratio, inputoutput analysis, labour mobility and capital accumulation have no meaning, "If it cannot get beyond this and make contact with human poverty, frustration, aliniation, despair, breakdown, crime, escapism, ugliness and

spiritual death, then let us scrap economics and start afresh." The only alternative is decentralized, small-scale production in village homes and small communities, a mode of production in which the producer is also the consumer the "Prosumer". Erick Fromm in his To Have or To be Bet (Abacus, 1978) classifies into two modes - "having" and "being". The first is dominant in modern industrial society, both capitalist and communist, which concentrates on material possessions and power and is based on greed, envy and aggressiveness. The second way i.e., "Being", manifests in the pleasure of shares experience and truly productive rather than wasteful activity, and is rooted in love and ascendancy of human over material values. The first mode is bringing the world to the brink of ecological and psychological disaster, while the other is the only course to avoid catastrophe. In the history of human progress, the first wave was Agricultural Revolution which dominated the earth for 10000 years. The second wave is the Industrial Revolution. which changed our entire life-style. It has led to aliniation and dehumanisation in economic sphere, it has consolidated the power of the State and has made war an onmi-suicidal phenomena. Infact, technology and ideology go together. Hence, if we want culture of peace and harmony, we must have a technology of peace. Civilization, in the real sense of the term, consists not in the multiplication but in the deliberate and voluntary reduction of selfish wants. This alone promotes real happiness and contentment and increases the capacity for services.

## Beyond Politics or the Politics of the Apolitical:-

Whether they are our nuclear or technological policies, they are determined by politics. Hence, the Mahabharat says "politics pervades and encircles all desciplines and walks of life." But today, there is an antithesis between goodness and politics. Late President Louis McHenry Howe had rightly said: "you cannot adopt politics as a profession and remain honest."12 "The politics of courts" says Lord Nelson, are "so mean that private people would be ashamed to act in the same way, all is trick and finesse to which the common cause is sacrificed". To day, politics is without principles and at least a science of exigencies." Thanks to politicians, the world has become a great arsenal and therefore politics has become the greatest menace to man. Hence, while politicians might be worrying about so many things, we should, indeed be worrying about politics itself. Mclver rightly says that power-conception of the state reveals its menacing defects. In the Indian context, today perhaps Machiavelli will fade into insignificance before the present powerbrokers of our country and even Adolf Hitler and his publicity secretary Goebbels will hesitate to tell such crudest falsehoods and stupid things on the mass media as is done today. The very line of demarcation between good and bad means has been so much blurred that the very problem of means and ends has become a non-issue.

Hence either we adopt a "Spiritual approach to history" (as Plato has opined) or

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"spiritualise politics (Gokhale and Gandhi) or be prepared to be crushed under the wheels of present politics. "Unless we moralise politics," Aristotle says, "a polis....... will cease to be a polis."<sup>13</sup> Hence, we can conclude that present day politics which has lost its dynamics and humanity is in search of a 'new politics.'

Around the world we witness today a gap between principles and practices in politics, between public opinion and government policy, with the result that there is a growing aliniation between political leadership and the common mass. There is therefore an increasing struggle between "the people in power" and "the power in the people." The young people even in the affluent west are not sure about their future, whether they would at all see the end of the century. Man is suffering from a morbid deathwish. The world is still divided into two camps and the cry of co-existence of Capitalism and Socialism is a huge hoax. Though the Communists had given the call of fight against Capitalism, they accepted the basic tenets of capitalism, for example, materialism, gigantic industries exploitation of Asia the third world, common market and international fiscal jugglery, naked competition in arms-race and nuclear proliferation, pseudo-democracy, affluence sabotage of their rival countries and so on. 14

The labour unions in the capitalist regimes have little faith in socialist revolution. They are interested only in continuously raising their pay, pension and promotion, on the contrary, labour unions in Russia have become Labour

Welfare Organisations against which workers have risen in revolt against Poland, Romania and Yugoslavia. Thus we find the fight between Communism and Capitalism is a fight between two brothers pertaining to their own affairs and is not a fight for establishing a new order. In the earliest days of Communism, it had declared that Communism is international but today it has become not only national but also chauvinistic like any other country.

Hence, if the Socialists and Communists embrace spirituality, they can give a lead to the world. Socialism is no doubt the ultimate product of our civilization and culture as this is the spirit of sharing and fellow-feeling. The practical side of spiritualism is also universal love. If God resides in every heart, then a sociopolitical order can only be based on the principles of liberty, fraternity and non-exploitation. True Spirituality and real Socialism are based on the spirit of the scientific unity of man. No man is an island and therefore one cannot be really happy when someone is not. This is sarvodaya or the welfare of all, which is the basis of spiritualism and Socialism.

Hence, we can conclude that "there is no politics devoid of religion" (spirituality) or "politics bereft of religion is a death trap." However, Gandhi advocated the concept of Ethical Religion, and not dry and dead ritualism. According to him, the biggest threat to religion is not from the side of atheists, but dogmatists, fundamentalists and ritualists. Thus true religion has no conflict with true politics. To bring God into politics is to bring in Truth and Love. This is "higher politics" or

as Jaspers says, "religious politics of the selfrevealing man."19 Sir Mohmad Iqbal says it more strongly that "politics devoid of ethics and religion is tantamount to naked bloodshed." So says Gandhi that 'politics divoced from ·religion has absolutely no meaning."20 A most secular socialist like R.M.Lohia expresses this spirit most significantly that "politics is religion viewed in immediate perspective while religion is politics viewed in the long range." What is "Spiritualisation of public life"21 to Gokhale and Gandhi, that is "Goodness politics"22 to J.P. Bas politics is "a pathology of political life." The Marxist movement in Russia is still facing the dilemma of means and ends 23 resulting in their ambivalent attitude towards the masses. If we banish moral considerations in politics, it will become a quagmire of opportunism and exigencies. The modern mind, no doubt, distinguishes between the religious (sacredotium) and the secular (Regnum). But this is because of long fight between the Church and the State. The Indian tradition is different. Here Dharma has never been understood in communal or sectarian terms, nor politics has been a synonym of deceit and dishonesty. The king is only the guardian, executor and servant of Dharms. Hence, his ideal state is RamRaj or government based on righteousness.24 It is divine Raj, the kingdom of God25, sovereignty of the people based on pure moral authority26. Apart from the political ideal of RamRaj, Gandhi devised spiritual and moral mode of political action and political weaponry called Satyagraha, based on two universal principles of Truth and Love. It is a war without violence or untruth.

A few years ago, 53 Nobel Prize winners of the world while diagnosing the cause threatening the survival of humanity has accused politics and politicians for the ills of the world. Hence, either we find out a 'new politics' or be prepared to be wiped out of our existence. With nuclear bomb in both our hands but diplomatic double talk, hatred, envy and jealousy in our minds, we are fast approaching a holocaust. Hence, we cannot hope to go to the 21st century with a medieval and militaristic mentality. Nationalism is no less than tribalism and religious fundamentalism is the greatest menace of this century. Gandhian politics steers clear between the Scyalla of national Chauvinism and Charybriddis of religious fundamentalism. Positively, it is synthesis of Socialism and human rights, non-violence and social change, national sovereignty and grassroot democracy.

- 1. Nathan, O and Norden, H.Einstein on peace, 1960 pp.628-629.
- 2. General Omar Bradley: "Wars can be prevented just as surely as they can be provoked, and we who fail to prevent them must share in the guilt for the dead."
- 3. General Douglas Mac Arthur: "I have known war as few men now living know it. Its very destructiveness on both friend and foe has rendered it useless as a means of settling international disputes."
- 4. General D.Eisenhower: Speaking "as one who knows that another war could utterly destroy the civilization" he warned against the military-industrial complex.

#### Gandhi: To the 21st Century

- 5. John F.Kennedy: "Mankind must put an end to war, or war will put an end to mankind."
- 6. Lyndon B. Johnson: "The guns and the bombs, the rockets and warships, all are symbols of human failure."
- 7. Pope John XXIII: "If civil authorities legislate for or allow what is contrary to the will of God, neither the laws made nor the authorizations granted can be binding on the consciences of the citizens."
- 8. Pope Paul II: "Humanity is not destined to self-destruction."
- 9. Herman Goering: (At Nurembarg Trials): Naturally the common people do not want war: neither in Russia, nor in England, nor for that matter in Germany.
- 10. Einstien on peace, p.584.
- 11. Bulletin of the Atomic Scientist, March 1979, p.38.
- 12. Address to the Nation, 17.1.1933.
- 13. Aristotle, *Politics* trans. William Ellis, London, J.M. Dent & Sons, 1912, Book, Book-I, Ch.II, P.4.
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- 15. Ibid. p.9.

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- 18. Painter-Briak, S., Gandhi Against Machiavellism, Bombay, Asia Publishing House, 1960, p.13.
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- 21. Goyal, O.P., *Political Thought of Gokhale*, Allahabad, Kitab Mahal, 1960, p.16.
- 22. Dhawan, G.N., "Goodness politics", *Politics of persuation* ed Mishra & Avasthe, Bombay, Manak Talas 1967, pp336-39.
- 23. Moore, B., Soviet Politics The Dilemma of Power, Harvard University press, Ch.III
- 24. Gandhi, M.K., Young India, 12.5.1920.
- 25. Gandhi, M.K., Young India, 28.5.1931, 19.9.1929.
- 26. Gandhi, M.K., Harijan, 2.1.1937.

#### A SOLDIER'S DEATH

#### G. Ramaseshu

I meet my fate upon these Hills
No other way for me - to fight and die
I chose my way: Amidst this Chill
Snow-fanged boulders I sigh:
Can we relieve this cursed blame
By this inhuman bloody game?
Who cares for life? We have to spill
Our blood and mercilessly Kill.

My Death at last be seen A mere dead phrase in news
Some tearful faces shot upon the screen
A Topic for political views;
My family gets a heartless cheque
Can it repair the inner wreck?
Waiting for orders should I die
Decided by secure powers high
I slug through marshy snow at night
Hearing the groans of death despite
Some fate awaits me tomorrow;

War will not give you any respite
But bleeding floods of sorrow;
Man turns a brute with dreadful might
Life seems a game to shoot at sight
So many promising buds to ashes blight.

Our blood is same - of mine or of my foe Afar from us, our families sob Like fleas we burn in a lurid glow Of war and then our souls will throb Beholding the vain blood - thirsty game Played in all - loving Godly name.

I die, No regrets for it, and yet
I pray for peace and gentle state;
No nation rose to fame and set
The path of progress by burning hate;
Oh God! I yield my soul, please save
This world, Spread Peace, Make it not a Wartorn grave.

## NATURE SPEAKS IN TONGUES

#### Giovanni Malito

Coming to the edge of the pond the lone willow tree fills me with calm.

Its tendrils, in the gentle breeze, sway like barely audible wind chimes.

And as the day climbs into the sky I listen to sounds sneaking through the leaves.

I am waiting for something to drop into my hand but it is getting darker. The whispers are getting louder, or is it something else, like ripples on the pond? The light is almost all gone but for the moon, rising from behind the trees.

So I continue to wait for that something and it comes, it comes quietly

as the night wraps me like a shawl and I listen, and I hear a distant Loon.

It is calling out to me, telling me poetry can never, never be a burden to the poet.

#### INTRODUCING NIRAD CHOUDHURY

Sir J.C. Squire to Dr. C.R. Reddi

My dear old Reddi,

I spent five days and nights over Christmas and the New Year reading a manuscript for Macmillans (this is between ourselves) called "The Autobiography of an Unknown Indian". The author's name is Chaudari - though I don't think I have spelt it properly. I wish that you had been here when I read it. He has his defects, for instance, he has never been out of Bengal, and although he has drawn spiritual sustenance from all the great English authors of the past, and thinks that any Indian revival must come from Europe and mainly from England, he has met very few Englishmen, and has certain resentment against the commercial community in Calcutta, who I don't suppose would suit me any better than they suited him.

He was born the son of a small landowner-cum-lawyer in Eastern Bengal. While he was making his acquaintance with England and English literature through Miss Mitford's "Our Village", and thinking how pleasant English village inns, cottagers and cricket must be, his family were, in honour of Kali, cutting buffaloes, throats in the courtyard and then pelting each other, still in honour of the goddess, with dumplings, compounded of warm buffaloes' blood and dirt.

He went to Calcutta University - he reproduces an essay about the principles on which history should be written, which he wrote at nineteen; you, precocious as you were, might have written it at that age, but I should be pleased with myself if I could write it now. He came out first in the first class, in the Calcutta B.A. examination; he was frail and over-tired, and failed his M.A. Without M.A., he could not pursue the academic career for which he was superbly qualified; so he meekly became a clerk in a Government Department.

Reddy, my dear, he is a sage; he is as familiar with all the arts of the world as he is with religions and philosophies. His English is so good that one is tempted to think that he must have had a translator; but a translator as good as that would never have bothered about translation, but have written great works of English prose on his own. This "Unknown Indian" hovers above our globe, and sadly scrutinises the fluctuating fortunes not merely of India, with her succession of invaders, but of all mankind.

He comes up to the present day; explains Gandhi better to me than he ever has been explained before, and faces all the contemporary facts in India and elsewhere (he sees and regrets a decaying civilisation in Europe): seldom reading a manuscript do I feel that I am in contact with a Mind. He could meet any of the great thinkers of the past on an equal footing. It seems to me evident that you should make contact with him, though he is probably a thousand miles away from you.

If his book comes out, as I hope it will, it may put India into an uproar. But it will certainly enlighten all historically-minded men; and he might possibly, if necessary, find a refuge in England where in spite of all we have lost, we are still allowed liberty to think.

All my love,

Jack

('TRIVENI' already paid tributes to Nirad Chaudry Chaudhury, a Titan among the writers in English)

## GOOD GOVERNMENT OR SELF GOVERNMENT

#### Dr.C.R.Reddi

It is a superficial thought in politics to attribute magical virtues to democracy, as though democracy by itself and without reference to the social and character conditions of people is guaranteed to produce the greatest happiness of the greatest number. A moment's reflection would show that a form of government, any form of government, has no such self-propelling virtue in it but that it depends mainly on the people who operate and supervise the operation, whether it produces good results or the opposite. Democracy is not a necessary good. Nor are autocracy, monarchy, aristocracy and other forms of government necessarily evil. Furthermore, good and evil are relative terms. A thing may be good for certain purpose and bad for other; or may be good in certain circumstances and become unworkable in other. It is recognised for instance that war cannot be waged successfully by committees and deliberative bodies. In war, which is a matter of life and death, democracy is more likely to produce death than prolong life. A clearer and deeper comprehension therefore of forms of polity and their actual working is necessary before particular regimes could be condemned as bad or extolled as good. No government can be good if it is not workable in the given conditions. An unrealisable good is no good.

As in ethics so in politics. It is the good that determines the right and not other way

about. The other day a Congress leader declared that the Advisory Government of Madras may be a good government and strong government and smooth. But because it was not self-government, therefore, it was bad government. On his own showing, if in actual practice, self-government is bad government, he would regard it as good government for no other reason except that it is self-government. Absurdity could go no further. 'By thy fruits thou shalt be judged'. That is the only test whether in theory or in history. The law is for man; not man for law.

Another fallacy is to mistake democracy for constitutionalism or for liberalism. A democratic government may be as tryannical as the worst autocracy. Constitutionalism refers to the spirit of equity, of moderation, of consideration for the natural rights of others, however numerically small, and all those ingredients that make for honourable and generous conduct in public life. Legalism and Constitutionalism are not identical concepts. It is when, as in England, there is a recognised code of public honour and moral obligation enforced by the general will of the people including party members, that constitutionalism, which is the spirit that saveth, transcends legalism, which is the word that killeth. Observers of recent democratic governments in Indian Provinces, excepting probably in the Punjab, have been very doubtful if in spite of the truth and non-violence professed,

considerations of constitutionalism had been in sufficient evidence.

Nor is democracy necessarily liberalism, nor are other Ocracies necessarily illiberal. Liberalism and humanism are ethical ideas which may or may not be embodied and expressed by a form of government. You can have democracies in which the tyranny of numbers will impose a particular type of life on all and stamp out the soul's liberty and freedom of the individual or a sub-group to pursue its own cultural development even when it does not conflict with duty to the State. We have had monarchies famous for liberal and humanistic spirit. The noblest illustration of this in history is Asoka the Great, the Ethical Emperor. Lesser lights, lesser when compared with him but great when compared to most others in Hindu history are Harsha, Vikramaditya, and many other sovereigns. The illustrious French writer, Ernest Renan, marked out the three Roman emperors, commonly referred to as the Antonines, and the three Moghal Emperors, Babar, Humayun and Akbar, as amongst the most liberal humanistic of monarchs. The tyrants of mediaeval Italy were also patrons of the Renaissance. Venice, a terrible poligarchy, was a great patron of Commerce and the Fine Arts.

It is owing to a peculiar historical coincidence that democracy has to be regarded as a sure foundation and bulwark of liberalism liberal era in English history commenced with the Reform Act of 1832 and continued through the pacious out days of Lord John Russel, Palmerston, Peel, Gladstone, Asquith, Lloyd George till about 1914 when the Great War broke out. Contemporaneously in America there was the era of the great liberator, Abraham Lincoln. The French Revolution and the philosophers like Voltaire, Rousseau and Diderot who gave it its roots in reason and dynamic impulse were also leaders in liberalism and humanism. The French Revolution and its derivatives, the subsequent revolutions of 1830 and 1848 were thus both democratic and liberal. But as pointed out above, there is no necessary connection between the Government of numbers and rule of reason.

Without some such historical background, it will not be easy to evaluate the place and function of Indian princes in the life and polity of the country. I have dealt with this subject in my recent speeches delivered in Cochin and published in the book-Congress in Office.

## ARE "OLD" PEOPLE A GLOBAL BURDEN?

## Prof. Kalluri Subba Rao

The twenty first century offers a bright health for all. It holds the prospect not merely of longer life but superior quality of life with less disability and disease. The global population has perhaps never looked as healthy as it is today. All this has become possible because of the tremendous advances in Medicine and Medicare.

The next century faces a peculiar situation - the demographic ageing. The increase in ageing population is indeed a global phenomenon touching the shores of India as well. The population of our country, as per the 1991 census, was 844.3 million forming 16 percent of the global population. More important is the rate at which the over all population was increasing during the present century and also the percentage of elderly (above 60 years) in the population during that period. As can be seen, in 1901 India had about 12 million people above 60 years. This constituted 5.06 percentage of the entire population. By 1991, this figure of elderly people rose to about 57 million constituting 6.70 percent of the population. If one looks at the actual rate of increase in the population in each decade it is apparent that the highest rate of growth occurred since 1951 and the trend is still continuing. By 2001, India's population is expected to be 986.1 million and the number of elderly persons aged 60 years is projected to touch 76 million by that time. Looking in a different way, in the year 2001 the number of people in the age group 15-64 would be 630 million and out of this 50 million would be above 65 years! Projections beyond 2016 made by the United Nations indicate that India will have 326 million persons 60 plus in 2050 and a great proportion of them actually beyond 65 years!.

The life expectancy of a baby born in India in the period 1970-75 was 49.7 years which means that any one born during that period can be expected to live 49.7 years. This figure rose to 60.3 by the year 1991-95. A marginally higher figure holds good even for today. By the year 2020, life expectancy at birth in India will be close to 70 years.

A point to be noted is that once a person has lived long enough then the chances for that person to live longer are better! Thus if one comes across a seventy year old person the chances are that person is going to hit 80 as well! Indeed, we do see many grand old persons who have excelled in their professions and are guiding our society today. A few such names are mentioned below. This list is only a fragmentary example and there are many more like that including our honourable President and the Prime Minister.

Semmangudi Srinivas Iyer	Carnatic vocalist	90
Dev Anand	Film Actor	75
Manna Dey	Play back singer	75
Gangadhar Gadgil	Marathi Writer	75
Zohra Segal	Stage/Film Actor	86

## Are :Old" People A Global Burden?

B.C.Sanyal	Artist	96
C.Gopalan	Nutritionist	80
B.Ramamurthi	Neurosurgeon	77
A. Venkoba Rao	Medical Scientist	75
M.S.Kanungo	Scientist/Gerontologist	72

Thus, India is right in the middle of an extraordinary demographic transition from being a young country with high mortality and high fertility to a state of increasing population, life expectancy and ageing population. India is not alone in this transition. Many other developing countries are going through the same phenomenon. On the other hand, the socalled developed countries seem to have passed through this phase of demographic ageing long time ago and are seeing now the effects of such transition. For example, in USA there are 33.6 million people over 65 years today, a number expected to more than double by 2030. The fast growing segment of the population seems to be those above 70 and 80! If this is what is going to happen in the developing countries, it is imperative that there is going to be an increasing global load of elderly people since majority of the global population resides in these so-called developing countries.

The primary reason for such demographic ageing is improved Medicare in all its aspects. Due to the phenomenal advances in medical and biological sciences, infant motality has been substantially reduced. The general healthcare of the population has improved. People have become, over the years, nutrition and health conscious. There has been a general increase in the overall standard of living.

What are the likely effects of people living longer on the society and country at large? An immediate impression that grips every one is that the ageing population might become a burden to the concerned country and the world at large.

One can analyse the situation carefully and see whether the impression is realistic or baseless. The impact of increase in ageing population has three dimensions-Socioeconomical, Political and Medical.

Socioeconomical: An elderly person beyond 65 years or more is likely to face, either himself or along with the spouse, a situation which can be described as lonely and no body to take care of them or to interact with, in view of the dwindling joint family system. If the economical resource is inadequate then the problem would be compounded. In such an event the elderly could cause strain to the society and the State. However, the elderly people could be looked upon as an asset to the society and the Government, if they are looked after properly both in terms of economics and health. This brings in the other two dimensions.

Political: For a number of reasons ageing has not become an issue of serious consideration for the Government in our country until recently. However, it has become now since the State has realized that unless some measures are taken the problem may go out of proportion.

Indeed the Govt. of India has announced its national policy recently. It seeks to assure

older persons that their concerns are national concerns and they will not live unprotected, ignored or marginalised. A brief version of the announced policy is given below.

## National Policy for Older Persons (Highlights):-

The well being of older persons is the goal of the National policy, which will be achieved by securing them their place in society so that they live this phase of life with purpose, dignity and peace. The policy believes that action is necessary.

- To help the elderly, offer them protection from abuse and exploitation, and create opportunities for them to improve the quality of their lives.
- To ensure the rights of the elderly, giving them their share of development funds to ascertain that elderly women are not subject to the triple evil of age, wido-whood and gender.
- To regard life as a continuum and the age after sixty another phase. As such, there should be opportunities to lead an active, creative and satisfying life.
- To create an age-integrated society in which there are strong bonds between the generations and conditions are suitable for the elderly to stay with their families.
- To acknowledge the potential of the elderly and to use them like other human resources.

- To empower the elderly so that they can take decisions concerning themselves, having regard to the fact that they constitute twelve per cent of the electorate.
- To provide more money for the well being of the elderly with contributions from the community and society.
- To do more for the rural old who constitute seventy five per cent of the aged population and are terribly neglected.

If this National Policy is implemented faithfully and in consultation with experts in various fields, then old age will cease to be considered synonymous with ill health and liability. On the other hand, the so-called ageing population, with their wisdom, experience and expertise would be an asset to the growth and development of a nation.

But the billion-rupee question is whether the Govt. would be able to implement the above policy at least to some extent. And if it does, what are the priorities and how to go about it. This brings in the third dimension of the ageing phenomenon.

Medical/Biological: While it is true that the advances made in medical sciences resulted in improved longevity of people, medical research is still struggling to provide adequate coverage for old age dependent ramifications. As already mentioned, in the scenario of demographic ageing, that segment of population which is above 70 years would

be bulging in the years to come. This means more and more people in the stages of "terminal ageing" would be seen in the society. Therefore, any Government or the society has to take two major precautions. One is to ensure that such terminally ageing individuals do not suffer from the ailments that are usually associated with that age. That means one should have a healthy ageing period devoid of major debilitations. Otherwise the whole purpose of prolonging the life span would be an unnecessary and meaningless exercise. Ageing per se need not become the cause of death but one could have a comfortable old age until death ensues due to the failure of a vital function. In other words, the morbidity period must be decreased to a minimum. How to achieve this?

From the available information, mainly there are five killer diseases that would inflict an ageing person. These, are Bronchitis and Asthma, Heart attack (cardiovascular problems), Paralysis, Cancer and TB of lungs. About 60 to 70% of the older people die due to these diseases while the rest of the percentage die due to a variety of other reasons. It is therefore important that the State should promote research and community activities leading towards prevention and better management of these diseases.

Fundamental research to understand the very basics of the ageing process at genetic level must be encouraged by the public funding agencies. There are many debilitative situations (e.g. neurodegenerative diseases, diabetes ophthalmic problems etc.,) that can

arise in old age. These may not kill the person immediately but make the person invalid for creative and active work. Medical research to understand and better manage these

\* situations must go at top gear. It is rather sad that a country like India with a population of about 70 million people above 60 years does not have even a single organisation/institute solely developed to ageing research. It may be mentioned here that United States has established a National Institute for ageing research almost 50 years ago!

Health care for the elderly is to be seen as a special subject and it must have its settings in rural background. The health service providers require special training to handle the elderly. In the urban areas, both public and private efforts are needed to provide health care to the old both for the people who can afford to pay and for those who could not afford to pay as well. Every hospital, public and private, should have a geriatric ward manned by specially trained personnel.

Of the many points enunciated by the Indian Government policy for elderly, two deserve special and immediate attention (in the opinion of this author). These are

- To create an age-integrated society in which there are strong bonds between the generations and conditions are suitable for the elderly to stay with their families.
- To acknowledge the potential of the elderly and to use them like other human resources.

Our good old Indian joint family system has immense in-built mechanism to keep the elderly people engaged in active work and enjoy satisfaction in the nursing care they receive from youngsters. It also provides one of the most efficient systems of disseminating the knowledge and expertise from generation to generation. It is not to say that the joint family system does not have any disadvantages. May be there are some and most of them are economical in nature and the rest pertaining to human behaviour. It may be agreed that the classical type of joint family system may not be possible in the present day high-tech scenario. But the fast society also takes away some of the disadvantages that the joint family system of yester years used to have. It would therefore be advisable that the Government provides some incentive if the employees are living along with their retired parents.

Secondly, both private and public organizations should take use of the expertise and experience of the elderly. Some times what

the elderly want is recognition and appreciation but not extra money. This aspect if implemented would strengthen the society and create a new order. It is only hoped that this segment of human resource with tremendous treasure of varied expertise and wisdom will be put to use for the development of our country.

To end this article, it would be fitting to quote Robert Browning who eloquently said, "Grow old along with me! The best is yet to be, the last of life for which the first was made".

Acknowledgements: The data in the tables presented here are essentially based on the 1991 census and the ICMR information as presented by Sri. S.K.Sinha, at the recently held WHO and ICMR sponsored workshop (Research and Healthcare priorities in geriatric medicine and aging, New Delhi, March 16-18, 1999), in a paper entitled "Demographic profile and projections for the future".

### **UNCERTAIN ALBUM**

#### Pronab Kumar Majumder

Mind is
Uncertain album
Preposterous
Pictures change position
A slow process
Yet sure one;
In shuffling chaos
We memorise
Forget
And remember

While
Oblivion
Crawls up
To efface Simultaneously
New pictures
Get positioned
Until darks
Wrap up finally.

## **EXCELLENCE**

Yogesh G.Nair

"Dear poet friend we received your letter and have noted the contents.

We agree that our response was indeed against the hope or expectation of a poet, who has won many awards in the past.

Our experts concluded after reading your poem that they are below our expectations.

And, we have our standards set in a world where awards and memberships are sold like kidneys or atom bombs."

#### "IT'S NEVER THAT BAD"

#### Jaswanth Singh

Some incidents, however minor they may seem, leave an indelible mark on our life. Many a times we are not even aware (consciously, that is) of the incident, and yet its impact is the driving force throughout our life. Such an incident happened in my life over two decades ago. To be precise, it happened in 1974.

I had returned from a university field trip to the beautiful Chakrata Hills in Dehradun District of U.P., the Hills that became infamous as having been the preparatory ground for operation Blue Star exactly a decade later. But the Hills cannot be blamed for that. It is the unscrupulous humans who, by their actions, make a place famous or infamous.

On that day, as I opened my luggage, I could not find a shawl which my father had given me when we had left Delhi. My younger sister could judge my discomfort as I threw all clothes here & there frantically in search of my elusive shawl. I was shell- shocked. Rupees 70/- In those cheap but hard days (hard for us) was a big sum - especially when my father earned only Rs.300/- per month. As the gravity of the loss sunk in, tears welled up in my eyes and flowed down my cheeks uncontrollably and I locked myself in my room.

When my parents arrived in the afternoon, my sister told them that I had been weeping in my room since morning. By this time I had regained composure and had prepared myself for the worst. I opened the door and came out. As I neared my father, with my eyes glued to the floor, unexpectedly he put his arms around my shoulder and said reassuringly, "What is this? My brave son is crying over a shawl of Rs.70/-? Forget it and relax!" These sympathetic words made me cry again - now out of inexplicable gratitude. How wrong I was in understanding my father? Perhaps all of us are! Most of the times! But we realize it too late.

Next morning as I walked into my department in the University Campus, one of my fair-sex classmates beckoned me. As I approached her, she held my "lost" shawl in her hand. "In your hurry, you had left it on your seat yesterday", she said. I could not believe my eyes and once again tears welled up in my eyes - This time expressing my gratitude to the almighty. My friend looked at me, taken aback!.

This incident taught me two very important lessons for life even at that tender age. One - To be magnanimous when youngsters commit a mistake. And two - never to lose heart. Even under most trying circumstances. The situation is never as hopeless as we perceive. In other words, there is always a glimmer of hope - only we are unable to see it!

## **ANGULIMALA**

#### V.Lalita Kumari

He came to a place where people informed Him of Angulimala, a dacoit and robber They asked him not to take that path He simply smiled and moved forth.

Anon there stood before him
The very thief carrying an axe
He held up the weapon in his arm
The kind one put up his protective hand.

Scared at the sight of the horrid archer The swami's followers screamed in fear As the fellow laughed harsh and loud The swami returned a gentle smile.

Under the pull of the powerful smile
The huntsman's axe fell to the ground
Under the spell of his loving looks
The wretch prostrated at the lotus feet.

"I am a Villain, a sinner, a savage Be kind, O Lord', bemoaned the thief The pious one stroked the fellow's head And kindly took him into his fold.

His looks must have been magnetic His hand must have been alchemic Or else how can Angulimala, a ruffian Change from a sinner to a saint?

The highway man with a heavy heart Sobbed and sobbed as his eyes brimmed Squatting near his merciful mentor His woeful tale he began to relate.

'Lord I was born of parents poor My aged father could work no more To feed himself and all of us He had to go begging for alms.

'But a famine deprived us of the dole
My mother took to bed with grief
We the kids hungered for food
Our father could not bear it any more'.

'He broke into a house for rice
But fell into fell and cruel hands
They cut off his fingers in haste and anger
They were too rich to know hunger.

'When my father writhed in pain
All the villains laughed amain
They hopped and danced in great pride
They saved the town from a 'scourge' they said.

'I was but an urchin then
The scene hurt me deep within
I turned a felon from then on
To avenge my sire, took up this weapon.

'I cut the fingers of those townsmen and wore them on my neck as chain I waylaid among hills and woods And robbed the greedy of their goods.

'Thousands of fingers collected thus Hang day and night around my neck But, Lord, why can they not assuage The spite that within me doth rage?"

"Fire can never put out fire.
To cool it down water is used
Hate but begets and whets hate
which love alone can satiate".

## PHILOSOPHY AND HUMAN VALUES

#### K. Srinivas

My main concern in this paper is to show how philosophy contributes to the promotion of basic human values that are essential for the furtherance of human race on the earth. The very continuance of human race is under constant threat due to natural and non-natural disasters. Of course, to a great extent, humans can be on guard against natural disasters as they are capable of predicting them in advance. Thanks to the advancement of scientific knowledge. But, non-natural disasters, which are purely human creations, are mainly intended to show the supremacy of one nation or race over the other. In the pursuit of showing their might over the others humans have completely ignored the basic human values. There is no value attached to human life. Humans are treated as mere means to achieve the ends of some other humans. The developed nations use the men of underdeveloped nations as Guinea pigs. Thus, the people belonging to certain regions of the globe are treated as inferior to the people belonging to certain other regions. We are carried away by artificial segregations. Unless and until we realise the fact that the essential nature of all humans is the same everywhere we will not be able to put an end to this mindless discrimination. Therefore, the focal point of our study must be man. We must approach man as a man.

It is often said of philosophy that its main interest is the pursuit of wisdom, and a

philosopher is one who is wise. There is a definite role to be played by the philosopher in guiding society to its right destination. He is like a pilot in the ship. Unlike the scientist, a philosopher is interested in understanding the various phenomena. His / her understanding involves reflection. It is the essential nature of any act of philosophizing. It is also true that the subject matter of philosophy is not restricted to any particular area, which is normally the case with majority of specialised sciences. Its scope is very wise. Philosophy is the backbone of any nation. Its role in shaping the interests of any nation cannot be simply ignored. If science is treated as an enterprise that provides material comforts to humankind, philosophy is treated as an enterprise that alleviates people from those sufferings which cannot be tackled by science. For instance, the Buddha held that human life is suffering. He also prescribed the way out of suffering. If science as a discipline that has extrinsic value, philosophy as a discipline has intrinsic value. This does not mean one discipline is replaced by the other. They are the two sides of the same coin. As rightly observed by Aristotle, rationality is the essential feature of human beings. But this rationality has two important dimensions, namely, moral and scientific. At the cost of moral rationality scientific rationality is pursued in the west for immediate material progress. This resulted in the lopsided development of, by and large, western societies. There is no equilibrium between these two components of

rationality. In order to attain genuine happiness, freedom, and justice both the dimensions of rationality should be promoted.

The present era is no more an era of science or religion, but of man. If human race is wiped out completely, then for whose sake are we going to have science or religion? It is time that everyone of us must realise this fact. Every individual seeks happiness, freedom, and justice. Unless these three basic human values are guaranteed to every individual the life of the individuals on the earth is going to be miserable. But before we embark on the nature of these human values, let us know what value is. A 'value is something worth pursuing. However, the worth of a value may change from person to person. What is valuable to one person may not be valuable to the other. Such values have only extrinsic worth. Our search is for those values which are of interest to every human being. Such values alone are worth pursuing, therefore, have intrinsic worth.

The term "humanism" has different connotations. In the West humanism is regarded as a philosophy which attaches the highest value to rational human individual. It also considers human individual as the ultimate source of value. Also, there are the various forms of humanism. The Deweyan form of humanism is naturalistic, while the form given to it by F.C.S. Schiller is evolutionary and pragmatic. The communist form of humanism aims at economic equality, whereas the theological form of humanism is based upon Catholic thought. The existentialists like Sartre

identified existentialism with humanism, for it is concerned with basic concerns of humans Of course, I do not propose to get into the details of these versions. But what I want to highlight is that a common thread that runs through all these forms of humanism is their emphasis on man and his values. This clearly shows that the present age is an age of humanism. We are witnessing the tremendous development in the realms of science and technology. This is done at the basic human values. Therefore, there is a lopsided development in the social realm, where men are discriminated against each other on the basis of race, caste, creed, religion, region, language, and so on. Some men are used as the means to achieve the ends of some other men. Where is the equality? If there is equality in one realm, it is missing in another realm. All these differences arise due to the lack of understanding of basic human nature. We are under the sway of appearances. We should realise that the essential nature of humans is the same everywhere. Once it is realised, we should strive to create basic human values that encompass all the humans on the earth. The aim of the metaphysical humanism is to put forward the basic human values that are acceptable to all the human values. Prima facie such a form of humanism appears to be utopian. But, it can be realised only when there is a dispassionate study of the basic human nature. As aptly pointed out by Radhakrishnan

The world has found itself as one body. But physical unity and economic interdependence are not by themselves sufficient to create a universal humanity, a sense of personal relation-ships among men. Though this human consciousness was till recently limited to the members of the political states, there has been a rapid extension of it after the war. The modes and customs of all men are now a part of the consciousness of all men. Man has become the spectator of man. A new humanism is on the horizon. Now it embraces the whole of man kind.

Philosophy must become the philosophy of life of man. The ultimate aim of philosophy must be the preservation of values of human life.

#### II

Men desire to understand each other more intimately than ever. All men belong to the same species called humanity in spite of their different outlooks and cultural traditions. But the common concern of all men is to locate those values for which men are struggling in the different parts of the world. Every philosophical tradition tries to explain the nature of man and his place in the universe. Man as a historical being expressed himself in a variety of ways in different races and cultures. However, true humanism is that which tries to know what kind of human value or life is the best to be sought after. Though the different traditions upheld the different vales of life, the ultimate aim of all the traditions is to inquire into the nature of human life from different dimensions.

Man can be approached from the points of view of materialism, teleology, psychology,

sociology, ethics, religion and so on. But each approach in itself is inadequate to unravel the complete nature of man. Thus man is a wonderful creature on the earth who offers obstinate problems to thinkers. Some phases of human life are smooth going in some parts of the world, but the same phases of human life may create problems in the other parts of the world. Men started giving importance only to those aspects of human life that are problematic. Thus we have different value structures in different parts of the world inspite of the fact that the basic human nature is the same everywhere. Now the question arises: Is the essential nature of all humans same? If so, why is that humans behave differently? This is due to their being brought up in a particular culture. As a matter of fact, humans share the same urges, instincts, aspirations, and ideals.

In order to substantiate the view that the essential nature of all humans is the same, we can take a practical example. When a psychologist studies a person in terms of emotions, sensation, thought etc., the general laws that he formulates about humans are applicable to all humans irrespective of their external differences. Because of this reason one has to assume a priori that the essential nature of all humans is the same. Man is a social and creative being. He can create cultures, frame ideals and transform them. But man's creation does not exhaust his essential nature. The teachings of the great religious leaders are not merely meant for a particular creed, but to the entire humankind. Such an idea is the product of the belief that the

essential nature of all humans is the same. Man can ably adopt to the changing patterns of the environment - social as well as natural. What is after all to be noticed is that the man behind the culture is more important than the culture itself, which may progress or decay.

The artificial barriers erected among humans will disappear when they realise the highest universal ideals which are common to all humans. These universal ideals must become the categorical imperative for all humans. The true human values which are not known to other cultures will be presented to them. These values will be received by all cultures with so much enthusiasm as they are true human values. The true human values form into a culture which is common to the entire humankind. In that case "the problems and solutions of one culture will be the problems and solutions of all."2 Every individual must be allowed to live his fullest life possible and to realise the true values of human life. Every individual must be given a free hand to enjoy all the human rights. Only then the individual will realise the problem faced by fellow humans and look for possible solutions to free them from the problems faced by them. The idea is to develop a world perspective which alone can safeguard the interests of the humankind.

If we are really successful in establishing a true world philosophy, which will encompass all the genuine values of human life, then the various cultures will propound philosophies that bear essential similarities in thought, action, outlook, and aim. Thus, there will be "cultural

synthesis, which implies not domination but development, not imposition but assimilation, not narrowing of outlook but its broadening, but not limitation of life but expansion."3 The important problems of human life remain the same everywhere. The active life of humans shows it to be so. Democracy, justice, freedom, and happiness are sought after by every human being. The cultural progress is blocked by the factors such as ignorance, indifference, intolerance, and arrogance. By proposing a world philosophy we are not seeking a uniformity in the lifestyle of the individuals, rather the uniformity in the human values. For instance, the ideals of beauty, goodness, and truth are the same in every culture. But each culture has assimilated it in its peculiar way. Similarly, the ideals of human life must be common to all cultures, though they are assimilated and exhibited in various ways.

In the present day world some individuals are trying to create differences among humans where they do not exit. But, we should not be carried away by these artificial divisions. In fact, "The culture of man is like a tree with a number of branches spread out in many directions. If we take the branches to be different from one another without noticing the trunk, we miss the tree, the inter-relationship among the branches, the contribution of each to the others and so the whole."4 Therefore it is the man behind the culture who is important but no the culture. It is the responsibility of every tradition to recognise the highest human values. Just because man is the builder of the modern society due to science and technological developments, it is not necessary the he is happy. If it were the case the kings and queens must be the happiest persons on the earth as their economic and biological needs are taken care of. But it was not the case Then, what is that gives men utmost happiness and a sense of satisfaction? This question necessarily leads to the study of human values that are worth consideration.

The task of world philosophy, which represents metaphysical humanism, the humanism of highest kind, is to arrive at universal ethics. The future of humanity depends on whether we can arrive at such an ethical code. The ideologies and the philosophies of the various nations differ. But no ideology or philosophy ever claims that it does not have any respect for human life and the will-to-live. The chief concern of every ideology or philosophy must be the fulfilment of human life and the promotion and preservation of those human values which contribute to the furtherance of human life on the earth. If it were the aim of every ideology and philosophy, then it is the meeting point of every ideology and philosophy.

The service of philosophy to humankind is possible only when the philosophers start with the reality of man and his life as a basic hard fact. It is unfortunate that humanism as a philosophy has not attracted much attention of the academicians. The reason is that they thought that humanism is opposed to all forms of logic and metaphysics. Philosophers must advance world-views that are applicable to entire human race. Man cannot be approached

by natural sciences as they are only concerned with the external features of man. The real nature of man can be assessed by examining the meaning and purpose of human life. The outward being of man finds its expressions in a variety of ways, but the study of the creative man which represents his innermost being is basic.

#### III

To conclude, metaphysical humanism aims at providing those human values which are meant for all the humans. In other words, the human race realises the need for such a humanism for its own progress. All that one has to realise is that the underlying spirit in every man is the same. The names and forms are mere human creations. It is the human experience which suggests what is desirable and what is undesirable, what is eternal and what is noneternal. It is not out of context here to bring in the views expressed by Comte on humanism. He felt that the mankind is the true God of every individual. Every individual should serve the humanity which is the great being. If at all there is any religion, it is the religion of humanity. If every individual realises this truth, then there is no need for us to have Human Rights Commissions to monitor human activities on the earth.

#### NOTES

- 1. S.Radhakrishnan, Eastern & Western Thought, (London, 1940), p.vii
- 2. P.T.Raju, Introduction to Comparative Philosophy, (Nebraska, 1962), p.288.
- 3. Ibid.
- 4. P.T.Raju, Lectures on Comparative Philosophy, (Poona, 1970), p.27.

## MATCH-MAKER

#### R.R. Menon

In India match-making is a fine art, marriage seldom a meet of hearts. A go-between holds the quiver at start seething with arrows he found in the mart. Ever ready with atleast a dozen horoscopes, job-details and a brazen write-up extolling each bride-groom, his zoom-lens zeroes in on girls for whom parents open their reception-room. Women succeed more at this job, widows especially, one wonders why. Some see it as service, they don't rob the customer, wedding-bells bring them joy. The search, however, is not deep, it's up to the individuals to keep track of fine details. The poor use this tap.

Male match-makers have a different brief; even those with no worthwhile belief in stars have a craze for horoscope--matching in a society with little scope to get at facts in its periscope. Height provides the biggest mismatch, with poverty a close second; a good catch for either is reckoned by the cash-flows in the deal, here the match-maker ploughs the land and sows seeds, the crop grows. Law against dowry makes his role discreet, disingenuous. He's on parole even before the crime, The delicate rigmarole of the parties' in absentia mutual talk, for him, and expert, is a cake-walk. To conceal low deeds, the earthy ones feel; Marriage be called a heavenly deal.

## DREAM BUBBLES

#### S. Samal

There is nothing gay or glorious about life it is most common banal and jejune inanities the grand synecdoche of pity and futility all shallow, sordid and sterile nothing substantial behind the tinsel show or shine a tale most fussy

and the bathos of a buffoon,
his endless gimmics and somersaulting
in abortive toils and longing.
Man is but a Time's toy
and fortune's scoff
and giggle
no one knows
how unceremoniously
life shapes and ends
in dark dusty silence
like dreams-bubbles
erased wantonly
by rain drops.

#### Short-story

## A LONESOME LONGING

#### Srivirinchi

Thrusting a sweet jasmine nosegay in her abundant hair and crooning an old ditty absentmindedly, Kamala squatted in a corner. Suddenly she heard her mother calling from the kitchen, and in a jiffy she ran to reach the kitchen threshold with a blank face.

'Why do you stand like that? Auntie is calling,don't you hear?' asked her mother. 'Who? Auntie? Sorry, mother, I did not hear. Let me see what she wants,' Kamala dashed to the adjacent portion of their house, 'Hallo, auntie, have you called me?' Radhamma was finishing her plait as she combed her hair meticulously. 'Oh, yes, not knowing what to do, . I just wanted to see what you were doing. Come on, sit down.' Kamala coolly sat down and inquired casually, 'have you finished the evening chores already, auntie?' 'Yes, food is ready, what else? it'll soon be dark. Your uncle returns from work. We both eat and retire,' said Radhamma. Kamala smiled innocently. 'By the way, Kamala, what has happened to that alliance from Madras?' I don't know anything about any alliance.' 'Your mother gave me to understand that they gave their approval and it was only for your father now to go and discuss the terms', said Radhamma as she almost finished her plait. 'Then, why ask me?' Kamala cooed mischievously. 'Tell me, Kamala, do you like the bridegroom?' 'Auntie, if you worry me like this, I shall run away.' 'My good god! You are so shy? Stop acting.' 'Why do you want to make fun of me?' 'Good gracious, what have I said now? All right, if you don't like it, why should I bother your husband?' Kamala stuck to her golden silence. Radhamma started again: 'Kamala, let me now know your preference, a doctor or an advocate?'

'Kamala showed her sportive attitude when she replied,'Neither,auntie,an actor.' 'Wonderful! But, Kamal, all men are but actors. No exception.'

'Then, what else, auntie? You also—'Radhamma interrupted her to say, 'after all, that Madras boy was not that fair, Kamala...' Kamala came to the end of the tether and wanted to escape. But Radhamma managed in preventing her. 'That's right, You are a better judge of your affairs. Keep all to yourself, what do I care for?'

Kamala's head came down with utmost shyness. Closing her eyes she raced back in her memory to visualize Sunder Rao, who was recently here to interview her as his bride. She was excited, opened her eyes widely and looked around. Radhamma while continuing her plait-business coyly stared at Kamala. Her deep looking eyes made Kamala almost shiver in fear unknown. 'What are you staring at, auntie?' 'Kamala, tell me the truth, for heaven's sake.'

{Translated by Sri Vedantam Subrahmanyam from the original in Telugu}

'What is it, auntie?' blurted out kamala startled.

'You want to marry that doctor only. Is not that the matter?' 'Auntie, if you don't stop this teasing I shall never visit you, even at the expense of my mother's anger.'

Radhamma laughed.' How long could you stop? Till you get the conventional knots, isn't it?' Smilingly she continued after a short pause, 'then, how can you stop bragging?'

Kamala was sure by now that auntie would not stop this topic and she therefore wanted to run away. But would it be nice to behave that way? Not knowing what she was doing, Kamala said, 'Auntie, you remember the movie we visited last? There are two new actors in that film.'

'By jove, hope you are not loving any of those two!' Radhamma joked. 'But, they are female actors, auntie' rushed Kamala with her answer bravely.

'There will be no female actors, Kamala, they become actresses!' Auntie looked like one correcting the English composition books.

'Looks like mother is calling me, auntie. Let me see what she wants.' Not waiting for a formal nod from Radhamma, Kamala ran back to her portion of the house, relieved at heart that the dialogue parambulations had ceased.

She was intelligent enough to know that all this is a must till the traditional three-knot

business is over. Already she started looking mentally at Doctor Sunder Rao. He was still in the final B.S. But what of that? He shall soon write out his exams and come out successful. Will set up practice at his native place. Then all would refer to her as Mrs. Doctor Sunder Rao. Oh, what a nice gesture that would be! her mind began floating in the open skies. As if to experience the rare bliss, she closed her eyes for a while. Even then, the broad forehead, the silken curls, the wellchiseled nose and a pretty small chin most delicately poised below the mouth-all these got transplanted upon her mental space. The more she thought of him; more vivid was the picture of his contours, features and all that real beauty. All those earlier boys who called on her were of one category while Dr Sunder Rao was indeed a different one. She could feel this fact sure and certain for herself, as she stealthily looked at him that deep that day. An inexplicable liking developed in her. Ignore anything and everything about him, his ancestral property, his degree, his profession, lucrative practice that would shape up -, still the boy was her choice, no need for second thoughts whatsoever. Auntie was only trying to pull her leg. Mother must have hinted to her that she had approved of the selection. Mother knows my heart; she happily mused over the situation.

The visiting party that day, as usual, while taking leave of the hosts said,

'We shall let you know, as soon as it becomes possible'. But, when would this word come? - And that is the worry of the bride's parents. Kamala in her heart of hearts knew

that this would click and there would be nothing to worry about it. As anticipated by her, within a week came the good word from them to the rejoicing of everyone in the family. 'What else? Who could afford ignoring this jewel of a girl?' remarked auntie when she was told of the letter. Kamala does not understand why auntie always treated her as a kid. Immediately on receipt of the word, Kamala dashed herself before the dressing table-mirror to have a good glance of her. But - was it true? Instead of her own face, the beautiful and bountiful face of Sunder Rao was appearing on the mirror. That was so distinct and there was no mistaking of that. Kamala started getting suffocated whenever she was to think of this. It was embarrassing when everyone started looking at her admiringly. Impossible to get out of her room now a days. Once she becomes the better half of Dr Sunder Rao, then no one would taunt her, particularly his Radhamma auntie. Kamala swayed all this in her multicolored thought processes.

'Come in, please do come in,' mother was inviting someone into the hall. Who could that person be, mused Kamala for a moment. But who else, at this time of the hour? Radhamma auntie to while away her time with mother.

Kamala could hear their talk clearly from her own room.

Radhamma was not at all hesitant or going slow in extracting information. She very soon landed on the topic. 'So, what have you decided upon? Have they come down the ladder or are you getting up?'

'The other formalities could be scaled down, but the dowry figure is static, Radha. They are not budging and inch this way. Too rigid, I must say.'

'Oh, was it like that?'

'They may be very rich and all that. Their minds are anchored to that figure they mentioned first. What could be done? The boy may be a doctor; but what is special with that?'

Kamala did not know what was being talked about, for a while. Where is all this leading?

'So, you mean, you are not keen on getting this alliance fixed?' asked Radhamma auntie.

'We Would like to, but the dowry figure is too much or even three much for us.'

'The boy liked the girl. I don't know why they stick to their guns and be that stubborn.'

'You see, Radha, we agreed for the interview only when they asserted that dowrymoney is secondary and what is vitally important was that the boy should like the girl. They said they were keen over a good-looking girl from a decent family.'

Mother was explaining in her own way.

'When they had approved the girl, they should not behave this way. That was not at all decent.'

# A Lonesome Longing

'You see Radha, Kamala's father is keen not to make any bargains with those who stick their nose to money. He says; well, we shall look for another, boy, can't invite dowrydeaths. You know, he doesn't mince words.'

'That's shuddering, let's not talk about that.'

Kamala, in her room, and in privacy too, shuddered at these words. Mother continued to say. 'We have done our best. We leave things only to the better sense of the people. Can't think of getting rid of the girl somehow, as many would do. Responsibility is an all time job, it doesn't end somehow wriggling in.'

'Yes, I agree,' said Radhamma. 'But I fail to understand how they could afford losing this match. Perhaps they can't see the pearl among the stones! That's their ill luck.'

'Perhaps, this alliance was not destined at all.'

'Did you not say our Kamala liked the boy much? She would get disheartened once we tell her this is not coming through.'

'What's the use of bewailing over the impossible?'

'We can't afford our girl get hurt for nothing. Can't something else be done?'

'Not to my mind, Radha. You seel Kamala is, as you say, is a kid and that too innocent. I agree. What does she know of the ways of the world? If we show her a more handsome boy, she would be carried away for the better. Her father has already moved the search-committe. 'Mother was laughing happily.

Kamala closed her eyes. Fear took over her. But strange! She did not see the figure of Dr.Sunder Rao this time. In fact, no image was formed at all. The mental space was empty enough. It was dark as before. Kamala, suspecting her own sensibilities. Ran towards the dressing-table mirror. There also it was not different. It was her image, the round pretty face in its entire splendor, that was visible; and nothing else.

# ALL WE OWE TO THEE

Aju Mukhopadhyay

Most of the time, when a mortal faces death, he is rudely shocked. But a yogi gives up his life voluntarily when its term is fulfilled or when he decides to leave his body for some sublime cause. Sri Aurobindo decided to leave his body on a particular day, for a great cause.

The body was assigned a great place in Sri Aurobindo's Purna Yoga. According to it, not only the mind and other higher faculties would be enlightened, spiritualised, but the spiritual light and force must be brought down to the lowest level to transform the body, so that it can hold the divine light. His plan was to divinise the whole life, each part of it, so that ultimately it becomes a life divine.

Arogya was one of the aims of his realisation. We get from his yoga records how he cured the ailments of his body by his yogic force. He cured the illness of others also, even when some of them lived far away from him.

At midnight, on 23 November 1938 he slipped over the tiger skin and fell on the floor. The knee bone on his right leg was badly broken. He cured himself mostly with his yogic force. In the middle of 1940, it was noticed that Sri Aurobindo had been suffering from prostatitis, though it was at a preliminary stage. When within a few months he cured himself, there was a sigh of relief among his disciples.

Naturally he differed with the ancient Rishis. He held the view that the worldly life is not an illusion. The body is not to be tortured, shunned or allowed to be atrophied. The aim of his yoga was not individual liberation into the other world or an escape to attain the Nirvana.

He worked towards the realisation of his goal. After a continuous sadhana for more than 40 years he had achieved a great success and for further progress of his sadhana he decided to withdraw as a matter of strategy, giving the work to Mother. Transformation of the body, down to the minutest cells, was his aim, to prepare the temple for the installation of the new species after man, the supramental being.

After ten long years the old disease, prostatitis reappeared with greater amplitude. His disciples did not pay much attention at the beginning as it was presumed that he would cure himself again. Instead of doing that, he became very grave. His usual smiles and light banters with his associates stopped. A gloomy atmosphere ensued. Gathering his courage, one doctor Satyendra once asked him the reason of his being so serious. The reply was that, it was a very critical time.

If we follow the course of events, as related by Nirodbaran, in his 'Twelve Years with Sri Aurobindo' and by Dr. Prabhat Sanyal in his 'A Call from Pondicherry' (Mother India, December 1991), it will be evident that he had chosen to sacrifice his body at a particular point of time, asking Mother to

continue the yoga of transformation in her own body which was more apt for the work.

'Savitri', the spiritual epic poem was one of the great works of Sri Aurobindo. The composition of the poem in some form had begun at Baroda, at the beginning of this century. He was at it from time to time. A revision of it was going on the Chapter called, 'the Book of Fate'. He used to dictate lines after lines to his chosen scribe. The work was getting delayed for various reasons. As if he was under pressure of time, he once exhorted, 'Take Savitri, I want to finish it soon'. It was some time in October 1950, the disciple remembered. But it was unusual to hear such a thing from Sri Aurobindo, who seemed always to have the infinity on his side. He felt quite relieved when it ended. He was not interested to revise the last two chapters, 'The Book of Death' and 'The Epilogue'.

After 'Savitri', the symptoms of the discase were spreading with a fury. The doctors suggested operation, suggested the use of Catheter but Mother did not approve them. Suddenly the urination stopped. A doctor disciple ran for a quick remedy. But the patient had already cured himself, at least temporarily. Ten days passed. Then came the usual Darshan day, on 24 November 1950. This time an unusually large number of aspirants, including the ailing ones, were given permission for a Darshan. Sri Aurobindo and Mother were sitting majestically in their chairs. Thousands of devotees were blessed. The atmosphere was vibrant with love and peace. Silence was impregnable. Sri Aurobindo had no sign of serious illness in his body. He was hungry at the end, at 5 p.m. and ate with appetite.

Two more days were very important - 1st and 2nd December - the anniversary days of the School. Dr. Prabhat Sanyal, a famous surgeon from Calcutta, received a telegram from Mother on 29 November, 'Fly-Urgent-Mother'. On 30 November he found his master on his bed, 'Seemingly unconcerned, with eyes closed, like a statue of massive peace'.

On 1st December the master was in a jolly mood. He laughed heartily. But when he heard that Sanyal was proposing to thoroughly check up his blood, the yogi said, 'You doctors can think only in terms of disease and medicines, but always there is much more effectual knowledge beyond and above it. I do not need any thing'.

1st and 2nd December were over, more or less peacefully, except for a brief period of difficult interlude. He seemed to dislike such questions as

'Why don't you use your force and cure yourself, Master?'

On 3rd morning he was better but his condition worsened as the day wore on. On the 4th morning he was apparently better. He again occupied his chair. A disciple desperately asked again, whether he was using his force to cure himself. He said, No'.

'Why?' was another question to which his reply was, 'Can't explain, you won't understand'. Sitting on his chair he asked about the refugee problem of Bengal. From the noon, his condition again became critical. Mother was observing him very keenly with her occult insight. Quite a number of times she repeated that Sri Aurobindo was not interested any more about himself and that, he was withdrawing himself from his body. She also remarked that the master had always been pulling down the supramental light within himself. She did not permit the doctors to take any drastic action. She said that whatever is needed, he would do himself.

At 5 p.m. he was better and came out of his bed and sat on his chair-calm and serene-for some 45 minutes. Then he went back to his bed. At one point of time he caressed his dear disciple Champaklal. He kissed and blessed him repeatedly, showing rare emotions, unheard of him throughout his life.

Again the disease tightened its grip. Again he plunged into infinity, beyond the touch of any desease. Mother came to his room at 11 a.m. and helped him drink half cup of tomato juice. She came again at 12 and at 1 a.m. (5th). There was a silent exchange of thoughts between the two, it seemed. At about a quarter past one he asked his disciple Nirodbaran to serve him some fruit juice. After sipping a little he again plunged into his deeper self. But it was not a coma, Dr. Sanyal confirmed. In this connection we refer to a very important observation by him.

'Though he looked apparently unconscious, whenever He was offered drinks, He would wake up and take a few sips and wipe His

mouth Himself with His handkerchief. To all of us it seemed apparent that a consciousness came from outside when He was almost normal, and then withdrew when the body quivered and sank down in distress. He was no longer there!'

He was surrounded by his disciples and doctors. Dr. Sanyal wrote,

'I perceived a slight quiver in His body, almost imperceptible. He drew up his arms and put them on His chest, one overlapping the other - then all stopped. Death, the cruel death that was waiting so long - we had been keeping vigil for it - had descended on our Lord. I told Nirod to go and fetch the Mother. It was 1-20 a.m.'

At 1-26 a.m. Dr. Sanyal and the French physician of the Pondicherry Hospital Major Barbet declared him dead and signed the death certificate.

No miracle occured this time. The end was announced. A very cold end. Until then the disciples had been vacillating between hope and despair. Someone said, 'The Master seems cheerful again and taking interest. 'Another time a doctor observed signs of destress in the patient's face. But, 'there was not a word, not a protest. 'Sometimes he got up from his bed, walked to his chair and sat and talked. Sometimes he remained entirely withdrawn and allowed the disease to spread its net. He allowed the body to suffer as a natural consequence of the disease, but he did not suffer.

The body was useful up to the end. Mother knew it. With reference to her work of transformation of the body she later said, 'Sri Aurobindo did something equivalent, although much more total and complete and absolute, when he left his body - because he had the experience, he had that, he had it, I saw it, I saw him supramental on his bed, seated on his bed.....' (Satprem. Mother or the New Species -2. New York; Institute for Evolutionary Research. p. 161)

Word went round. By the evening of 5th, 60000 people queued past the master's body. There were laymen, gentlemen, rich and poor men, rickshaw pullers and workmen, all filed past the sage's body. They were silent but inspired.

Another thing to be noted here is that Sri Aurobindo did not allow his photograph to be taken by anybody for more than 25 years, after the twenties of the present century. A French photographer, Henri Cartier Bresson was permitted to take their photos after such a long period, in April 1950. After his demise, Mother permitted the Ashram photographers to take his photos.

The tremendous supramental light and force that Sri Aurobindo had accumulated in his body, was there after his leaving the body; a golden-blue light cascading from above, flooded his body. This was witnessed not only by Mother but by a few desciples. This force entered into Mother's body with a friction. 'I felt the rubbing of the passages', she later said.

The body remained intact, radiant up to 9th of December when Mother permitted its interment. The French doctor permitted the body to remain for public view, as a special case.

On the 9th December 1950, at 5 p.m. the body was placed in a rosewood box with all solemnity. The box was lined with silver and satin. It was then placed in a vault under the big copper-pod tree, which is known as Sri Aurobindo's Samadhi. The whole ceremony was performed under Mother's supervision, under the golden setting sun.

In spite of everything, all her knowledge, Mother became very sad, felt lonely. She had been unhappy earlier also when she had to leave to Pondicherry after about a year's stay with Sri Aurobindo, in February 1922. But this time it became very fatal. She said, 'You just cannot imagine - you cannot imagine what a grace it is to have someone you can totally rely on, to let yourself be led with no need to look for anything. I had that, I was very conscious of that as long as Sri Aurobindo was here, and when he left his body, it was a terrible collapse.....You cannot imagine. Someone you can turn to with the certainty that what he says will be the truth. '(ibid.p.152).

We know that Mother had been working for transformation of her body with the supramental consciousness, till the last day of her life in 1973. But Sri Aurobindo had conceived the idea that death is not a must, that one may live in a gnostic body perpetually. But such a body is not the present one. For that he had ventured to transform the body. He had been helping the Mother in her work of transformation, even after leaving the body, from the subtle physical world. Mother said,

'This was the work Sri Aurobindo had given me. Now I understand, And I see, I see now his departure and his work - so immense, you know, and constant, in that subtle physical - how much that has helped. How he helped prepare things, change the structure of the physical.' (Satprem.Mother or The Mutation of Death - 3.New York:Institute for Evolutionary Research.p.44)

Another thing comes to our mind when we discuss about Sri Aurobindo's passing away from earth. Though both of them were born on Thursday and the difference between the dates, months and years of their birth was six, it does not hold good with regard to the time of their birth. Mirra was born at 10-15 a.m. as per his birth certificate (Sujata Nahar.Mother's Chronicle, part-1, Mirra.New York; Institute for Evolutionary Research). But Sri Aurobindo's exact time of birth was not recorded. As per verbal information gathered, it was around 5 a.m. in the morning (4.52 IST or 5-16 a.m, local time)

There was no much difference of six between the dates, months and years of their departure. Though Mother passed away at 7.25 a.m. as per official announcement, one Patrizia confirmed by a letter to the Editor of Mother India (Mother India. Pondichery. November, 1977 issue) that it was at 7.26 p.m. that Mother had passed away, when a clock at the Ashram's school stopped. With that piece of information he wanted to confirm that there was a difference of six between their time of departure, as the official time of Sri Aurobindo's departure was at 1-26 a.m.

But with reference to Dr.Prabhat Sanyal's (leader of the team of doctors present during Sri Aurobindo's passing) observation, as quoted earlier, the exact time was 1-20 a.m. when a clock stopped moving.

Sri Aurobindo told Mother that he had purposely left his body and that he would not take it back, and that he would come back in a supramental body, built in a supramental way.

Both Sri Aurobindo and Mother are still working to achieve their goal in the subtle world. Birth of a new species is in the womb of the future. After its advent, it may be expected that the body will not be treated as a worn out garment, to be thrown away after its use.

# FOLK CULTURE OF BENGAL

Sumit Talukdar

The word 'folk' was associated with the culture of non-aryan sect of India. The people believed 'nature' as a living force and controlled their very existence. Thus different nature-gods with myths and legends were formed. When people suffered from draught they prayed and worshipped Varuna - the god of rain. Even Agni (the god of fire), Pavana (the god of air), Vasundhara (the goddess of earth) were also imagined and worshipped. Even trees, specially bannana tree, cocconut tree were very much sacred and worshipped in some tribal seets like Santhals, Lodhas etc. From their primitive belief was given rise to a sense of pleasing those gods either in dancing or singing songs. Thus dances like Jumur, Gamveera, Chau and songs like Baul, Tusu, Bhadu were born. We can see in various fairy or folk-tales different mythical events being described. Even there are proverbs, doggerel verses (chara), potchitra (printed mythical figures on earthen bowls), Terracotta art, literatures (Dharma-mangal), Manasamangal, Ramayana, Mahabharata). All these are mingled with and grouped under Folk-culture - a culture highly enriched consuming traditional and indigenous resources of our country during thousand years. The most ancient culture which is not only original but also a kind of recreation help us understand the socio-economic status of our primitive ancestors. Bengal is of course a great source of folk culture and Tagore always glorifies this culture in his various writings elevating this traditional subject of rural Bengal to a living art.

# Folk Songs:

- 1. Baul = A mystic bohemian group of people of Birbhum and Murshidabad irrespective of caste and creed sing spiritual songs accompanied by ektara, a kind of musical instrument. Their religion is a unique blending of Muslim Sufi and Hindu Vaishnav cult Jalan Fakir, Fikirchand were greatest among them. They have only one god, believe in one caste, that is, human-being.
- 2. Bhadu = Bhadu is a folk-goddess worshipped in the month of Bhadra (August -Sept.) specially in Manbhum region of Purulia district. Generally rural women singing songs glorify this goddess.
- 3. Tusu = Tusu is the goddess of agriculture. She looks like a female doll. Her crown is made of tin-foil and cloth of blue or red paper. She is worshipped by singing songs during the whole month of paush (December-Januar) in Purulia, Bankura district.

#### Folk Dance:

1. Jumur = A kind of Santhali dance of forest life. A group dance with song like - give him water mother/give him water/The flirting boy/dances the jumur all the night/and thirsty he comes, men and women both participate. Sometimes erotic language is used.

- 2. Chau = The people of Purulia district perform this kind of dance wearing different masks upon faces. Generally mythical subjects of Ramayana & Mahabharata are chosen.
- 3. Gamveera = A kind of dance-festival centering on Lord Shiva popular in Malda district. During the whole month of chaitra (March-April) this is performed. Sometimes it is called 'Gajana'

#### Folk Art:

- 1. Pot Chitra = Different mythical figures are drawn on pot or earthen bowl using only herbal colours. Kalighat Pot is very much famous.
- 2. Terracotta = Different artistic forms are made of soil and dried, burning them in fire at last. From simple doll to temple decoration this particular art is followed. Artists of Bankura district are famous for their professional involvement.

#### Folk Literature:

1. Manasa Mangal = Vijoygupta composed this first. A mythical tale of Manasa (goddess of snakes) and Chand Saudaguar, the merchant. The merchant first denied to worship Manasa. But later through a series of events and education of Behula & Dakhindar, he changed his mind. Thus Manasa established herself as a goddess on the earth.

- 2. Dharma Mangal = Manik Gangopadhyay first composed this, in 16th century. A gallant tale of Lausen who waged a war against Ichai Ghose and killed him and eventually regained Gour empire established by the great Dharmapal. Through various supernatural incidents the victory of Dharma Thakur (Tribal God) is established.
- 3. Ballads = Mymensing Ballads are narrative tales based on romance and historical events. They are dramatic in character and sung in most cases. Two Muslim poets Doulat Kaji and Syed Alaol composed two famous ballads Sati Moynamati & Queen Padmabati. Despite being Muslim contributions, they were secular and accepted by the Hindus.
- 4. Vratakathas = These embody all types of human aspirations, sentiments and desires with various types of worships and divine prayers. Girls who have not yet married, who have just married and married women and even widows undertake fasts and various kinds of worships and either themselves recite these or hear them from some elderly ladies of the village. There are Satyanarayana Vratakatha, Shivaratri Viatakatha etc.

Folk Theatre or Yatra = The play performed in an open stage in the village. Better to say it is a kind of opera, based on different tales of the epics, historical characters like Sahjahan, Ashoka, Chandragupta etc.

# IMPACT OF SIKHISM ON INDIAN SOCIETY

Prof. Hazara Singh

Two factors helped the growth of nationalism in India; foundation of the Khalsa in the late seventeenth century and the influence of Western system of education introduced by the English during forties of nineteenth century. Both have their distinct contribution to the transformation of Indian society.

Sikhism reseased the soul of people from superstitions. Once the human mind becomes free it endeavours to break all shackles of social domination, political indiscrimination and economic exploitation. The new order in fact marked the growth of nationalism in India. For the first time people forgot their castes, felt a sense of brotherhood, realised their obligation towards society, repelled the external aggression and forged themselves into a disciplined society. Upto then who-so-ever had invaded India from north-west trampled this land easily, ransacked religious places, dishonoured women and humiliated her people. But after foundation of the Khalsa the tide turned its course. Not only the foreign aggression was beaten back, but the Indians re-established their supremacy upto Peshawar. Sikh soldiers became proverbial for bravery and self-restraint. People in the Punjab enjoyed themselves religious equality, political stability and economic security under the rule of Maharaja Ranjit Singh (1799-1839) for the first time after centuries of foreign domination.

The growth of nationalism in Bengal took place under very peculiar and unexpected

conditions. Macaulay introduced the English system of education in India to produce English-knowing cheap Indian clerks. But the Bengali young men, who got a chance to go to England for education, found themselves quite isolated on return. The English and Anglo-Indian communities did not like to mix with them for demonstrating their superiority. There own families were still so steeped into orthodoxy, that these youngmen taught according to liberal Western traditions, felt ill-at-case in their own homes. Anglo-Bengali clubs were formed for assimilating the best both in the Eastern and Western cultures. These youngmen were fired with a zeal to develop their country to the Western levels. They played a creditable role in arousing national consciousness in India.

Education in English lacked one vital aspect with which Sikhism is blessed. The former produced people suitable for white-collar jobs only who looked down upon manual work. Sikhism sanctifies labour. Guru Gobind Singh refused to accept water from the hands of a devotee who happened to be the only son of rich parents and had never an occasion to do any work because a host of servants kept hovering around him. The Guru said that he would not accept anything from a hand that had not served another. This small story with a big lesson explains as to why every Sikh is hardworking, adventurous and large-hearted. As the Bengali youngmen

of manual work, the new awakening did not prove correspondingly beneficial for them. Their collective lot instead of getting bettered kept disrupting.

The comparative prosperity in Punjab is due to the healthy influence of Sikhism, which holds that work complements worship. Compared with the eastern provinces in India, Punjab suffers from many handicaps. It is quite deficient in mineral resources like coal and iron, which are essential for the growth of Industry. It is situated far from the sea, the nearness of which helps in expansion of trade. The monsoons almost get squeezed while they reach Punjab. All these natural and climatic factors had been quite adverse to the progress of agriculture and development of industry. But the love for work, instilled into people by Sikhism, has raised this once trampled and trodden province to quite a prosperous and virile state of India.

Natural calamities and political upheavals have failed to demoralise people of Punjab. No sear of the holocaust of partition is visible anywhere. Though more than four million people got uprooted in 1947 and a greater part of fertile lands fell to the share of West Pakistan, yet in a brief period of twenty years, Punjab again became the granary of India by 1966. No dislocated person took to begging. There is no field of national activity in which Punjab may not be in the vanguard.

It was people of Punjab who kept the head of India high during the Indo-Pak conflict of

1965. Every Punjabi child, woman and man proved true to the Sikh tradition:

"He who chooses the lover's role must also choose to walk through death" (Guru Arjan Dev)

When a Sikh prays, he does not seek blessings for himself alone, but entreats for the welfare of all. This lends him the magnanimity of mind and imparts him also universal outlook. This is the reason that Punjabis get acclimatized at all places and among all people. They suffer the least from the pernicious feelings like provincialism, regionalism and linguism. This tradition goes back to a story associated with the birth of Gobind Rai. It is said that a Muslim saint, Sayad Bhikhan Shah, observed a strange celestial light when the Guru was born. He bowed and said:

'God hath sent a new light on this earth'.

He followed the direction of light to see the holy face. He took two covered jars with him, one filled with milk and the other with water, arguing with himself that if the babe would touch the former, he would regard it as the partisan of Muslims and, if the latter, that of Hindus. But the babe to his surprise laid his hands on both. The Sayad exlaimed:

'Blessed, blessed art thou, Oh master of both, this country needed thee more than anyone else'.

Every Sikh heart throbs with this secular universality. Every Sikh child is brought up to

the tradition of Bhai Kanihya, who was reported to Guru Gobind Singh as serving water to the fallen in the battle irrespective of friend and foe. When the Guru asked him as to why he was offering water to the wounded of enemy even, he replied:

'Since you have taught me to make no distinction

between man and man, I do not see amongst the wounded any but you'.

Sikh philosophy is secular as well as socialist. When it became a political force all the religions were extended an equal respect. The Guru preached:

'Men are the same all over though each has a different appearance'.

The secular life has been spiritualised under the impact of Sikhism. It gives the message of full life, enjoining upon the same person to be a saint, a scholar, a statesman, a merchant, a warrior, a tiller of soil, worker in a factory and alongwith the performer of menial duties.

The sanctity imparted to honest labour corroborates the socialist doctrine that he who does not work shall not eat. The injunction:

"He who only earns, but does not share, he who only gathers joy but does not sacrifice, he who runs after the transitory allurements of life,

but is not dedicated to God for ever and at all times,

cannot claim the Guru as his own"

both socialises and spiritualises the worldly life.

Guru Gobind Singh, son of a martyr, laid at the altar of the Supreme not himself, but all his sons, and who-so-ever called him his very own. Through supreme sacrifice, defying the call of blood; he raised bravery to new heights. Knowing fully well the hazards and risks of career in army, every Sikh family sends with pride its young into the armed forces, as it knows that no sacrifice is too big for the defence and honour of motherland. They believe in the prayer of thanks giving offered by Guru Gobind Singh, when his two elder sons, Ajit Singh and Jujhar Singh fell fighting valiantly before his eyes: 'Lord, I have surrendered to thee what was thine alone.'

These are some of the qualities of Sikhism, which made Pandit Madan Mohan Malavia observe that one member of each Hindu family must embrace Sikhism.

# JOURNEY BY TRAIN

#### R.A. Padmanabha Rao

Drops of rainy water shining on the Window glass broken pearls from the anklets of the beautiful sky.

The shining at the horizon on a cloudy sky,

Move with the moods of the travellers on a journey by Train.

Unemployed youth travelling for interview with hopes of an early employment,

Desparate father of a bride, In search of a suitable groom, Trees stading still on either side Like the middle class employee, Never achieving anything in life, Inspite of running around in strife.

The lover standing on the platform Welcomes his beloved after a long wait Enduring the moments of waiting In a few minutes to fulfill her joy.

## **GREEN AND YOUNG**

Srinivasa Rangaswami

Young I am as I was When I was young.

The children in the neighbourhood call me grandpa; I don't mind, but wonder why, when actually I am their pal.

The first patter of sun-drenched rain still sends me all atwitter, as the head earth I drink to the brim of my being.

That dreamy-eyed boy by the puddle I can join, to launch on voyage paper galleons to virgin shores forlorn beyond boiling pirate-infested seas.

The maiden next door
eyes me as one beyond her hedge,
while, in truth, I am her mate.
Not cloyed with life's rich repast
but avid still. I behold the world
with a youthful eye and a vernal heart.

The palsied cronies on the park bench accost me as one of their ken, unknowing, I do not belong with them, perhaps never will!

The children in the neighbourhood, the maiden next door, the cronies on the park bench, they do not know:

Beneath the autumnal bark lives a tree green and young.

# GLOBALIZATION AND THE NINETIES SCENARIO

Need for a New Approach to the Teaching of English in India

Dr. M. Rajeshwar

The importace of English in India does not need to be overstated. The language has been with us for more than one and a half centuries and has been eminently serving the purpose of communication across the country; as the medium of instruction in higher eduaction institutions and as a means of integrating the culturally and linguistically divided people of India. Of late it has been imaginatively used as a vehicle for creative expression by Indian authors like Vikram Seth, Arundhati Roy, et al. Next to our 'holy' men and cricketers we are perhaps best known abroad today for our creative writers. India's rapid adaptation of the freely available modern science and technology of western origin for its educational and development purposes has been possible only through English. Given our level of backwardness and given our meagre contribution to the world of knowledge, this should be treated as a blessing reaching us through English. Viewed against this background the abolition of English, sporadically advocated by some chauvinistic elements, will be counter-productive, even suicidal. The people dreaming of doing away with English should know that advanced nations like Japan and Germany have in recent times included English as a compulsory subject of study in school curriculum, not because they do not love their own language but because they find English useful.

The information technology revolution currently sweeping the world and the globalization of Indian economy, initiated in the early nineties, further underscore the importance of strengthening English in India. India cannot any more remain in linguistic or economic isolation. The world is fast emerging as a global village with English serving as the lingua franca. The new global economic and social order has many benefits to offer and we have to be fully prepared to reap them by improving, among other things, our linguistics and communication in English. Indian teachers of English have to play a very significant role in this process by gearing themselves up, to adapt to the new technology, framing new syllabus, evolving new methods and techniques of teaching and so on.

# Globalization of Indian Economy and English

Globalization of Indian economy is now almost irreversible. Indian economy is getting fast integrated in the world economy. Terms like geographic isolation and economic protectionism are less frequently heard now. The compulsions of the New Political Economy include a high degree of communicative competence in English. We cannot afford to be linguistically isolated, parochial or chauvininstic any more. We are

now required to interact with people in commerce and industry across the world on a daily basis to negotiate trade terms, exchange and share views and for other such purposes. This requires a fair degree of mastery of the English language and it can't possibly be attained if the teachers stick to conventional syallabus, out-moded teaching materials and time-consuming teacher-centered instructional methods. For students of commerce, management, technology and other sciences. who will eventually be entering fields related to comerce and industry, the English syllabus should be so framed as to be directly relevant to their profession, i.e., cater to every communicative need they may feel in course of their professional life. In other words, the syllabus should be need-based, skill-oriented, learner-centered and IT friendly - especially IT friendly because the courses in English will be primarily adminstered through computers. This kind of syllabus has been recently experimented on in Germany with great success. Consisting of eight courses of approximately one-month duration; the syllabus clearly sets out goals to be achieved, skills to be gained, materials to be used and methods of adminstering it - all within a time frame.1 By incorporating certain changes in the German model to suit our specific requirements we can design our own syllabus and materials. and evolve methods of using it. Incidentally, the principle of need-based syllabus in English applies to the students of every other science, be it engineering, architecture, fashion designing or computer science. The syllabus should be specific to their needs, tailor-made so to say and emphaszie the acquistion of the

specific language skills needed in their professional environment. Parenthetically it may be observed here that some of our software professionals going to the USA are compelled to return home because of their poor communincation skills. This could have been easily avoided if they attended courses of the kind I have mentioned above. A general syllabus, uncritically taught at our colleges is therefore unfit in the changed economic. cultural and communications environment. The teachers have to brace themselves up to this challenge. They should welcome this change by improving their teaching materials and by reorienting their methods and techniques of teaching.

# Challenges of the Teachers of English

In today's world where "value for money" is the ruling principle, the English teachers need to perform and show concrete results the way professionals in fields like medicine and accountancy do. They cannot afford to be complacent. They have to boldly face the challenges posed by globalisation and information technology revolution. They should constantly update their knowledge and acquire new skills and methods of teaching. They should become computer literate and internetfluent without losing much time because computers are poised to be used extensively in the language class-room of future. Above everthing else they should readjust their thinking and be receptive to new ideas such as looking upon themselves as professionals and their students as customers.

#### Conclusion

The apprehensions of the opponents of English on either side of the Vindhyas should be speedily put at rest by driving home the point that without English the young men and women of India will be put to unnecessary and easily avoidable hardship and lose out on the economic and technology fronts. However, to the extent possible English courses should be so designed as not to mimic the British or American cultural norms, English ceases to be perceived as a threat to our culture. True. it was once the language of our colonial masters. But then democracy and rule of law too were theirs. We cannot wish them away because they have been bequeathed to us by the colonialists. It has not been given much

thought but in a multilingual setup like ours English can play a big role in culturally uniting the people. The electronic media which makes an extensive use of the English language has already contributed a great deal to the homogenization and standadization of Indian culture offering us for the first time an opportunity of culturally uniting ourselves. In the past, English contributed a great deal to our political unification and now that India stands on the threshold of emerging into an IT and economic power, English can be made to serve a new purpose - as a catalyst to facilitate this emergence. It finally devolves on the teachers of English to help and accelerate the pace of the country's economic progress by giving it the language of opportunity, success and socioeconomic empowerment, namely English.

1. Paola Falter, "English for Industry and Commerce: A Certificate for Engineering Students," English Teaching Forum 36.1 (Jan. - March 1998): 47.

## READERS' MAIL

"Thank you very much for the copy of July-September, 99. Really it contains rich, valuable material." -Pranab Kumar Majumdar, Calcutta

"We enjoyed reading your editorial on Gandhiji's humour in the previous issue. With the invasion of Cinema on our day to day life, this essential ingredient spontaneous and dignified humour - is becoming conspicuous by its absence."

- Dr. K.V.Rama Rao

"I must congratulate you for your brilliant editorial. I am pained to learn the demise of Dr A.Anjaneyulu (Triveni's Associate Editor), a brilliant scholar and critic. It is good that TRIVENI is in the hands of a person mature, sedate and wise like you. In your ripe and hallowed age, you are giving it God-like touch and grandeur."

-Dr.S.Samal, Cuttack

"I read through your editorial. It is such a one that it deserves attention and appreciation of all the readers. Indeed it is to be deplored that great poets are sometimes neglected. They live in darkness, hidden from the vision of people's recognition. They live unknown and die unknown. They never expect fame and name. They write only for their own joy and enlightenment of others."

-B. Indira Kumari, Anantapur

'Thank you very much for publishing Dr.Tulasi's homage to my father (Prof Srinivasa Iyengar) your contribution to Dr. Srinivasa Sastry's Shradhanjali has been reprinted in The Call Beyond of Delhi Branch of Aurobindo Ashram."

-Dr. Premg Nandkumar, Srirangam

"Thank you for sending me copy of July-Sep 99 issue quite early. It is delightful to go through the Editorial "Aspiring Writers" which is realistic and encouraging for budding writers. Prof Tiwary's article on Kalidasa is an excellent recipe for Kalidasan scholars. Almost all the articles and poems are refreshingly superb."

- K.Lakshminarayana, Pathapatnam

"...The latest issue includes thoughtful essays and poems. I specially liked and enjoyed "Abraham Lincoln's letter", Patricia's "Fra Lippo Lippi" and your Triple Stream and Dr.R.S.Tiwary's "Kaladas the Playwright"

-Dr.D.C. Chembial, Maranda

"I appreciate the high literary standard of the magazine which I have enjoyed ...."

- Aju Mukhopadhayaya, Pondicherry

"The letter to the teacher of Abe Lincoln's son is very good. It deserves attention. Marcus Aurelius is well selected and instructive".

-Dr.R.Janardana Rao, Machilipatnam

"Glad to see the following two items in the July-Sep 99 issue. (1) The Russian's Mind by Prof. Bhimasankaram; (2) Abe Lincoln's letter. Both are thought provoking. In fact, Lincoln's letter could be framed and kept in every teachers common room ... I think, Lincon is spelt as 'Lincoln'"

- Prof D.Sitarama Rao, Chennai (The error is regretted. Ed)

"I am glad to see your inspirational editorial 'Aspiring Writers-Persistence Pays'. We live in a hopeless world of bombs, elections and many other things. Only experienced and eminent persons like you can be sources of true strength and guidance for the young generation... I read it (The Russian's Mind) with interest and enjoyed it thoroughly. Hope Prof Bhimasankaram will share more of his experiences with the TRIVENI fraternity... You deserve to be congratulated on your successful rendering of Lincoln's letter into poetry. It reads much better now."

-Dr. P.Dhanavel, Agartala

"In the latest (July - Sep 99) issue of Triveni, every article is highly thought provoking. Realising with regret how much I have been missing all these years..."

-Srinivasa Rangaswami, Chennai

#### **BOOK REVIEWS**

#### **ENGLISH**

"Purpose of Life": by Dr.P.Dhanavel, (Poetry); Published by: Poets Foundation, 8/20, Fern Road, Calcutta, 700 019;pp 48; Rs.50/-;

In this compilation of his 42 poems, Dr. Dhanavel (Agartala) invariably starts each piece with "When...", indicating his quest for the search into the purpose of life, and concludes "When you are aware of your love, you know the lofty purpose of lifethe enlightenment of your unity into the devotion of your Almighty"

As a true vedantin does, he questions each of the actions of man in trying to find out the truth behind. His poetry reaches lofty heights, when he says that we should listen to the music of our childhood through adulthood and beyond to blow the music of man; ask yourself before you aspire for what you deserve right for preserving your soul; when you derive lofty thoughts from trivial incidents, you move towards the glorious self; or, when you live in atma paravidya, you tend to transcend the binding births and deaths; and warns "When you earn bread by your cunning and lies, you prey upon the earth as her cruel enemy". He exhorts that "When you search the Self to pay your homage, you rise from sunset to sunlet".

An interesting and thought provoking reading, coming as it does, from a writer who already published two of the triology - "The Poetry of Life" and "Muse Time".

-Vemaraju Narasimha Rao

"English Literature for Competitive Examinations": by K.Purushottaman, Dept of English, Kakatiya University PG Centre, Nirmal; Published by Prakash Book Depot, Bara Bazaar, Barielly; pp 200; Rs 75/-

This is a useful compilation of information of English writers and literature with a view to helping students appearing for English literature or other competitive examinations. It contains chronological list of writings, the writers and their works, multiple choice questions and their answers for each of five sections: From Chaucer to Milton; Dryden to Pope; Pre-Romatics and the Romantics; The Victorians; and the modern writers. It also contains model question paper and suggested reading. All aimed at assisting the student in preparing well for the examinations.

-Vemaraju Narasimha Rao

Tirumurugatruppadai Triveni: Nakkeeranar's Tamil Text with Sanskrit Rendering by S.Panchapakesa Sastrigal and English translation by K.G.Seshadri (Shanmuga College of Engineering, Thirumalai Samudram, Thanjavur, Tamil Nadu. 1999. 86 pages. Price not stated)

Sanskrit is very much in the consciousness of the Indian today as the current year is emblazoned as the Sanskrit year. Hence a warm welcome to this effort which is a new Sanskrit rendering of the Tamil classic that has been hailed as a mantric chant by devotees of Subramania.

Though the Supreme cannot be visualised by our mental consciousness, the creative austerity of the Vedic visionaries has drawn the image of the Supreme to help the aspirant to reach out to the planes beyond the mental consciousness. The *Chandogya* says: "The blessed Sanatkumara shows the shore beyond darkness, and him they call Skanda, Yea, they call him Skanda".

Nakkeerar of the Tamil Sangham period also writes about Skandha as the image of grace, the self-same Murugan who has chosen to reside in six centres of spiritual power located in Tamil Nadu.

Tirumurugatruppadai is considered to possess mantric potency and is recited by aspirants with fervour. The lover of Tamil poetry also cannot do without it for the work reaches out to the higher ranges of creative ecstasy. Sri Panchapakesa Sastrigal's Sanskrit version contents itself with a prose translation. It is astonishingly simple to read and at the same time avoids banality. The poetry of the original seeps through thanks to Sri Sastrigal's choice of words as in 'Palani': dundhubhi naada naadite vajrayuta sringavaadya rachanayute sweta sankhaihi sabdhite...

Prof. Seshadri's English rendering is in free verse paragraphs, the flow of thought being spontaneous. We begin at Tirruparankunram:

Radiant like the far-famed Sun Adored by all, that traverses the sky After it rises in the eastern sea, Delighting all with its glorious brilliance, So shines Lord Murugan ...

The hill is a riot of colours as trees and plants explode with the gifts of spring while celestial damsels dance with abandon, "their slender feet adorned / With tintinnabulating ankle-bells". But we are also given a contrastive picture evoking the female ghouls that had danced the tunankai in the battlefield where Murugan had destroyed Surapadman. The pilgrim centre of Tirucheeralaivai (Tiruchendur) gives us an idea of the six faces of Murugan that stand for creation, grace, protection, spiritual instruction, heroism and love. The twelve hands are, none of them idle either, engaged as they are in accomplishing the work that is in tune with the appropriate face.

Tiruvavinankudi is a portrait of the Hindu pantheon and all the deities converge here to be with Murugan and his consort Devasena. Tiruverakam exults in the power of fire-ritualism symblolised by the Vedic hymns of Agni. So our consciousness rises upwards steadily and it is now time to go towards Kunruthoradal (Tiruttani) and partake of the sheer pleasure of joining the tribals in their tension-free life of music and dance. This too is part of the experiential reality for the devotees of Murugan:

While the Kuravas fierce With murderous bows, drunk with mead,

Distilled and kept for a long age
In bamboo pipes, would dance
In the joyous company of their kin,
In the hamlet at the foot of the hill,
The choric dance keeping time
To the beat of the taboret small;
Companied by their women they were...

Among these tribals we watch the frenzied dance of Velan which brings pleasure to the Lord. In the passage that is titled Pazhamuthircholai the dance of Velan is given a detailed treatment for Murugan loves this self-abandonment:

The Lord would love to dwell In these and such other places, Where the devout would sing And dance in boisterous frenzy ...

So what is it that we gain from envisioning these scenes of the Supreme incarnating as Lord Murugan in hilly tracts apart from the delight of exquisite imagery? Everything! He is grace abiding and none of us need fear of being turned away. There is his vast army of "puknic imps and dwarfish ghouls" who would intercede on behalf of the supplicants and call upon him for the outpouring of compassion:

And then, He, with his magnificent form Soaring up to the very heavens, Would tone down His awesome Godhead, And reveal Himself in his mild aspect, Of a young god redolent of divinity...

The kindly god will give us the gift of fearlessness (tyajabhayam) and liberation (sannidhya param) as well.

Such and such the ambience rich,
Of the Hill at Pazhamuthircholai
(With many a grove of mellowing fruits)
Sacred to the God nonpareil
Whom in song and solemn strain we hail
As great Muruga, Lord of Grace!

As the brief quotations stand witness, Prof.Seshadri has deftly managed to keep under his firm control the "archaic words, intricate constructions, long drawn-out sentences, terse style and economy of words" in the original Tamil and has presented a translation that is easy to read. But easy reading must have meant "hard writing". He has borne his Cross with perseverence and resurrected the ancient Tamil classic for the benefit of a wider readership. As T.N. Ramachandran says in his succinct and meaningful Appreciation, "he has scaled down the distance between the modern reader and the classical idyll". And in the process paved the way for the translation itself to be hailed as a classic.

-Dr. Prema Nandakumar

Why I have abandoned religion: By Dr.C.Jacob.pp.120 Rs.35. For copies, write to author, Barrevari Street, Narsapur, A.P.534275.

The author of the book who was a devout follower of the Christian faith as a boy, turned into an agnostic as he grew into manhood. The book is about how this change happened, the serious doubts and questions which assailed him as he grew older, and how the Christian faith and its dogmas failed to provide satisfactory answers to his rational doubts. The author who abandoned religion and God however expresses the view in the last chapter of the book, that it is possible for man to live a fulfilling life without God and religion, and that the universal love and brotherhood preached by Buddha and Jesus Christ is the greatest religion that mankind may safely follow.

While the conclusion and the view expressed by the author in the final chapter of the book is salutary and unexceptionable, some of the observations made by him in the earlier chapters as to what is God, what is soul, whether the soul is different from spirit, such as "If animals, birds, fishes and insects have no souls, man has also no soul". "Doubts of this kind stare at us as long as we believe that there is a thinking personal God and He made the creation and is responsible for every birth and death, whether it is man, woman, bird, beast or plant. Ignorance and blind belief are the main reasons for the multiple faiths, religions and gods to arise, remain and keep mankind in darkness". So, in conclusion, it can be safely observed that different gods, religions, and faiths are not different paths for enlightenment because they are the offspring of ignorance. But a study of all of these leads to enlightenment". "Nobody created space. Nobody created time. The laws of nature are not made by any supernatural being. There is no supernatural being. When once we understand these fundamental truths, a great deal of intellectual rubbish can be washed off ". These are controversial. It is not possible to deal with each of them in this

brief review but it appears that the logic and reasoning employed by the author in coming to the conclusions he did is somewhat flawed, though the questions themselves are quite valid and relevant. It also seems that the author in his reasoning very often throws out the baby along with the bath water. The very concept of religion and God is abandoned because he finds certain religious beliefs and tenets contrary to reason and common-sense.

"My religion consists of a humble admiration of the illimitable superior spirit who reveals himself in the slight details we are able to perceive with our frail and feeble minds. This deeply emotional conviction of the presence of a superior reasoning power which is revealed in the incomprehensible universe forms my idea of God".

From the above quotation, two things will be clear. First the meaning of religion depends upon one's own conception of it, the author's conception being that it represents a set of beliefs according to the Christian faith. Second, according to Einstein we cannot fully understand the "superior reasoning power' of God with our limited human minds. The actions of God could relate to entirely different values and dimensions and the connections between events may also be beyond that which we can fathom with our feeble minds and senses. In other words, it is just possible that He could act in ways that cannot be described or measured by scientific law as yet discovered by man.

We are happy to note that in the last chapter the author expresses his faith in the

values of truth, goodness, love and compassion. because without values, life can only be chaotic, brutish and selfish. So, if religion is taken as a set of beliefs, and faith as unquestioning trust in those beliefs, the author cannot be said to have really abandoned religion since he believes in values. The said values are ends in themselves and are desired for their own sake, though we cannot say why they are so desired. The source of these universal values could be the human being himself because these values are not only known by the human mind but also manifest themselves in and through human minds. On the other hand, if the source is external, it is possible that they belong to a mind which is at the heart of the universe, the universal values being the medium through which its nature is manifested or the mode under which it permits itself to be known by us. Or perphaps both the sources are two sides of the same truth and there is only one Truth.

-N. Sriramamurty

"Poetry Pattabhic": Dr. V. Kondal Rao, 109, Shantinagar, Hyderabad 500 028; pp 30; Rs. 50, US \$ 2/-

This a translation of Pattabhi's (a noted Telugu poet) "Fiddle Ragala Dozen" of yester years who belonged to the period when Bhava kavita was picking up in Andhra. He claimed that he was not a Bhava Kavi, but was an Aham-bhava kavi. Translation from one language into another requires not only proficiency in both the languages, but also command on the idiom of the languages. Several well meaning translations fail to touch

the cord, mainly due to lack of this quality failure to grasp the poet's thought. In the case of poetry, the translation is doubly hazardous.

In this case, however, Dr. Kondal Rao, who is an accomplished, writer and poet himself, did an admirable job. In the introduction, he clarifies how Pattabhi attempted the fusion of thinking of the East and the West. While the fiddle represents the West and raga the East, the title "Fiddle Ragala Dozen" is suggestive of the content of his poetry. No wonder, a reading of this translation beings out why Pattabhi was considered to have influenced the modern Telugu writers of free verse. The translation is smooth and the transportation so complete, one feels that he is reading the original Pattabhi himself.

Pattabhi is known, whether approvingly or disapprovingly, for his lines that he would break the back of classical poetry with his free verse. The word used by him was "duddu karra" (a club). The translator uses the word whip as a noun ("With the whip of my free verse"). To whip may mean to beat with a rod as a verb; as a noun it denotes something else - a horsewhip, with which it is difficult to boast of breaking the back of even mild poetry. Not that Dr. Kondal Rao has not weighed his words. One feels that a club would have conveyed better the meaning in Telugu.

Though this cute little book of translated verses of Pattabhi's 12 pieces of poetry, is priced a little high, the get up and production is neat and appealing. It is one of those works which show how a translation should typically

be. Congratulations to Dr. Kondal Rao on his achievement.

- Vemaraju Narasimha Rao

Sraddhanjali to Acharya K.R. Srinivasa Iyengar edited by K. Srinivasa Sastry, Osmania University, Hyderabad; Yugadi Publishers, Hyderabad; pages 69; Rs.75/-

This book is a compilation of twenty articles brought together at short notice by K. SRINIVASA SASTRY, an old student of Dr. Iyengar as a tribute to his teacher. The book contains the expression of the deep felt sorrow, mostly of his students, at the passing away of their master and their spontaneous appreciation of their guru as teacher and man. There are also a few articles by others who had known him over the years.

Dr. Iyengar, known as K.R.S. endearingly, will be remembered, among other things, as one who gave Indian Writing in English a habitation and a name in world literature, as a savant and a sage among teachers. As teacher, scholar, critic and man, he was simplicity personified, loving and loved by his students and colleagues alike for his qualities of mind and heart.

The reviewer, himself an ardent student of Dr. Iyengar, drank deep at the fountain of his master's wisdom and partook of his love and affection during his student days in the University as well as in his teaching career later.

This slender volume speaks volumes as a fitting tribute to a personality, the like of whom appear but rarely in the teaching profession and on the literary scene.

- D. Ranga Rao "The Two Homorous Plays": A.N. Sharma; 1-4-879/a, Gandhinagar, Hyderabad 500 080; Rs.20/-

Sri A.N. Sharma has authored several plays in Telugu and directed and participated in them, even when he was engrossed in his official duties as a Post Master. As the response was good, he attempted to translate into English two of his comic plays, the sole aim of which is to entertain and laugh away the time while enjoying the plays.

While the plots in these one - act plays are contrived to be hilarious, a la Moliere, the translation leaves much to be desired. The lack of free flow of expression in spoken language, and use of rarely used words and expressions impede the smooth flow of the dialogue. The contrast is all the more as the expressions in the original play click, those in English do not. A little smoothening of the dialogue will be in order. But the plays are meant only for amateur groups and schools and colleges.

As an attempt, the efforts of Sri Sharma are praiseworthy. One hopes that he will improve the level of translation.

- Vemaraju Narasimha Rao

#### TELUGU

Rishi Vani: Dr Raparla Janardana Rao, MIG 72, APHB Colony, Machilipatnam, 521 001; pp 82; Price not known

This is a compilation of many well known, oft-used quotes from the various sources like the Upanishads, the Gayatri mantra, Gita, the Vedas, Sankaracharya and others. The explanatory notes under each are concise, yet

clear and convey the relevance of the saying to the man. The author does not claim to be scholarly in his book, but his scholastic talent is evident in each of the pieces. It is not only enlivening but invigorating and gives in a nutshell the traditional wisdom handed down the ages.

An eminently readable book.

- Vemaraju Narasimha Rao

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# AN APPEAL

**K.** Ramakotiswara Rau, of hallowed memory, a great patriot and litterateur, founded "Triveni" the cultural and literary quarterly in English on Dec. 25, 1927, at Madras. "TRIVENI" has been the organ of cultural renaissance in India for nearly seventy years. Devoted to Literature, History and Art, and to the propagation of idealism in every sphere of public life, the journal has fairly realised its aspirations of drawing together the varied and dispersed lovers of art and culture in the different parts of Bharat and is interpreting the Indian Renaissance in its manifold aspects to the world outside.

Illustrating contributors to the journal include great persons like Sri Aurobindo, Dr.S. Radhakrishnan, C. Rajagopalachari, Rt. Hon. V.S. Srinivasa Sastri, Jawaharlal Nehru, J. Krishnamurti, Dr. B. Pattabi Sitaramayya, K.M. Munshi, M. Chalapathi Rau, N. Raghunathan, Masti Venkatesa Iyengar, Prof. M. Venkatarangiaya, Prof. K.R. Srinivasa Iyengar, Dr.V.K. Gokak and many other eminent scholars and renowned writers.

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#### TRIPLE STREAM

#### PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

## I.V. Chalapati Rao

'Pursuit of happiness is a constitutional right. But it will not be very meaningful if the pursuers of happiness do not know the nature of their quarry' - Aldous Huxley.

It is a universally admitted truth that the end of human life is happiness. But happiness is the least under-stood and most misunderstood word. On observation and experience we find that happiness does not depend upon personal attachment, money, environment, intellectual attainments, property and other material possessions. Will Durant, world renowned philosopher and historian, wrote how he looked for happiness in knowledge and got disillusioned. He then sought happiness in travel, and found weariness and then in wealth and found discord and worry. He tried writing and got fatigued. Ultimately he discovered that every normal function of life holds some delight, provided one possesses proper attitude to life. Wise men are happy with trifles but nothing pleases the fools!

About material wealth, Shakespeare wrote:
"If thou ar't rich, thou ar't poor
For like an ass whose back with ingots bows
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey
And Death unloads thee!" - 'Measure for
Measure'

In another Shakespeare's play King Richard says "

"I'll give my jewels for a set of beads My gorgeous palace for a hermitage My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown My figured goblets for a dish of wood My sceptre for a palmer's walking staff, And my large kingdom for a little grave'.

About the futility of knowledge, intellect and erudition GOETHE, the great German philosopher said:

'Alas, I have explored Philosophy and Law And Medicine, and over deep Divinity have pored

Studying with ardent and laborious zeal
And here I am atlast a fool
With uscless learning curst
No wiser than at first!'

KHALEEL ZIBRAN said: "your children are not your children; They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself". Adi Sankara said: "There is no mother or father, There are no relatives and friends. The only reality is you. Therefore be careful and awake to reality".

Thus all great men and acknowledged authorities have asserted in no uncertain terms that things like money and power and the instruments through which transitory pleasure is produced - body, mind and intellect, are not the true sources of happiness.

Happiness is man's natural state. It is within us, in our consciousness. No physical action or change of environment can produce real happiness. Right thought has its basis in 6

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positivism. Like a sleepless watchman we have to guard our mind against infiltration of negative feelings. For every negative we should find a positive. Happy people devote their thought and time to the well-being and happiness of other people. As Emerson said "If you pour perfume on other people, a few drops will sprinkle upon you".

Happiness is not something that comes by accident or chance. Nor is it a gift of the gods. It is some thing that we have to build for ourselves. We should acquire the capacity to enjoy what we have, instead of brooding over the spilt milk or pining for what we do not have. The more we enjoy what we have however little, the happier we are. Happy people fall in love with the life they are living. They have specialised the art of living and its know-how. They develop interest in other people around them and expand their relationships by doing service whenever opportunity arises. As Bernard Shaw said: "The great clixir of life is to be thor oughly worn out before being discarded on the scrap heap".

An integrated personality is the secret of happiness. Personality development takes place when we are sociable and service-minded, doing more and more things with and for other people. When a man is sick and goes for treatment, what needs to be examined is his personality condition but not his lungs, heart and disgestion. Goethe said: "He who is plenteously provided from within, needs but little from without". Plato said "If the head and the heart are to be well, you must begin

by curing the soul". Sir Thomas Browne, Echart and all physicians and philosophers of East and West have said the same thing. Confucius, the Chinese philosopher also said that health is the result of the reconcilement of the body and the spirit. Even Shakespeare expressed exactly the same idea in 'Macbeth' when Lady Macbeth asks the physician: "Physician, cans't thou not minister to a mind deseased and pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow and raze out the written troubles of the mind...".

What the patient requires is not a medicine man but a doctor of the soul who can fix his inner disorders. The doctors can find nothing wrong with him organically. Even diagnostic tests like C.T. Scan and M.R.I. can detect nothing abnormal! Many people suffer from hypochondria and imagine that they are afflicted with all kinds of ailments. They bore the visitor presenting a sad face and reel off an endless catalogue of problems. Self-pity is the worst of pathological conditions. What their soul requires is stimulus and re-education of its responses to the dilemmas and challenges of life. Herein lies the role of religion and philosophy. The soul of the modern man should be occasionally diverted from the petty events of the news papery everydayness of life and fed with the vitamins and proteins of the ancient scriptures. Meditation supplements medication. Prayers reinforce the potency of the pills!

As HAROLD SHERMAN said in his book 'Your Key to Happiness', "Whether you

realise it or not you are directly or indirectly responsible for every thing that happens to you". In ignorance people blame 'fate', 'destiny', 'government' and 'other people'. No one would call a good surgeon 'cruel and heartless' for causing pain with a scalpel. Life is a surgeon. It wounds sometimes without administering anaesthetic. Life teaches the lesson of the supremacy of the soul and its hold over the body and the mind. The pain caused to the body can be transmuted into wisdom which by an alchemic process produces happiness.

Money is necessary but money becomes a source of misery if it is not used wisely. Likewise power is not bad in itself. But care has to be taken that power does not corrupt and is not unjustly exercised. Research in sixty countries showed that additional income does not contribute to the well-being of the people. A research organisation in London called DEMOS conducted a survey in 54 countries on the relation between a person's income and his happiness. To the surprise of every one, the results showed that the people of developing countries like Bangladesh, Azerbaijan and Nigeria are happier than the people of Britain! Prof. Robert Worcester said: "They are earning more but they are not satisfied with environmental condition, family circumstances and human relations". They are feeling lonliness! In cities people live in crowded lonliness. Their bodies jostle but their solitude D.H. souls experience LAWRENCE says in his 'APOCLYPSE': "When men complain of lonliness they have lost their cosmos".

People try to extract happiness which is spiritual, from material conditions! Getting and forgetting is materialism. Giving and forgiving is spirituality. Even OSCAR WILDE who was out and out a materialist said: "Ordinary riches can be stolen. Real riches can't. In the treasure house of your soul there are infinitely precious things that may not be taken from you".

These things give joy which Christ said 'No man taketh from you'.

Happiness is here and now, not in distant lands. If you are not happy today, you will not be happy in the future.

As poet EDWIN MARKHAM wrote:
"There is a destiny that makes us brothers
None goes his way alone
All that we send into the lives of others
Comes back into our own"

HAROLD SHERMAN says: "People should love life and pour their resources prodigally into the task of living. Then by an inherent law of nature, life pays them back in their own coin. As they have given, so they have received". Life does not let you down.

Our own scriptures do not preach asceticism. Nor do they advise us to run away from life. ISA' Upanishad says that man should live for hundred years performing good deeds. They have recommended 'CHATURVIDHA

means along

PURUSHARDHAS - Dharma (Righteousness), Ardha (wealth), Kama (Blameless desires) and Moksha (self realisation). They placed emphasis upon righteousness. All others should be pursued with righteous means. That is the secret of true happiness.

Bhagavan Ramana Maharshi said: "Bliss is not some thing to be got. On the other hand you are bliss. What has interposed between the bliss and the non-bliss is the ego. Seek its source and find that you are bliss". ('Talks with Ramana Maharshi' Talk No. 126 (1994 edition)). Of course bliss is the acme of happiness. Some cultures preach enjoyment. Some cultures preach renunciation. What distinguishes the Vedik culture as sung by the RIGVEDIK HYMNS

and as propounded by Sri Krishna in BHAGAVADGITA is the pleasing synthesis of enjoyment and renunciation. We find pleasure in enjoying the good things of life but the pleasure does not last if we are attached to them. The Upanishad declares: "Thus and thus alone by the method of ENJOYMENT - Non - ATTACHMENT - RENUNCIATION, you disentangle yourself from the coils of Karma". This is explained and clarified by Sri Krishna in the Gita by saying that we should look upon the wordly life as false, insubstantial and impermanent and yet face its challenges and enjoy what it offers without being attached to them. Krishna describes this idea as 'secret' because he knew that less intelligent persons will find it to be ambiguous and even selfcontradictory. But this is real YOGA. It is the secret of true happiness.

# ADIEU

#### K.M. Kale

Adieu twentieth century! adieu
Lend yourself to post mortem review
Adieu to your Hitlers and Hiroshimas
To the gha stly vistas of two world wars
To frenzied arms race and cold wars
To the battle taken to the stars
To the apartheid and atrocities
To racialism and disparities
To the python of industrial pollution
Threatening to devour the entire evolution.

Hail! Twenty- first century! hail
Let all around good sense prevail
Usher in a new era of peace
Dormant creative forces in man release
Inspire the Muse so to write
That future becomes golden bright
That people among them cease to fight
And everyone duly gets his right
That anarchy yields to the rule of law
That there is perfection without a flaw.

contribute to the well-being of the peop

# PERSONALITY AND THE IDEAL OF THE PEOPLE'S STATE

Adolf Hitler 'Mein Kumpf'

Man completed his first discovery by making a second. Among other things he learned how to master other living beings and make them serve him in his struggle for existence. And thus began the real inventive activity of mankind, as it is now visible before our eyes. Those material inventions, beginning with the use of stones as weapons, which led to the domestication of animals, the production of fire by artificial means, down to the marvellous inventions of our own days, show clearly that an individual was the originator in each case. The nearer we come to our own time and the more important and revolutionary the inventions become, the more clearly do we recognize the truth of that statement. All the material inventions which we see around us have been produced by the creative powers and capabilities of individuals. And all these inventions help man to raise himself higher and higher above the animal world and to separate himself from that world in an absolutely definite way. Hence they serve to elevate the human species continually to promote its progress. And what the most primitive artifice once did for man in his struggle for existence, as he went hunting through the primeval forest, that same sort of assistance is rendered him to-day in the form of marvellous scientific inventions which help him in the present day struggle for life and to forge weapons for future struggles. In their final consequences all human thought and inventions help man in his lifestruggle on this planet, even though the so-called practical utility of an invention, a discovery or a profound scientific theory, may not be evident at first sight. Every thing contributes to raise man

higher and higher above the level of all the other creatures that surround him, thereby strengthening and consolidating his position; so that he develops more and more and more in every direction as the ruling being on this earth.

Hence all inventions are the result of the creative faculty of the individual. And all such individuals, whether they have willed it or not, are the benefactors of mankind, both great and small. Through their work millions and indeed billions of human beings have been provided with means and resources which facilitate their struggle for existence.

Thus at the origin of the material civilization which flourishes to-day we always see individual persons. They supplement one another and each one of them bases his work on that of the other. The same is true in regard to the practical application of those inventions and discoveries. For all the various methods of production are in their turn inventions also and consequently dependent on the creative faculty of the individual. Even the purely theoretical work, which cannot be measured by a definite rule and is preliminary to all subsequent technical discoveries, is exclusively the product of the individual brain. The broad masses do not invent, nor does the majority organise orthink; but always and in every case the individual man, the person does it.

Accordingly a human community is well organised only when it facilitates to the highest possible degree individual creative

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of the community. The most valuable factor of an invention, whether it be in the world of material realities or in the world of abstract ideas, is the personality of the inventor himself. The first and supreme duty of an organised folk community is to place the inventor in a position where he can be of the greatest benefit to all. Indeed the very purpose of the organisation is to put this principle into practice. Only by so doing can it ward off the curse of mechanization and remain a living thing. In itself it must personify the effort to place men of brains above the multitude and to make the latter obey the former.

Therefore not only does the organisation

possess no right to prevent men of brains from rising above the multitude but, on the contrary, it must use its organising powers to enable and promote that ascension as far as it possibly can. It must start out from the principle that the blessings of mankind never came from the masses but from the creative brains of individuals. who are therefore the real benefactors of humanity. It is in the interest of all to assure men of creative brains a decisive influence and facilitate their work. This common interest is surely not served by allowing the multitude to rule, for they are not capable of thinking nor are they efficient and in no case whatsoever can they be said to be gifted. Only those should rule who have the natural temperament and gifts of leadership.

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# HUMAN ETHICS EVOLVED BY THE END OF SECOND MILLENNIUM A.D.

Dr. Achyuta Rao, Iyyanki

# 1. Evolution of Life on the Earth:

The solar system, consisting of the sun and nine planets including the earth, was formed 4.6 billion years ago. The first living beings on the earth viz. the bacteria, viruses and other single cellular plants and animals, appeared on the earth about 600 million years back. Life proliferated on the earth, including the process of evolution into higher forms of life. The age of fishes on the planet was 395-345 million years ago and that of the reptiles 275-65 million years ago. Then the mammals appeared, on the scene, in all diversity. While the process of evolution was continuing, the form of a wild man appeared on the globe one million years ago.

This man had developed into a civilised human being 10,000 years back. Archaeological evidence of organised human civilization dates back to 3000 BC. At present 1.4 million kinds of animals and half a million of plants exist on the earth, after 99% of all plants and animals have become extinct.

#### 2. Life-less other Planets:

The planets Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, and Pluto, revolve round the Sun in elliptical orbits, in that order. The average distance of Mercury from the Sun is 52 million km and that of Pluto 5900 million km. The maximum and minimum temperatures on the surface of earth are

comfortable enough for the existence of life. But those on the other eight planets are either too low or too high for the existence of life. Hence no life exists on these planets.

#### 3. The Universe:

The billions of stars in our Milkyway galaxy (the Sun is one of them) and those in millions of other galaxies in the expanding universe are beyond our comprehension. The distances involved are thousands of light years, not millions of kilometers (A light year means the distance travelled by light in a year at the speed of 300,000km/sec)

#### 4. Survival of man on the Earth:

In the struggle for existence, 'survival of the fittest' is the most important law in natural history. 'The fittest' means the one (Species) which can adapt itself well to the environment and its changes. Secondly, it is the strongest that can overcome its natural enemies in the physical battle for survival. Thirdly, the degree of development of the brain determines the survival capability. In fact, man excels all species in this regard.

If we consider the number and diversity of man-made things, we can appreciate the rapid development of human brain compared to all other living beings, with some form of developed brain. Presently, man is on the top of the pyramid of life.

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insvirTHUMAN ETHICS EVOLVED BY THE END OF SECOND

# 5. Man, Nature and God:

Man uses his highly developed brain for several purposes:

- to increase his survival capability
- to improve his physical comforts of life
- to understand Nature in all its might and utilise it for his benefit.
- to defend himself against his natural enemies like disease and danger
- to increase his knowledge about his environment as well as about various forms of life, the nature, the universe and the Creator of them all, if any.

While appreciating the live nature around him and its mighty potential, the early man began to worship the Sun, the Moon, the clouds, the rain, the rivers, the fire, the trees, and certain animals. When he observed the planets and distant stars moving around in the sky, his imagination went quite far. He believed that there is a Supreme Force which created all these 'live wonders', sustained them for long and finally destroyed them at its Will. This Supreme Force is called God, the Brahman, Sakti, Allah etc., in different religious faiths.

Some scientists and rational thinkers say, Nature is the Supreme Force, which is not created by any but exists already by itself. Whereas, some scientists strongly believe that God created Nature. Human ethics does not depend on the presence or absence of God. Let us see how it is evolved.

When the civilized man formed his society, consisting of several humans, an order or discipline was enforced, in a voluntary fashion, with the primary objective of safeguarding the interests of the community at large. All actions are classified into two types-the good and the bad deeds. Those that serve the interests of the community are good and those that harm the community are bad. Subsequently when the local authority or state took control of the enforcement, rewards and praise are given for good deeds and punishment and blame for bad actions. Some of the actions do not come to the notice of the public. How is justice done in such cases? People have experienced that in the long run good deeds bring happiness and bad deeds unhappiness and suffering to the individual. There emerged a strong faith/ feeling that ultimately justice or goodness will prevail in nature.

Most of the people, of all religions, believe that there are two worlds outside our earth. After death, the souls of good people go to heaven (a place of untold happiness) and those of bad people go to hell (a place of rigorous punishment). These other worlds, without fail, take care of even the actions taken secretly or outside public notice.

The ultimate aim of man is to establish righteousness in the whole community. What is right and what is wrong were clearly defined. All religions are uniformly vociferous about this. But human ethics does not call in religion to justify righteousness.

# 7. The universal Gospel:

In order to facilitate a rational outlook, let us set aside for a moment the belief in:

- the God with form or formless God
- Heaven and Hell
- the existence of Soul or Atma
- the Re-incarnation of Soul for multiple births and deaths of body until Moksha or Nirvana, or liberation (joining the Almighty)

An analytical and rational perusal of all religious scriptures, the Gita, the Upanishads, the Dharmapada (of Buddhism), the Bible, the Koran etc., and their preachings, leads us to the simple but universal gospel. "HELP ALL; HARM NONE"

"All" means all living beings in air, water and land on the Earth; that is, in the three dimensional space in the Bio-sphere. This is also the modern scientific concept of 'Environmental Preservation". In the domain of time, it becomes "HELP EVER; HURT NEVER" as often preached by Sri Satya Saibaba of Puttaparthy. This hurting should not be done in thought, word, or deed.

## 8. Universal Love:

This concept of Universal Love was propagated by:

the Upanishads-since pre-historic times, Buddhism & Jainism: - since 6th Century B.C, Christianity - since 1st Century A.D, Islam - since 8th Century A.D., Sikhism - since 17th Century A.D. Other world religions also preached the same, since several centuries. Prophets, saints, sages, mystics, yogis and others preached the same.

Even in this 20th century of Science and Technology, the century of two world wars and one cold war, the age of atomic and nuclear explosions, chemical & biological weapons of mass destruction, there exist a number of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, wild life sanctuaries, organizations for the protection of endangered species etc. Man should channelise his efforts towards universal love.

# 9. Happiness or Bliss:

All living beings aspire for happiness. This is ensured by proper sleep, adequate food, security of life and conjugal bliss. Besides, they enjoy community life by forming families or groups. Even wild animals like lions, tigers, elephants, etc., have their emotional life within their groups. It is no wonder that a highly developed human species has higher ambitions for a total happiness or bliss. For understanding this let us describe various constituents of it.

# You are happy

- if you are content with whatever you have
- if you do not envy your friends or neighbours
- if you are not greedy or over-ambitious

- if you help somebody in need, especially the old, the weak, poor and your friends
- if you do not hurt others, mentally or physically
- if you could excuse others for their mistakes, the hurt caused to you, the insult heaped on you, the loss brought to you etc.
- if others think good of you or praise you
- if you do not have any enemies or ignore them, if any
- if you find others happy, especially friends and relatives
- if you have no worry for future and so on

If every man in the world and every living being in the environment are happy, it is total happiness or Bliss. In Upanishads it is called Santhi (Peace) and in Buddhism it is called Ahimsa (Non-violence). The highest happiness every where is the Bliss the saints and rishis were after. It is tantamount to feeling the presence of God everywhere (ANANDO BRAHMA)-the ECSTASY.

# 10. The Mind:

The human mind is highly complex. It travels with infinite speed, and far in all directions, (Speed of light is nothing compared to speed of mind). It sees through opaque objects, obstacles etc. It can even visualize imaginary things which are not felt by sensory organs. Nobody can stop the mind from working. But it is controlled by will. It works in the direction we want, if concentration is there. Otherwise, it is chaotic or unreal like in a sleep full of dreams.

If the mind is properly controlled, excellent results can be obtained. Good thoughts will result in good words and good actions. Viceversa for bad thoughts. So purity of mind is essential. Happiness or suffering results from the state of mind, hence by controlling the mind we can always achieve happiness. A happy mind leads to a healthy body, which in turn leads to a healthy and happy mind. The saints used to enjoy this happiness by meditation. We can enjoy this by thinking leisurely about the beauty of Nature and that of different forms of life on earth (land, water and air) and their living characteristics and also by meditation.

It is left to the reader to find that all the do's and don'ts preached by all religions are derived from the Universal Gospel "Help-All, Harm None". The saying "Live and Let Live" is a variation of the Universal Gospel.

#### 11. Outlook for the future:

In a healthy environment the "Species Diversity Index" will be maximum - that is a maximum number of species co-exist in a stable fashion for a long time.

The Universal Gospel, evolved over the centuries and millennia, defining the best human ethics, crossing the barriers of all religions, deserves a place high in our curricula starting from the nursery/primary level of education. If it is impressed deep in the young minds of babies and children, in all countries, the present day type of violence in all walks of life can definitely be

prevented. Fights, terrorism and wars can be minimized.

Illustrations from appropriate scriptures, specific to the community, will lay firm foundation for the Gospel. All audio-visual media should highlight this ideal. The human rights and animal rights issues of today are the simple corollaries of the Gospel. Let the humans behave as humans and contribute to

further development of the human brain, in rapid strides, in the next millennium. The loss of millions of intelligent brains in terrorism, fights and wars is the greatest human tragedy on the earth.

The essence of this article is "Life is precious and enjoyable by all living beings. Let us all enjoy it, helping all and harming none".

### Thou Art All

### Srinivasa Rangaswamy

As I stand before Thee in prayer, a thousand thoughts turbulent like the wind take hold of me.

A small boat in a stormy sea, mast half-broken, buffeted by ceaseless mortal cares, I struggle in vain to trim my sails steadfast home towards you.

In Kurukshetra's battle field the other day, a faltering soul Thou lifted up. The divine eye Thou gavest Thyself, unto the devotee, to see what mortal eyes can't bear to see-Thine Divine form, By supreme grace revealed.

Thou art all: the shepardthe sheepand the mountain path Why then this sport?

Frail that I am, even as I am, accept. And by Thine boundless Grace Plant me secure, safe, ever in THEE.

# ANN LANDERS The Veteran Woman Journalist in U.S.

#### Dr.R.Janardana Rao

Ann Landers is a phenomenon in American journalism. She has been reigning in journalism for the past thirty years. She is now around 83. And her forte is the question and answer column, also called personal column. She is a tabloid writer and this column is published in the dailies of almost all the fifty states in America. Most of the readers, turn to the 'Style' supplement of Washington Post and read avidly what Ann has to say on the burning social and personal problems. And at the evening social gatherings, Ann Landers answers to peculiar personal questions which forms part of the subject matter of the social chat. In recognition of her meritorious services to the nation, through her sage counsels, promoting social health, she was awarded the prestigious national award "Great Lady of America".

During my two visits to Washington DC, staying for long periods with my son's family, it was my daily routine of top priority to go through her answers eagerly and preserve the clippings which have become two trash bag loads which I brought home. And when friends make the usual enquiry what new gadgets I have brought home, I would mischievously point to the two big bags of Ann Lander's paper clippings.

In almost all the weeklies and monthlies in all languages in our country, we find the personal answers serial, attracting wide readership, as the answers relate to personal problems as well as of general interest. And when I bring the Indian writers dealing with this personal column

in juxtaposition to Ann Landers, I find a few distinguishing features.

Our writers give lenghthy answers to the short questions sometimes showing off their knowledge and linguistic nuances. In their answers, they put on airs "holier than thou", and even do not hesitate to heckle or snub the questioner, who seeks a helpful counsel to help extricate out of a problem. They even give out the identity or addresses of the questioner which may cause embarassment at times.

For a lengthy paragraph size question, Ann Landers answers very pointedly and wisely just in three or four lines. Her answers exhibit a great sense of respect to individuals which is largely an American trait, and above all shows great concern in solving the personal problem in a dispassionate way. She has a deep knowledge of the human frailties and gives her answers with the humility of a sharer of sufferings and expresses sympathy. When one of her perspectives is questioned by another reader she does not give out her answers direct, but cites another reader's letter showing the other side of the question and solves the issue in a neat manner, as a lawyer cites case law. There are readers, following Ann Landers column amazingly for a span of twenty to thirty years. And when a reader requests to restate a quote she made some years ago she does not ask her to refer to the issue giving its past date, but readily gives out the whole text, for the benefit of that reader and others too.

Ann Landers in her answers not only gives her opinions, but doesn't fight shy of quoting other writers for the general benefit of readers. She does it elaborately too. Her books are published by Creators Syndicate and she is based at Chicago.

Further, Ann Landers conducts surveys similar to our opinion polls asking opinions on a specific social problem, which is at times, highly personal and of intimate privacy. She has a penchant for conducting such surveys bringing her innumerable readers extending a wide cross section of the society to her plough. Strangely the American public too responds to her calls of survey and express their opinions honestly. Of course all the replies by the readers are given by unsigned postal cards.

In one survey she gives the puzzling question on motherhood to her women readers "To bear and not to bear", "was it worth while", "were the rewards enough to make up for the grief' "if you had it to do over again would you have children?" The responses were staggering. She writes "much to my surprise 70 percent of those who responded said "no". But this had raised a storm. The survey was interpreted as an attack on motherhood. Ann Landers conducted another survey giving the intricate personal question of the choice of the life partners. Addressing both married men and women she solicits their opinion "If you had it to do over again, would you marry the person to whom you are now married". And lot the response! She herself writes "within 10 days my office was bombarded with 50,000 pieces

of mail. The mail is still coming in". She has a wide infrastructure of personnel to sort out her readers' huge mail, which is her backfeed, to make any editor feel spiritually satisfied with the task he or she undertakes. And to this question of the choice of spouse for a second time if choice given, the response 'yes' came from 70 percent and 30 percent said 'no'. It was from 50,000 people.

On January 14, 1985 Ann Landers gives another extremely personal question, this time addressing her women readers only. Here's the question "Does Tenderness Beat the Act?" She elaborates a little, asking women to reply "Would you be content to be held close and treated tenderly and forget about "the act"? Answer yes or no, and please add one sentence. I am over 40 years of age". Here she wants her women readers to think closely whether the sexual dysfunction of her man, would matter vis a vis the male comfort of support he gives. And in a dignified question "Does tenderness beat "the act"? she gathers opinion. She writes "keep in mind my column appears in Canada, Europe, Tokyo, Hongkong, Bangkok, and a variety of other places around the world". (pity we don't have her in India). In response to her poll, she states that more than 90,000 women cast there ballots. Seventy two percent said 'YES', they would be content to be held close and treated tenderly and forget about the act. Of those 72 percent who said yes, 70 percent were under 40 years old. That was the most surprising aspect of the survey. Ann Landers quotes a letter from her woman reader "From Columbus Ohio", I am under 40

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and would be delighted to settle for tender words and warm caresses. The rest of it is bore and can be exhausting. I am sure the sex act was designed strictly for the pleasure of males".

Regarding Question Answers column which is her mainstay, let me cite one example "Dear Ann Landers. I have a suggestion for the woman who confessed her exhibitionist tendencies. It will help her stay out of trouble and at the same time satisfy her urge for exposure and complete freedom. She should do her housework in the nude. Anonymous in Boston". To this reader's suggestion how delicate Ann Landers answer runs! "Dear Boston, several years ago a reader who signed herself "Lady Godiva" wrote to say she loved to do her housework in the nude and asked if it was sick or immoral. I told her as long as she was home alone with her draperies drawn, she could do her housework naked as a jaybird and it was nobody's business".

Americans do have a flair to garb indecency without offending Mrs. Grundy, with ever new simple worded nuances. They have developed a rich body of nomenclature in this regard. Limitation of space thwarts my enthusiasm to quote Ann Landers more elaborately. But let me content myself sharing a few good principles of life Ann Landers quoted in her column, 'With My Readers'. Let me briefly give a succinct version of her - 'The Ten Commandments of How to get along with People'.

- Keep skid chains on your tongue. Say less than, what you think.
- 2) Make promises sparingly.
- 3) Never lose an opportunity to say a kind word. Praise the work well done.
- 4) Be interested in others.
- 5) Be cheerful,
- 6) Keep an open mind on debatable points.
- 7) Let your virtues speak for themselves.
- 8) Have respect for the feelings of others.
- 9) Pay no attention to destructive remarks and personal attacks on you.
- 10)Don't be concerned about your "just due",
  Do a good turn for the sake of being
  helpful —— Anonymous.

Let me conclude with a sorrowful personal note - Pity, I missed a golden opportunity of meeting Ann Landers while I was in the States.

# OLD MAN AND THOSE CRONIES

#### Dr. V. V.B. Rama Rao

"Babi!...Babi! Rey abbai, abbai ...Sudhakar! Sudha!"

The Old man was tired. However loud he called or with whatever name, there was no response, either from upstairs or down. He was thirsty. His tongue had become hard as a brick and as dry. He had no energy left to call any further.

He made a bid to turn right on his back. No use, it was useless. He was like a rag wrung dry. He broke into sweat and then felt thirsty again. Without his knowing his eyelids must have drooped. After some time, as though he had regained a little of his strength, he opened his eyes.

"O Sudha! Where are you? What are you doing?"

The call perhaps did not reach. Perhaps it was not heard.

His eyes closed once again.

The wetness in the bed woke him again. It was all foul smell, stench — flies and all. He made a desperate attempt to get up with no success. Was he going into some kind of unconsciousness?

"Sekharam!" Sekharam!"

Someone was at the door calling out his

name. Perhaps it was kept open for someone expected. The caller pushed it gently and walked in.

"Sekharam!" Perhaps the stench coming from the far end drew his attention to the cot by the wall.

"Rey, Sekhi!" the old man patted the sick man to wake up.

"Ah!" The old man came to and looked up. Was it morning or evening or night? He looked up. The tube light was there but it was not clicked on.

"Sekharam! I am your friend Ramam. Don't you recognise me?"

"You! You are my friend Ramamgadu!"
The old man made to get up. But he had lost the use of his limbs long ago.

"How is that you are in this state? Whatever happened to your... Isn't there anyone in the house? Where are your children?"

"Children! Oh, children! Yes, the younger one is upstairs. Go there and see for yourself."

Ramanatham who had been Ramam for Sekharam couldn't stand there clucking his tongue or just doing nothing. But could this house be so empty and forlorn! OLD MAN AND THOSE CRONIES

Upstairs one after another all the rooms were empty. The doors of the big hall were just half-open. He softly opened them wide and went in.

The game of cards was in full swing. None appeared to have noticed someone getting in. He had a full minute to take in the whole scene.

"Sudhakar! Here's somebody ..."

"Young man! I'm glad I could make it.

Been searching for the place. Deal me too. Where does the round begin? What's the stake?' The man settled between the two in a little space.

"No sir, the game's drawing to a close. We are going to call it a day!"

One among the six had a little presence of mind. Or, was it a sense of shame or guilt?

"What! How could you say it to me who has come a long way to ... Well, my dear friends! After all, eating is not the only thing and we needn't even forego lunch? After all they send us some eats here too. Just two more rounds if you don't want to disappoint me altogether."

"Excuse me, sir?. But who are you?"

"Does that really matter? All are equal before the bottle and cards. My dear friend, it's your chance now!" He nudged the man with his elbow gently.

Sudhakar had a strange feeling in the pit of his stomach. Whoever could this old man be?

"You must really forgive me, you are a revered old man ..."

"My foot! Where's the question of reverence? Some months ago I fell: it was slight paralysis. But then I have the ability of a man in his thirties!"

"Aren't you my father's friend?"

"Oh, you remember then. Frankly, I must appreciate your memory. Your father and I, just like you all here, used to be very happy in those days. We had been friends for ages: ever since we were in the first standard. We went to school together and later, to college. While we were thus engaged, my father croaked. But then it was quite expected. He had been in bed immobile, a vegetable, for nearly three whole years. There was nothing any one of us could have done. Was it for us to hold to the flying life force? Those going can't be really stopped: no matter what we did or didn't do. That's the law of life. Isn't it? Those alive have to go on with the routines. Would it be for us to starve ourselves, no matter how close we are to them and how affectionate those departing are to us? Go ahead with your dealing! You haven't told me of the stake at all. I got the pension yesterday. I have eight hundred in my purse. I never play beyond my ability. After all, I am an old timer, you see! If your bank is eighty, I'm game."

"Show! It was just a single card show, even at deal. Not even that, just a touch dick!" the young man declared.

"My dear young man! This is a card game. They brought me word that my father was dead. My game was just a matter of a 'touch'. How could I leave at that stage! In our days we used to ask why children should be grateful to parents. In my view there's no reason why we should. That's all, I didn't get up till the game came to a close and everyone had left. What's the point in seeing a dead body? I was philosophical even in my very young days, and that was it. But mother was wild with anger. She never looked at me and never talked to me ever since. But how does it matter? We the young have our own stubbornness!" He went on playing as briskly as ever.

"Sudhakar! Permit to leave now. I promised to get my wife an injection!" He got up and left.

"Isn't he Sekharam's son. This is his son. Sudhakar." One got up and showing him left.

"Now we are five. We can play with two decks. Remove one ... Just two more rounds!

The veteran tried to come a little forward when the circle became small.

"Sudhakar, I am not well, let me go." Another left.

"Well boys! I came from so far and you are leaving one after another. It is not good

card-table manners, specially so, when a new member joins the group. Sudhakar! You tell then! His father and I have been friends of long standing. We spent lakhs together. We broke the hearts of at least two women. But poor fellow, your father! He doesn't seem to be in a position to sit up. But I am happy: if not with him I am able to sit with his son! I told him so. Don't bother, deal for the four of us!"

"Who are you, if I may know?' Another asked getting up to leave.

"You too? In a game of cards who's who and who's what are irrelevant questions. If it's a matter of matrimony they are necessary. But here, certainly not. Not that they should not be asked".

As if the man were dismissed and so out of his mind, the old man made to begin dealing.

Without a word left another.
Only Sekharam's son was left.

"This is a wonderful opportunity. We can still play hand to hand!" The old man sounded jubilant. "Please send somebody and get me a packet of cigarettes: Berkley's my brand."

"Excuse me, sir! You are ..."

"All right then, I'll tell you though it isn't much. Your father has always called me Ramam though for everyone outside I was Ramanadham. I am a 'useless old man' for my daughter-in-law and for my wife, poor thing! Why all that now? She'd gone two years ago. Whatever I did and how badly I had hurt

her. I'd been her husband. I had been the very devil: but she never protested. She spent herself serving the family and me till she breathed her last. As for my children: they are my children. Right from our childhood your father and I shared the same principles, lived the same kind of carefree life. It had been an article of faith with us that we shouldn't stand grateful to parents. They didn't bring us forth with our express permission or at our request. My father died far away from my eyes. I had done nothing for them. Why should I, indeed? Now the next step. When I did nothing for them, I shouldn't expect my children to do me any service. They need not be indebted to me in any way. They have their own lives to live in the way they chose to. When I wasn't there to light my father's pyre, how could I expect that service from my son? The daughter-inlaw told me so much in her flowery language. Though young, the woman's really a genius. I am proud of her and so is her husband too. She should have gone into the judiciary with her impeccable wisdom and sense of fair play. We gave top priority to the right kind of family. I have no right to complain. My mother used to tell me it was like frying a pancake: you have to fry it both sides. So too, things happen to you. As you do unto others, others do unto to you - hence the pancake trope. But I thought I never would care. With me very much around, when someone else cremated my mother, why should my daughter-in-law look after me? Why do you appear a little shocked as if you discovered that your hand has fourteen cards? Let those who don't like your ways, hang themselves! We'll go all the way

and complete the game" The old man dealt the cards. But Sudhakar got up.

"Look, my dear young chap! Two years ago I had a paralytic stroke. It is something, which would happen to any card player though it is a matter of time. But my friend Subbarao appeared like a lightning - like a god that come on wire-work, deus ex machina - 'You fool! When your children do not care for you, when they hate you and when you are thus stricken, what's the point remaining here? I'd rather put you in hell!' He admitted me in the hospital. Before I was put in the car, I cast a look at my son's face and then at daughter-in-law's. They shone with joy. They were happy that I could be removed to the final destiny right from there. They knew that sometimes, when at death if the stars were inauspicious, the house had to be vacated. They have a lot of foresight."

The old man showed his hand affected by paralysis.

"Sir!" -Sudhakar felt a little dizzy and his eyes were playing tricks on him.

"Well young man, I am telling you the truth. I was all praise for my son who inherited my ideology and belief. He thought this old fellow wouldn't stay alive beyond a week. But then, haven't you heard the adage paapi chiraayoo? That scoundrel Subbarao did not allow me to die in peace. He told the nursing staff and his medical colleagues that I was his first cousin and I had none to fend for me at

home. The staff took it as an order: He was the Superintendent of the hospital. They sent me out as an absolutely healthy man."

"Sudha! O, Sudha!" the old man was calling once again. Now it is easy to hear his call: there aren't any people or any thing to distract.

"Forgive me, Ramam babai" The young man's voice trembled.

"No, no. Don't be upset. My son too was shocked to see me back at home where I stayed only for a day to collect my things. He did not know that I had not died in the hospital. I don't know when he realised I am alive. Subbarao made me swear that I wouldn't reveal to my son that he had left on a transfer to a distant place. The vow reminds me of something else too. At your age I swore to Meenakshi, the girl living opposite our house, the lawyer's daughter, that I'd marry her. Poor girl, she never knew that the oaths we take could at times be set aside. I stayed away from the two sons of mine but somehow they could trace me and came running to ask my forgiveness. Then I assured them that they could take all my property on condition that they agreed to let me take with me my clothes and personal belongings ... They must be fine now and their children must be growing too to turn the pancake on the pan... Why don't you follow my advice and send this old rogue to some hospital so that you'd be rid of his bother? There at least once in a while a sister would come and clean the mess... Sorry, I forgot to ask you... How many children do you have?"

"Two."

"Wonderful! You needn't bother for another

thirty years. There's no knowing whether they'd walk out of the house leaving you here or put you to a hospital to enable you to learn things your own way. Anyway my sons are happy that Subbarao would never allow my going back to them. That medical man, even today, has two men shadowing me as they had been all along these years."

Sudhakar was confused beyond measure. Was it a dream, or was it a joke? Was it serious or just comic?

To compound the confusion the old man got down the stairs dragging one of his feet.

By the time Sudhakar recovered and came down there was a taxi and Sudhakar's immobile father was being put into it.

"Babu, babu! I do not know who you are! I am just a woman who's always been held under autocratic control ... On his behalf, I ask for your forgiveness! Please forgive us!" The daughter-in-law of the house was wiping her tears on her sari end.

"My dear young woman, this fellow is still alive and, god willing, would live for some more years. Don't shed any tears ... It takes some more time for both of us to take leave of you all here and everywhere else. Why did you come out? I can only tell you one thing by way of a bit of advice. You are a woman. Pancakes on the pan have to turn the other way also."

The car was about to pull out.

"Forgive us, Ramam babai!" Sudhakar was about to say something.

"What is all this?" Sekharam came to his senses.

"Father, Ramam babai brought me to my

senses. His friend saved him and he in his turn saved you. He wants to set things right. Babai, you are godly, forgive me! Let me come to the hospital! It would be impossible for me to bear the shame!" Sudhakar began to sob.

"You fool!" The man told his son from the car in a feeble voice. "This fellow is my boyhood friend. He is known over the entire district as Doctor Ramanatham, the faithful and loyal son! He cremated his father and mother with his own hands in a difference of two years only six years ago."

"You fool! I have been all the while trying

to convince your son that I'm a gambler. You please shut up." He whispered to the ailing man.

Turning to the young man the visiting old friend said "My dear young man! I too love playing cards, even now. Don't listen to your father. One of these days we can have another long session at which I'd like the company of all your cronies. We can play hand to hand too if they don't show up.'

Sudhakar turned pale. He couldn't look at his father. He didn't dare looking up into the eyes of the old man either.

### THE NEW MILLENNIUM

### P.N. Sampath

Hail New Millennium! Thou art most welcome!
To invest the earth with true wisdom;
The past years gave us marked progress,
In arts and sciences, in trade and commerce,
Invented the telephone and telex, radio and
television,

Sent man into space, and then to the Moon on exploratory mission,

The Industrial Revolution promoted enterprise, Smokestacks soon began to stab the skies; The information technology evolved a new power shift -

Swamping the earth, leaving it to cope with this novel gift -

The World was aghast when Hiroshima blew off with atomic blast;

But it proved a deterrent against further holocaust-We saw great thinkers and leaders of men, Eminent inventors, wielders of the mighty pen; We saw slavery abolished and the last of Apartheid, And the Apostle of Non-violence who got India freed -

Industrial waste and pollution are prone
To punch holes in the pure Ozone;
Sparkling rivers are turning into stinking sewers

and humps

And placid lakes into huge garbage dumps -Let the New Millennium call a halt to all these trends.

And also everything that harms and offends; Let us no more grope along the drybones of the past,

But think of the disinherited, the poor and the outcast.

And strive for a better world after a thorough overhaul,

To raise the quality of life for one and all.

### INDIAN POLITICAL SCENE

Dr.R. Gangadhar Shastri

The country is passing through a very critical period of time ever since independence and is confronted with several, serious political, economic, cultural and security problems which would probably be unfolding a variety of far reaching consequences for the country on both the national and the international fronts in the years to come. The recently completed elections to the thirteenth Lok Sabha (which were in fact foisted on the nation by a section of unscrupulous, irresponsible and self-centered politicians) have brought into light a number of politicians and constitutional problems that have a bearing on the successful working of our democratic system. Though the Election Commission has declared its total satisfaction at its attempt in conducting the polls successfully, it is common knowledge that the Commission has become the target of bitter criticism for various acts of commission and omission on its part. Nirvachan Sadan's objections to the new telecom policy and the debate over the model "code of conduct" would serve as examples of the confusion caused by it during the course of conducting elections. Electoral violence, inspite of the large number of military contingents being extensively deployed across the country by the Commission, has become the most seriously discussed issue and deserves to be tackled on a priority basis to protect our democracy from being hijacked by criminal and anti - social elements. The unusually large number of booths in which reelections were ordered by the Commission also proves the point beyond any doubt.

Political parties in fact, have begun to pose a serious threat to our democratic system for many decades now. Parties that are regarded as totally indispensable to the working of any democratic system for that matter - appear to have become a threat to our democracy. The manner in which political parties emerge, appear, disappear, split again and again - at such an amazing speed that one would wonder whether the system working in India could be marked as democratic at all. On the top of all that, the bewildering variety of irrational, illogical and most opportunistic alliances and counter - alliances that materialize all of a sudden over night prove more, the power - hungry nature of the politicians than their desire to serve the nation. A brutal reflection of ideological bankruptcy is the ultimate reality that is more evidently found in the working cultures of these political formations than any real service - oriented substance. Bereft ideological of commitments, these alliances in fact carry within a dangerous and potential threat that which continues to frustrate all attempts at the promotion of a stable government at the centre.

However, considering political realities to be what they are ought to be, the performance of the National Democratic Alliance (which has as many as twenty four partners) has granted a great sense of relief to the entire nation as it could attain a comfortable working majority in the thirteenth

Lok Sabha. The result in favour of the BJP led National Democratic Alliance has made the job of the President much easier than what it was on earlier occasions after 1996 and 1998 elections. The job of the Prime Minister was found to be tough, as he had to go in for an unusually large sized cabinet to keep all the constituents satisfied. Anyway, the BJP led National Democratic Alliance could emerge victorious mainly due to reasons such as : a) that the BJP was not only prepared to enter into alliances with every regional party but was also ready to share power with them; b) that the BJP's willingness to share power was proved by Common Manifesto that it brought out; c) that the BJP was prepared to sacrifice its original Agenda on Article 370, Ram Janma Bhoomi and the Common Civil Code: and d) last but not the least, that it could project its Prime Ministerial candidate without any delay and inhibitions to the nation at a very early date.

In addition to the above factors, the two most significant issues of "Kargil" and "Nuclear Experiments" also have contributed in a large measure to its victory-and to the extent there is going to be a shift in the working dynamics of the Government of India in the coming years, compared to what it has been.

In contrast to all this, it is rather pitiable that the Congress (I) lost all available opportunities of entering into electoral alliances with certain parties. The rift in the party was an important factor. Infighting has higher visibility. Many other significant reasons for

the failure of the Congress (I) in bettering its score could be : a)that its electoral alliances with parties like AIADMK, RJD, the Ajit Singh group in Western UP (apart from its keenness on a tie-up with the BSP) were all ill - considered moves: b) that its association with the Left Parties could not grant to it much substance in terms of real political gains; c)that the politically bankrupt left parties extending support to the Congress (I) did not carry conviction with the people; d) that the party suffered from a deep crisis of confidence in its cadres; e) that the party could not name its prime ministerial candidate; and that the party preferred to adopt a "high and mighty' attitude unlike the BJP led NDA.

As a commentator observed "The campaigns of mutual slander unleashed by the Bharatiya Janata Party and the Congress (1) have left a bad taste at a time when the electorate had expected a meaningful issue based campaign." By granting a decisive result, the general elections have saved the President from facing a complex political situation as during early times when no party / alliance could emerge clearly victorious. To that extent it has made the job of the President easier though not the Prime Minister's formation of the Union Council of Ministers has proved itself to be a Herculean task for the Prime Minister as every segment of the National Democratic Alliance was there to claim its pound of flesh excepting the Telugu Desam Party. Though the National Democratic Alliance has the definite advantage of numbers and is thus better placed in the Lok Sabha than its immediate

predecessor - it certainly has to put up with the size and the unwieldy character of the Alliance. In fact, the rumblings in the NDA were very much evident with the Janata Dal (U) and Shiromani Akali Dal taking conflicting postures on the formation of the Ministry. And thus, the Alliance carries within a high potential for trouble that could arise out of clash of personalities, ambitions, ego conflicts and temperamental incongruities. The BJP itself suffers from certain internal contradictions as the Hindutva elements appear to be very much sore with the party cadre over all the compromises that it has made over the core issues.

Having gone through the arduous task of Ministry making the National Democratic Alliance, under the Leadership of Vajpai has presented a pleasing but challenging agenda for a proud, prosperous India - through the Presidential address to the joint sitting of the Two Houses of Parliament. The Agenda though appears as an "amalgam of lofty objectives" in fact touches upon the most significant and immediate issues that need to be addressed on a priority basis to put the nation on the path of progress. Some of those issues are: a)thirty three percent reservation for women in the Lok Sabha and the State Assemblies; b) a development bank for women entrepreneurs; c) creation of new states such as - Uttaranchal, Vananchal and Chattisgarh; d)comprehensive electoral reforms; e) legislation for setting up of Lok Pal to combat corruption at high places etc. A promise has also been offered on a move for a

comprehensive review of the constitution by a panel of experts. But as commented upon very appropriately by a commentator, though the move to review the constitution cannot be regarded as sacrilegious or dismissed peremptuosly - it requires to be tackled very diligently. According to the commentator -"There can be nothing fundamentally wrong about taking a good look at the framework in the light of the experience of its working for the past 50 years or even about the stated intention of fine - tuning it to meet the 'challenges of the next century'. But such an exercise in the very nature of it, calls for a wide - ranging national debate and consensus right from the selection of experts to serve on the panel and drawing of the broad contours of the proposed review". On the economic front - the preparedness of the government to go ahead with the "second generation reforms" - is a sound decision. It is good that the Leader of the Oppositions promised its support.

With respect to the international situation emerging of late due to the military coup in Pakistan, India should take its defence preparedness seriously and protect its territory and the precious lives of its soldiers from any reckless adventure in addition to cross border terrorism. It is a tragedy that in Pakistan its civilian leaders have failed miserably in strengthening its democratic institutions and as a result it has fallen a victim to the military dictators. The military take over by Gen. Pervez Musharraf has 'grim consequences' for India. Pakistani Chief Executive Officer's declaration of de-escalation from the

international borders should not be trusted. Withdrawal from various areas as agreed to between the two countries in the wake of the "kargi!" episode has itself not yet been fulfilled by Pakistan. Though America wants India to resume a dialogue with Pakistan, the fact that it has not taken any firm stand against military takeover in Pakistan and that it does not see beyond Bin Laden Osama and Afghanistan on terrorism promoted by Pakistan, should not be ignored. The Government of India would do well to follow an approach of cautious optimism towards Pakistan while at the same time strengthen its relations with the United States, Russia and China as well. It also needs to strengthen its relations with the ASEAN countries - especially Japan, South Korea and Indonesia, now that a new democratic government has been in place there.

In the context of the CTBT being rejected by the American Senate, India should continue to wait and see as the Pakistani administration has already declared its intention not to sign the Treaty. However, India should prevail upon the United States in making strategic/defence compulsions of India on one hand and its commitment to global non-discriminatory disarmament on the other.

Besides, India should cultivate a new and more dynamic approach in its relations with the Gulf countries by taking its diplomacy beyond Pakistani syndrome. Its economic compulsions demand an approach that would cover more areas of the globe by way of capturing their markets.

# HOT JUICE IN AUGUST

### T.Anders Carson

The only thing
that seems to work around here
is my nail clippers,
Everything else has either
had their warranties expire,
rotted out,
roasted or exploded
in the process.
I feel like these
empty machines
that surround our lives.
It's not like we name them.

I'd like you to meet Gina my toaster or Gertrude my iron, there's Mabel the dish washer, Nellie the sewing machine, TV named Grete, Polly the printer, Maurice the monitor and good ole'Bill the doorstop. I once met a woman who had a shelf full of miniature divorced grooms.

### IS AHALYA CONTROVERSIAL?

#### Dr.M.Lakshmi

India, the land of different cultures and religions, is blessed with Valmiki Ramayana. The whole world applauded the greatness of this sacred book. Rama and Sita are adored as ideals by one and all and they are enthroned in the hearts of the people. It teaches us the lessons of supreme value for the conduct and regulation of our goals. Valmiki's aim is to depict 'Manava Swabhava Chitrana'. So there is no wonder, if we see some flaws here and there in ideal characters. Thus Maharshi Valmiki pictures human tendencies in his Kavya. Literature is mirror to life. This kind of thinking makes Ramayana a universal work with permanent values. He says that 'Artha' and 'Kama' along with 'Dharma' lead to universal prosperity. Keeping inner and outer senses in control, shall bestow peace and prosperity to the individual as well as the society.

The Maharshi's story is called not only Ramayana, but also the glorious history of Sita<sup>1</sup>. Rama's prowess has Virtue and Dharma as its two wings. To this ideal personality Sita has become better half. Ayodhya is full of pious people. All people are truthful and would not go against the path of righteousness.

In this epic the episode of Ahalya creates some confusion to many poets and critics. Indra is fond of Ahalya. He plays a dirty trick and approaches Ahalya in the guise of Gautama, the great sage and husband of Ahalya. The point to be wondered at is that Ahalya recognises the person as Indra but does not resist. With pleasure, Ahalya invites Indra and they enjoy together. When Indra is about to leave Ahalya, Gautama comes and finds them together<sup>2</sup>. With this unexpected discovery anger overpowers him and he curses both of them.

All poets who came after Valmiki could not digest the affair. Different poets in different ways change the episode. In course of time, after Valmiki, Rama is installed as 'Paramatma' with Swaswarupa Gnana. They seize the Ahalya episode as an opportunity to adore Rama as Paramatma. They say that the foot touch of Rama relieves Ahalya from her sin and Rama, being Paramatma makes her divine. The poets are concerned more about Rama and they pay less attention towards Ahalya. They try little to understand the curse given by Gautama.

The curse of Gautama is very severe. Ahalya suffers a lot. No food and drink for many years, lives in ashes, lives only on air. Valmiki says that Ahalya pracitices austerities in an extraordinary manner<sup>3</sup>. By virtue of her austerities she wipes off her sin. Gautama determines the time limit for the end of the curse. When Rama enters the premises of the hermitage, the curse comes to an end<sup>4</sup>. But many poets and scholars disregard the intention of Valmiki. They do not try to understand the heart of the Maharshi. In this episode the notable point is

<sup>1)</sup> Bala Kanda, Sarga 4, Sloka 7

<sup>2)</sup> Bala Kanda, Sarga 48, Slokas 19,20

<sup>3)</sup> Bala Kanda, Sarga 49, Sloka 13

<sup>4)</sup> Bala Kanda, Sarga 48, Sloka 31,32

Triveni

that some scholars with prudish and orthodox feelings laugh at Ahalya, the so-called sinner; and Gautama - the cuckold, who without minding the sin committed by her; leaves the door open for reunion.

Valmiki believes that 'Dharma' or 'Adharma', 'Punya' or 'Papa', 'Neeti' or 'Avineeti', all these ethical and social laws are equal to all rich or poor, man or woman. In olden days both men and women received education equally. Women too participated in Vedanta discussions. They had property rights. They had servants of their own. They were well-versed in politics and even participated in battles. Valmiki desires to establish this fact in his Ramayana. 'Valmiki Ramayana' is an ocean. It is very difficult to reach the depth, impossible to grab all the items; unimaginable to ascend to the heights of his lofty thinking.

Before examining the episode of Ahalya further, let us consider the story of Viswamitra. He is a Kshatriya king by birth and he picks up a quarell with Brahmarshi Vasishta. A fierce battle occurs and Viswamitra loses his huge army and his hundred sons too. Viswamitra's valour and his army have become helpless before the power of 'Tapas' of Vasishsta. Viswamitra understands that the valour of a king with his mighty army is no match to a Brahmarshi who is endowed with the power of Tapas. Heaving a deep sigh

Viswamitra determines to leave his kingdom and undertakes severe austerities for a thousand years, only with the aim to attain Brahmarshihood. He had to overcome many hindrances to achieve his goal. At the instance of Indra, Menaka the celestial nymph comes to woo Viswamitra. Succumbing to the passion of love Viswamitra deserts his aim and spends ten years with her5 He realises his mistake and leaves Menaka. Having resolved to conquer his passion he does Tapas for a thousand years. Rambha approaches him with the same mission. This time (by virtue of his power of austerity) he does not yield to passion. He rejects Rambha. But there is one more enemy in his heart. That is Anger. In a fit of indignation he curses Rambha for her evil intention. This time Viswamitra though he controls his passion could not control his anger. As a result he exhausts his power of austerity which was earned with great effort6. Thus the spiritual energy got through Tapas is lost on account of anger. One who cannot control one's senses that is 'Arishatvarga' will not be able to get spiritual power. So, again Viswamitra performs austerities for thousand more years to vanquish anger7.

Yes! Now he is Brahmarshi. Vasishsta comes to him to declare Viswamitra as Brahmarshi. Thus Valmiki writes in his Ramayana. The notable point is, from then on during all these centuries neither the poets nor the critics raise their little finger against the Brahmarshihood of Viswamitra. It is a fact that the sage spends ten long years with Menaka. However, he does Tapas and wipes out his sin. This is accepted by the society. A high level of thinking is necessary to understand the heart of Valmiki.

<sup>5)</sup> Bala Kanda, Sarga 63, Sloka 8

<sup>6)</sup> Bala Kanda, Sarga 64, Sloka 16

<sup>7)</sup> Bala Kanda, Sarga 65, Sloka 2

<sup>8)</sup> Bala Kanda, Sarga 65, Sloka 25

Alas! The story of Ahalya is used to prove and praise the 'Paramatma tatva' of Rama. And some scholars mock at Ahalya and Gautama for Ahalya's yielding to Indra and Gautama's reconciliation with Ahalya. The pity is lesser scholars never understand the heart of Maharshi Valmiki. In Yuddha Kanda in a conversation Sita says to Hanuman 'there is none who never commits a wrong<sup>9</sup>. But if one refrains from committing the same wrong again, no doubt he becomes divine.

Indeed, Ahalya recognises Indra and surrenders herself to him. But later, by performing bitter austerity, she conquers her senses, overpowers 'Arishadvarga' and purifies her heart. Viswamitra violates the code of conduct and commits a sin. But again with full confidence and determination he succeeds in controlling passion and anger. He destroys Kama and Krodha by performing great austerity and attains the position of Brahmaharshihood. Like Viswamitra, Ahalya too performs tapas and gets rid of cupidity. Let us compare. Viswamitra commits the same sin for ten full years. Ahalya does the sin for a moment in her life. Ahalya too does Tapas for thousands of years<sup>10</sup>.

Valmiki suggests that there should be no difference between male and female as far as 'Dharma' is concerned. Ethical and social laws should be equal to all people in the society without gender discrimination.

- 9) Yudda Kanda, Sarga 116, Sloka 44
- 10) Bala Kanda, Sarga 48, Sloka 30
- 11) Bala Kanda, Sarga 49, Sloka 13,14,15,16
- 12) Bala Kanda, Sarga 49, Sloka 17
- 13) Bala Kanda, Sarga 49, Sloka 19,20

Now let us have a look at the story of Ahalya as told by Valmiki. In the hermitage of Gautama, Rama sees Ahalya "a celestial lady, a blazing flame, a dazzling bright circle of light, a lady by virtue of her intense austerity, eligible to be honoured by one and all",-

This is how Valmiki describes her<sup>11</sup>. Divine atmosphere pervades all round. The great thing to acknowledge is 'Rama and Lakshmana touched her feet<sup>12</sup>. All Gods applauded it with rejoicing.<sup>13</sup> Ahalya purifies her body and heart by her austerity and penance. What else needs to be said about the divinity of Ahalya? Vasishsta declares that Viswamitra by dint of his Tapas has attained the position of Brahmarshi. On the other hand, Rama who is the incarnation of Vishnu adores Ahalya as pious lady. This should silence the detracters of Ahalya who show their gender fear.

He curses them. Just as Viswamitra loses his Tapas by cursing Rambha, Gautama loses his Tapas for angrily cursing Indra and Ahalya. He goes to Himalayas to perform Tapas for some thousand years. He regains the power. In the same manner Ahalya too performs severe Tapas, sheds her sin, becomes pure and pious and even gets the praise of Rama. This is the reunion of Ahalya and Gautama.

Valmiki's message is, without vanquishing the six enemies within, one cannot attain peace and real happiness. Persons who commit a sin can again become pure by repenting and renouncing the wrong path. All scriputures teach the same thing. Thus Valmiki with his examples in the Ramayana establishes the male and female equality before ethical and moral laws.

### THE ELOPEMENT OF AN ISLAN

#### Dr. Vasa Prabhavati

"Anasuya has eloped, they say!"

"It seems so"

"whom could she find at this age? At forty!"

"Haven't you heard of naughty forties!"

"She ran away with that tuition teacher"

"He is younger to her by four years, it seems!"
"Ayyo... how strange!? After all these years
of waiting she chose to run away with him!
More so, he doesn't belong to their caste either!"
"Her old parents will croak in their sleep, I am
sure. They'll never recover from the shock".
This was the reaction of one section when they
heard the news. But a few others sympathised
in their own way.

"How long do you expect her to remain a spinster?"

"She is a woman too like any body else", isn't she?"

"Her parents are addicted to her pay packet"
"It's difficult to believe that love of parents too
is tinged with selfishness"

"It's good that she ventured out atleast at this stage of her life."

The word spread through the village carrying both sides of the argument. A new gossip! Everybody expressed their opinion freely. Criticism, sympathy, envy, bitterness, hatred—all these perceptions were projected from different sections! The gossip gave them a vicarious pleasure. A few tried to divert the attention of people to conceal their own dark spots.

It was seven O'clock in the evening. Anasuya was all alone at home, relaxing in an easy chair with a book in her hand. She could not concentrate on the lesson which she was to teach the next day.

The cool breeze through the window brought the fragnance of Nightqueen into the room. Anasuya felt titillated to hear the old melody - "Sivaranjani... Navaragini..." from the movie Toorpu - Padamara (East and West). The song which she had heard many times over, sounded strange and meaningful. Her heart beat adjusted to the rhythm of the song. "Can I ever have a lover like the hero? Lucky is his lady love! Can such a thing happen in real life? Will it be a part of my life? May not be in this birth... I'm already thirty five...hair graying at the temples with a wrinkle here and there..."

Anasuya slipped into the past. She was beautiful and already a head turner at the age of fourteen. She felt a queen in her class and was flooded with appreciative glances. Her fan following included both the sexes. Boys wrote love letters, proposing marriage. But Anasuya was determined to pursue higher studies and take up a career. She rejected all proposals and successfully put off her parents, efforts to search for a good match. Anasuya completed her post graduation and joined as a lecturer in a college.

Anasuya's father looked upon this as a boon to his family of six children. He was able to make both ends meet with great

Translated from Original in Telugu by Dr. Bhargavi Rao

difficulty. Anasuya's salary made their life comfortable.

Young Anasuya's sole endeavour was to steer clear of her admirers. She really looked mature and beautiful at that stage. She made an effort to keep off eve-teasers, road Romeos - the guys who followed her on scooters and cars. Though she was dressed in a simple cotton sari, she looked attractive even in the crowd.

In the meantime, her father retired from the petty job. He invested his retirement benefits in a small house in "Seethaphalmandi". He did try a few alliances for Anasuya but to pool the dowry money was beyond him. Anasuya was not the type to fall in love and search her own partner. She focussed all her strength to help her parents and to cater to the needs of the family.

Anasuya had three sisters and two brothers. The eldest of the three fell in love with somebody and married him while still in her teens. The next one completed her degree, worked as a school teacher and married her colleague. The youngest one married their first cousin after completing her tenth standard. Anasuya's brother got into a Bank after graduation and chose another Bank employee as his life's partner. The youngest was still studying. Nobody in the family was bothered about Anasuya. They all eagerly waited for her pay. They were all very sure that she had shut her mind on marriage as she was in her forties.

That day, everybody left for Vijayawada to attend a family wedding. Anasuya could not

make it as it was a working day. Her parents too did not insist that she should go with them. She felt lonely and dejected. The song from the radio stirred her thoughts again. "Samajavargamana..."! Anasuya never experienced courting or "Pellichoopulu". But her mind was still craving for a companion. She needed a man. She dreamt of a male hug, a loving caress and a touch to sooth her burning desire. But was it possible? Was her dream going to come true? How could she quench her love, gushing like a sea in her bosom!

Anasuya went back in time. Mohan was her student. He came for tution along with her brother. Initially, he was timid and docile. But he warmed up to her in no time, became chatty and friendly. He used to stare at her and Anasuya felt disturbed about him. His mischievous looks touched her innermost cords. Anasuya could not reciprocate though she could understand his intentions. Her parents encouraged Mohan because besides paying fee, he used to assist them.

Mohan completed Engineering and got a job in Bombay. The day he left he gave Anasuya an expensive silk saree and a pearl set as a gift. He begged her to wear them as an indirect proposal. He tried to cajole her and humoured her but Anasuya was reticent. Mohan felt disappointed and left the place abruptly bidding good bye and trying to hide his dissappointment. It was more than six months back Anasuya experienced a longing and an ache.

She looked at the clock. It was eight in the night. Anasuya did not feel like having dinner. She wanted to go and sit in a theatre and it was then she heard a gentle knock on the door. Mohan entered with a smile and said "Madam. how are you?" Anasuya was more than surprised. She could not meet his eyes and looked down to hide her embarrassment.

Mohan drew a chair close to her.

"I came from Bombay this morning", he spoke in a low, husky voice.

Anasuva listened.

"No body at home? Where have they gone? Are you all-alone?".

"They all went to attend a wedding"

"Come on", Let's go out and have dinner, and go for a movie" Mohan hustled her.

Anasuya ran into her room, with her heart pounding. She freshened up and wore the sari which Mohan presented her and also the pearls set. When she came out, she could not look straight into his eyes which stared at her adoringly.

Both of them took an auto and went to a nearby restaurant. From there they sat in a theatre. They did not bother about the movie. Mohan enjoyed watching the show holding her hands. Anasuya enjoyed his proximity. His mild perfume, caressing touch made her feel erotic. They looked into each other's eyes dotingly. After sometime, Mohan suggested that they go home. She agreed and followed him. He hired a rickshaw and they sat together. The uneveness of the road literally made them hug each other.

Anasuya opened the door and stepped in with a heavy heart. He held her close, taking her weight on him. She wanted to change her dress, but the appeal in Mohan's eyes was irrestible and she threw herself at him. His warm hug turned into a hot embrace and she gave in. Ansuya gobbled up every move as if she was ravenoulsy hungry. The totally alien experience transported her to another world. It was a heaven, an exclusive abode for love. oblivious of surroundings.

Mohan sat on the edge of the cot, still holding her in his arms.

"Madam, you should come with me!"

"Where to"?

"To Bombay"

"Why"

"I can't live without you. We will get married." "Nobody will ever approve of our wedding", Her voice was hesistant, filled with fear and

apprehension.

"Who approves of our union now? Tell me. Didn't we enjoy this? It is an entirely a personal matter. I'm aware that neither your parents will nor my mother will approve. "What does it matter?" Mohan spoke convincingly.

Anasuya was thrilled at his proposal. She never thought of her job, father, family or any other thing. Here is her man ready to take her with him and offer pleasure. Immense pleasure, heavenly bliss! Anasuya decided that she was going to be with him and not lose the opportunity. They slept holding on to one another. Their union had a not effect and resulted in mountainous contentment.

Suprabhatham at a distance came as a wake up call. Anasuya left a note to her parents about her decision. They had their bath and the morning cup of coffee. Anasuya came out opening the door and looked around. Her neighbour was collecting the milk sachet. She left the key with her, with a request to give it to her parents.

She followed Mohan holding her suitcase. Mohan held her hand and walked towards the rising sun. The entire neighbourhood watched the strange lovers!

"Anasuya is going away!"

"Look there with him..."

"How strange!"

"He doesn't even belong their caste!"

"How can she do it at the age of forty?"

"Yes, this is Kalikalam"

But nothing came in their way. Love knows no caste, colour or creed. Love is continuous flow. They walked hand in hand confidently away from the crowd, far away where they could not hear the comment that — "Anasuya has eloped".

# I THUS QUESTION THE UNIVERSAL MOTHER

#### B. Indira Kumari

O Universal Mother! How wonderful always are Thy ways! Here thou lookest all smiles and there Thou nearest ferocious looks, Now Thy love showeth in abundance now Thy acts as so merciless, Some Thou takest to Thy soothing for some and lovingly them fondle, And to the other some, Thou dearest Thy loves soft cradle, Is it Thou dost whip with horrors only the unrightious? Ah! Quite, quite contradictory to our conceptions are Thy acts, Only the weak and the helpless are being teased where as the vicious Enjoy life's Sweets. The Sages preach only the good in the end despite all sorrows. Attains the immortal bliss and the unruly now with worldly pleasures Are for ever caught in the whirlpool of seeing joys, wanting in peace How to believe the words of Sages and Saints and keep quite? I won't believe, O Mother unless, Thou, Thy self dost convince me, descending into mine heart The heart ever prepared, Thy to welcome with all love and devotion And to make Thy the permanent captive of its love, Thou. 

### ABSOLUTE ART

### Dr.Sanjeev Dev

Dr. Sanjeev Dev, the great painter of international renown sent this article for publication in TRIVENI a few months before his demise. It would have been easier for the readers to understand the artistic aspects and spititual implications, if the brochure of paintings is placed before our eyes. -Editor

The elemental world, destined to culminate into mental world is mainly five-fold consisting of sky, air, fire, water and earth. Sky belongs to sound, air to sound and touch, fire to form, touch and sound, water to sound, taste and smeil.

Of all these, the vision and audition, or sight and sound are the most significant ones in human life which mainly relies, for its existance, on time and space; time belongs to sound, space to form.

The main characteristic of the visual world is form containing colour. The art of painting belongs to the medium of form including colour. The form in the visual world is the significant phenomenon. No form, no vision. Thus form is the vital phenomenon of the art of painting.

In the visual world the form is divided into two sorts - natural and artistic, the former is made by nature itself while the latter is by man. Natural form is the unmodified form while artistic form is the modified form executed by the artist's manual dextirity.

The art of painting is wisely divided into two - the representational, the semi-representational

and the non-representational corresponding to realism, idealism and abstraction. Realism is exact imitation, idealism is modified imitation, while abstractionism is anti-imitation or absolute creation.

Every human being is an artist, no doubt. Simply because every human being is an artist, every being is not a talented artist. He or she alone is a talented artist who happens not to be a sleeping artist but a waking artist.

He is the master of all techniques and media and all themes. But since some time he has been interested in specialising the methods of modern art especially the abstract painting.

Each art creation, whether visual or aural, required content and form or theme and technique. No amorphous art could exist. But what we call the abstract art is then alone is abstract when it happens to be shapeless or formless. But when form exists it would be no more abstract art. Thus the abstract art could become an abstract art when it happens to appear in concrete form.

But there is a way for solving this selfcontradictory complex problem. In art the term abstract means not absolute formlessness but it implies the absence of familiar forms or the absence of forms that are familiar to us in our empirical life or the sensory objective world. The abstract MUSIC AND MOVEMENTS IN FOUR OUART

artist is he who relies on his subjective conception instead of the objective perception.

An abstract artist is he who does not utilise the forms of the realistic appearances but the realities of the imaginary forms. He or she wants to keep aloof from the forms of phenomena and take refuge in those of the phenomena which are not identical with those of the elemental world. Thus gives tangible forms to intangible objects.

Yet, his paintings are not the forms of exclusively intangible imagination nor those of exclusively tangible realities. His forms exist beyond the touch of the brush. Thus these paintings are formless forms and colourless colours - a silent visual music beyond all sound; they are the visual music because it is heard only through the eyes and not through the ears.

His themes in these pictures mostly belong to 'Liberation' - liberation from the bondage of agony and anguish or sorrow and suffering. In the usual sense our mundane world is an elemental prison where living is a pain, from which man hankers to liberate himself and enjoy the eternal joy in the effulgent light of the infinity both terrestrial and celestial.

If any art, any science or any other ramification of culture fails to liberate man from any such material limitation, unless he is helped to progress on the path from thraldom to freedom, would remain a greater bondage.

All the chromatic pieces reproduced in the present brochure are indeed master pieces of revalation of enlightenment and refinement.

Each piece represents peace and bliss. Rhythm and tune reflect and resound the transcendental worlds beyond rhythm and tune. Beyond the rhythm stays the sthasis and beyond the tune moves the kines. The stasis is space and the kinesis is time; thus the harmony of the two forms the infinite cosmos.

The material of these paintings is a special type of fabric which spreads until the four corners of the frame creating the illusion of reaching the empty space outside the frame unfolding the varoius twists and bondages of the corners together with the enfoldments of the two-dimensional base. This strange aspect of the pictorial execution gives not merely the charm of the form but the enhancement of the delicate paint. Thus these pieces create both the external charm and the internal calm. All these forms deal with the illumination of liberation. Unfoldment of the enfolded is the living liberation.

Natural creation is bondage while artistic creation is liberation. Whatever is bondage is the source of all sorrows and sufferings while liberation is the instrument that relieves the sufferer from the bondage into the realm of joy and perse.

These paintings represent both bondage and liberation. The forms as well as the colours are not contrasting but harmonious. Different shades and tints of the same colours are displayed here. The darker shades represent the realms of sorrow and the lighter tints represent those of joy.

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# MUSIC AND MOVEMENTS IN FOUR QUARTETS

Dr.Shailendra kumar Mukul

Four Quartets is a series of musical compositions. It approximates the form of a quartet and creates the effects of music produced by stringed instruments. In calling his poems "Quartets" Eliot regards them as representing an advanced stage in the artistic process of musical elaboration. The artistic excellence of these poems lies not only in their elaborate structure and varying tempo but also in their use of a variety of modes of human speech like different combinations of musical instruments. In the musical structure of Four Quartets Eliot seems to have been greatly influenced by Ludwig van Beethoven, an eighteenth-century German composer, who composed several "forms of vocal and instrumental music, from dainty bagatelle to grand symphony, from simpler songs to opera and mass." He intended an analogy with Beethoven's late quartets, op 127, 130, 131, 132 and 135. In 1935 Stephen Spender made a conjecture that Part II of Ash-Wednesday corresponded in structure to one of the movements in Beethoven's quartets. Whether Beethoven influenced Ash-Wednesday or not, it seems likely that Spender's supposition influenced "Burnt Norton".

But when we look back and cast a glance over the early poems of Eliot, we are struck by the fact that Eliot did not leap at this form of music all of a sudden. He had been rather cherishing in his heart the desire for musical experiment in his poetry for a long time. His early poems in 1917 had already discovered "the vocal powers of verse". "Portrait of a Lady"

had experimented with the music of speech cadences and "Rhapsody on a Windy Night" had shown its structural analogy to some musical form. The five movements of The Waste Land and Gerontion had indicated Eliot's preference for elaborate musical structure.

What is unique and remarkable about Four Quartets is that its string music is "more closely analogous to the human voice than any other instrumentation." Whatever diverse modes, lyric, prosaic, didactic or deliberative, these "Quartets" may have, they follow in an enclosed world the forms of common speech and intent conversation. If we study the representative poets of different ages, we are sure to find that each of them discards the worn-out poetic idiom and discovers something new in the common speech of his time. Wordsworth revolted against the synthetic poetic diction of the neo-classical poetry and advocated the use of the real language of men in a state of vivid sensation in his Preface to the Lyrical Ballads. But the same revolt had been made a century before by Waller, Denham and Dryden and was made a century after by Hopkins, Yeats and Eliot. What actually happens is that every revolutionary in every age creates a new poetic idiom and invents a new poetic style for the subject he wants to talk about. But as time rolls on, the speech of man changes with the change of sensibility in him. Consequently, the poetic idiom, losing its relation to the common speech of its time, goes out of date

and turns effete. A new generation of poets appears on the scene and makes a search for a new poetic idiom. In this way, the cycle of revolution keeps on.

What I mean to say is that the music of poetry is music which is "latent in the common speech of its time". That is why, much of the poetry written in modern times is meant to be spoken, not to be sung. The present context reminds me of the dual achievement of William Shakespeare who performed in his single lifetime the task of two poets. In the early half of his poetic career he began to move from artificiality to simplicity, from stiffness to suppleness. His prime objective was to adapt his poetic form to the sound and rhythm of spoken words and colloquial speech. This adaptation was almost complete when he wrote Antony and Cleopatra in which every dramatic character could easily speak with simplicity and naturalness. But in the later half of his poetic career Shakespeare did something extraordinary and moved from simplicity towards elaboration. Now his chief concern was to experiment, to see how elaborate the music of poetry could be made without losing touch with the colloquial speech.

T.S.Eliot, in "The Music of Poetry", holds that modern poetry has not attained its full form as yet; and it still belongs to "a period of search for a proper modern colloquial idiom." It is only after finding such a colloquial idiom that "a period of musical elaboration" will begin. Eliot is an extraordinary poet who began his search for a proper idiom very early and found it out in" The Love Song of J.Alfred Prufrock" in

1917. Later on, he used it copiously and developed it into a medium of great flexibility and adaptation. Having found and developed his poetic idiom, he began to exploit his auditory imagination and move towards elaborate musical form. Now his main task was to experiment, to see how elaborate the music of poetry could be made without losing touch with the colloquial idiom. He began this experiment with the music of poetry in "Portrait of a Lady" just a few years after the publication of "The Love Song of J.Alfred Prufrock"; and his experiment continued for the whole of his life and found its consummation in the poetry of Four Quartets. The music of Four Quartets is the most elaborate music that Eliot ever made in his life - time. It not only suggests the sound and rhythm of spoken words and colloquial speech but also signifies the structure of interrelation among various types of human speech and poetic materials. In "The Music of Poetry" T.S.Eliot has made some significant remarks which may be applicable to the music of Four Quartets:

"There are possibilities for verse which bear some analogy to the development of a theme by different groups of instruments; there are possibilities of transitions in a poem comparable to the different movements of a symphony or a quartet; there are possibilities of contrapuntal arrangement of subject-matter."

Here Eliot talks about three types of possibilities in verse - the possibility of thematic analogy between poetry and musical instruments, that of structural analogy between 40 Triveni

poetry and quartets and that of contrapuntal arrangement of subject-matter. So far as the first possiblility is concerned, it needs greater attention. It is not that the themes of poetry and musical instruments are identical. They may be or may not be. Four Quartets is analogous to groups of instruments in the sense that both of them have recurring themes which are developed in a highly complex way and then resolved. But it is impossible to create in poetry the effect of the unison of musical instruments. However, a poet of consummate craftsmanship may, be some analogy, suggest some effects of seeming unison through different tonal levels or intensities in writing, ranging from the prosaic to the lyrical. These tonal levels demand different modes of expressions with the changing moods of the poet at different stages of his experience. That is why, the music of Four Quartets is very rich and varied. It exhibits a vast range of speech rhythms extending from the ordinary everyday speech.

"You say I am repeating Something I have said before"

to serious philosophical meditation,

"What might have been is an abstraction Remaining a perpetual possibility Only in a world of speculation."

But the second possibility is quite obvious; and it applies well to the structure of Four Quartets. Four Quartets is composed of four poems; and each poem is "structurally a poetic equivalent of the classical symphony or

quartet or sonata as distinct from the suite." Each "Quartet" is divided into five movements and transitions between these movements are quite musical.

The first movement follows the musical sonata form and falls into three divisions. These divisions are the exposition, development and recapitulation of themes. In "Burnt Norton" the first division is attached to the second by a bridge passage while the third is a brief da capo. In "East Coker" and "The Dry Salvages" the second division has two parts; but the third division is utterly lacking in the latter poem. The contrast between two kinds of time, one symbolized by "river" and another by "sea", is apparent in "The Dry Salvages".

"The river is within us, the sea is all about us"

The second movement opens with a lyric passage in traditional metre with varying rhyme schemes in different poems. The lyric passage is immediately followed by a prosaic one abounding in speech rhythms. The idea treated metaphorically in the first half of the movement is developed in the second in a conventional manner. In "Burnt Norton" the lyric passage is packed with images and allusions and shows the great influence of French Symbolist poetry. But the following prosaic passage is longer and more discursive and quite relaxed in metre. In "The Dry Salvages" and "Little Gidding" the first lyric passage is in stanza form; but the second one is conspicuously in traditional metre in the last "Ouartet".

The third movement is more or less prosaic in contrast with the second one. In "Burnt Norton" the third movement describes ordinary life as bondage to time and shows two important ways of redemption from this life - "illuminative way" and "purgative way". The third movement of "East Coker", like that of "Burnt Norton", shows a sharp contrast between the barren darkness and "the darkness of God." In "The Dry Salvages" the third movement describes the discipline of detachment in terms of the oriental philosophy derived from the Bhagavad Gita.

The fourth movement is brief and lyrical; and in the last three "Quartets" it becomes stanzaic in form. It sums up the ideas already introduced and gives to them Christian formulation. It has different subjects in different "Quartets": God the Father as the unmoved Mover in the first, God the Son as Redeemer in the Second, the Virgin as Intercesson in the third and God the Holy Ghost as the voice of Love in the fourth.

The final movement recapitulates the themes of the poem and resolves the underlying contradictions. In "Burnt Norton" the fifth movement meditates upon the nature of a work of art and sees stillness in its form and pattern. The transient materials of a work of art acquire eternity only through form and discipline. Eliot makes excellent use of a smile by comparing the form of a work of art to a Chinese jar:

"Only by the form, the pattern, Can words or music reach The stillness, as a Chinese jar still Moves perpetually in its stillness."

The third possibility imagined by Eliot is the possibility of "contrapuntal arrangement of subject-matter" in verse. This is really an excellent quality Four Quartets displays in its philosophical meditation on time. Time is in flux, ever-changing, unreal and meaningless. It acquires meaning only when it is in relation to eternity. The union of the flux of time with the stillness of eternity which forms the central theme of Four Quartets involves several philosophical meanings of time. Besides, the poem has a number of supporting themes like history, poetry, faith and love which combine together to form a complex pattern of meaning. The contrapuntal arrangement of these themes contributes to the music of Four Quartets.

So the music of Four Quartets is a complex product. It emanates not merely from its speech cadence and elaborate structure but also from a counterpoint of themes. The phrase "music of ideas" used by I.A.Richards for The Waste Land may be applied to Four Quartets. Ideas in Four Quartets are of several kinds, abstract and concrete, general and particular. But they are so arranged that they tell us something and their effects cause in us "a coherent whole of feeling and attitude.

# THE ORIGINAL SIN: A CONTROVERSIAL QUESTION

Dr.R.S. Tiwary

"Original Sin" is often alluded to in English literary writings. The concept, however, is not, to my mind, quite clear to Indian students of English letters. In the first place, Indians, at any rate, Hindus do not believe in any Original Sin. Being "Amrita-Putrahs" the idea of Sin being committed by man in the initial stages of earthly existence is alien to us. But, amongst the Christians, the Doctrine of Original Sin has loomed large in the speculations of the Church Fathers or Theologians ever since St. Augustine of the fifth century A.D. enunciated it clearly.

Before proceeding further, it will be profitable to see how Original Sin has been defined in The Oxford Dictionary of World's Religions, 1997, published by Oxford University Press:

"Original Sin - In Christian theology the state of sin into which everyone is born as a result of the 'Fall of Adam'. The basis of this in the Bible is Paul's teaching that through one man (Adam), sin entered the world, so that by the trespass of the one the many died. (Romans, 5.12). It was developed by the early Greek fathers, but became most precise in Latin writers of the 2nd-5th cent., culminating Augustine's in formulation. According to him, Adam's sin has been transmitted from parent to child ever since, through concupiscence, in this case through the sinful sexualexcitement which accompanies

procreation. The human race has thus become a 'lump of sin' as shown, e.g., by the practice of baptising even newborn babies with exorcisms. In the Pelagian controversy, Augustine's view prevailed, although his extreme views were not adopted in the East. In the Middle Ages, the doctrine was newly treated by St. Thomas Aquinas. He distinguished Adam's ordinary nature from the supernatural gifts he possessed before the fall... Original sin is the loss of these gifts, leaving Adam's successors to the natural operation of their wills and passions. The instrument of transmission is procreation, but independently of concupiscence. This was a more optimistic view of human nature than Augustine's and was re-stated at the Council of Trent in opposition to the pessimistic views of Luther and Calvin. According to present Catholic teaching, original sin is the loss of sanctifying grace; concupiscence is its result, not its essence. Since the 18th century, the influence of Old Testament criticism, combined with natural science, has either attenuated the dogma, especially in Protestantism although it is strongly affirmed in conservative and neo-orthodox circles, or changed the emphasis to one of describing human inability to rescue itself from its condition out of its own

strength or resources; genetic endowments, combined with social, cultural and historical circumstances precede the birth of all individuals and are not chosen by them; yet they form both character and action in ways that are inevitably disordered.""

Now from a perusal of the above excerpt, two things become clear: First that the Sin was the result of the fall of Adam. What was this "fall"? Manifestly, this "fall" suggests the violation by Adam of the Lord God's command not to eat of the fruit of what was the Tree of Knowledge, albeit God had not named the tree to Adam and Eve, according to Genesis, Old Testament, and that violation was a Sin, the First Sin committed by the earliest human parent: Second that this Sin has been transmitted to the human kind, generation after generation, through the process of Procreation. A third ensuant, connected with procreation, is the concupiscence, the sinful sexual excitement. The natural corollary, therefore, has been that the human race has become "a lump of sin". This view found full elaborate expression in the formulation of Augustine, one of the major Roman Fathers, and tended to become a frankly Pessimistic View, respecting the essential nature of man.

The element of Sexual Excitement became associated with the human parents' violation of the divine command because of their eyes of knowledge having been opened by the eating of the forbidden fruit which made them

conscious of their being NAKED which fact made them to make aprons by sewing together the fig leaves (The Holy Bible Catholic Edition, London Catholic Truth Society, with a foreword by Cardinal Heeman, Archbishop of Westminister, December, 1965). In this wise, disobedience to the dictates of the Lord God. evidently a Sin, becomes associated with the concept of impropriety of sexual union between man and woman. Adam and Eve are expelled from the Garden of Eden ---- Adam being punished with the curse that "In the sweat of your face, you shall eat bread till you return to the ground for out of it you were taken; you are dust and to dust you shall return,"; and Eve with the curse that "I will greatly multiply your pain in child-bearing; in pain you shall bring forth children, your desire shall be for your husband, and he shall rule over you." (Ibid., Genesis). According to the excerpt quoted from the Oxford Dictionary of World's Religions, the present Catholic teaching regards Original Sin as "the loss of sanctifying grace" by Adam and Adamites. To us, however, a Sin is a Commission, not a Loss or Forfeiture. That is, an act committed in violation of accepted moral standards or against a religious sanction is called a Sin, not the Consequence of that violation. Anyway, the fact emerges out that Violation of the divine command, resulting into sex-consciousness by Adam and Eve and the ensuing sexual attraction between man and woman turns out to be labelled as the Original Sin which denied the first human couple "sanctifying grace".

### **(B)**

As suggested above, resorting to St.Paul's teaching that through one man (Adam) sin entered the world, the Doctrine of Original Sin was elaborated by Augustine in the fifth century A.D., becoming a dogma of the Roman Catholic Church. The formulations of the advocates of this theory are as follows — "The whole human race sinned in Adam when he sinned. Adam's will was the will of the race. so that all men sinned in Adam and rebelled with him when he sinned. When Adam sinned. human nature was corrupted, so that now all men are born with a sinful nature. This sinful nature is the "fountain and direct cause of all of man's sins. Man sins by nature and cannot help but sin". Because of Adam's transgression, all men are guilty, under the just "wrath and curse of God", and are liable to the "pains of hell for-ever." Even new-born babies open their eyes in this world under the "wrath and curse" of God. They are guilty and condemned from the moment of their birth." (Chapter 3, Part One, of 'Are Men Born Sinners?': The Myth Of Original Sin' written by A.T.Overstreet)

Overstreet frankly labels it a False Doctrine. For the benefit of the average reader some of the direct quotes from advocates of this doctrine are produced below:-

Our nature sinned in Adam. Our nature, then transformed for the worse, not only became a sinner, but also begets sinners. From this condemnation no one is exempt, not even new-born children." (Augustine)

"Children are infected by parents' sins as well, as Adam's and the actual sins of the parents impose guilt upon the children" (Augustine Harnack)

"The nature and essence of man is, from his birth, an evil tree, a child of wrath." (Martin Luther)

"Original Sin is the hereditary depravity and corruption of our nature..." (Calvin R.Seeburg)

"The sin of Adam is the immediate cause and ground of inborn depravity, guilt and condemnation to the whole human race." (A.H.Strong)

"In the sigh of God, Adam's sin was the sin of all his descendants, so that they are born as sinners. Every man is guilty in Adam and is consequently born with a depraved and corrupt nature... And this inner corruption is the unholy fountain of all actual sins", (L.Berhkof)

# (C)

To us Hindus, the whole concept of Original Sin, as suggested above, is unacceptable. But what is satisfyingly noteworthy, this Doctrine has been refused even by rational Christians as well. Three important Theories of Original Sin have been highlighted by Overstreet, to wit, (1) The Augustinian Theory or the Realistic Theory or The Theory of Adam's Natural Headship; (2) The Federal Theory, or The Theory of Condemnation by Covenant and The

Immediate Imputation Theory; and (3) The Theory of Mediate Imputation or The Theory of Condemnation for Depravity, enunciated between fifth century A.D. and seventeenth century A.D. with subtle differences, all of them hold fast to the concept that since Adam sinned, all his progeny sinned after him in different ways. Overstreet comments that "It is probably shocking for the Christian who has been taught these theories as "Bible truths" to be told that not one word of any of then can be found in the Bible." Christians believe these theories to be Bible doctrines, quoted directly from the Bible, becuase "Theologians, preachers and Sunday school teachers" teach them as if they are taken directly from the Holy Bible, sometimes confounding the faithfuls by quoting texts out of context which give them a "semblance of credence". Overstreet pertinently asks: "Where can you find written in the Bible that "The whole human race existed in Adam at the time of his transgression"? Or that "Adam's will was the will of the species?" Or that "All men existed as one moral person in Adam, so that in Adam's sin, we sinned, we corrupted ourselves and brought guilt and merited condemnation upon ourselves"? et cetera, et cetera. His categorical reply is "Nowhere!" Overstreet goes on: "You can search the Bible through from cover to cover and you will never find a word of these theories on its pages." He even quotes Deut., 4-2, Rev., 22:8-18 to show that God has twice warned men not to tamper with his Holy Word, neither adding to it nor taking from it. Overstreet revealingly comments that the different proponents of the

above-said Trio of important theories take ample pains to disprove the opponents' theory or theories as being anti-Bible. Just one objection by A.H.Strong, rejecting the Federal Theory, may be cited here for the benefit of the average run of readers. Strong argues: "It impugns the justice of God by implying (a) that God holds men responsible for the violation of a covenant, which they had no part in establishing. We not only never authorised Adam to take such a covenant, but there is no evidence that he ever made one at all. It is not even certain that Adam knew that he should have posterity; (b) that upon the basis of this covenant God accounts men as sinners who are not sinners.; (c) that after accounting men to be sinners who are not sinners. God makes them sinners by immediately creating each human soul with a corrupt nature such as will correspond to his decree. This is not only to assume a false view of the origin of the soul, but also to make God directly the author of sin." How cogent and interesting the argument is! Overstreet is valid in commenting that "The dogma of the Original Sin is proven false by its very advocates."

D

None the less, the question remains as to how this theory of the Origianl Sin came to find a place in the beliefs of the Christian faithfuls. According to Finney, it is "a relic of heathen philosophy" and was foisted in among, the doctrines by Augustine. "This statement is confirmed," states Overstreet, by a simple reading of Church History, which denotes that

from the second and third centuries on, both the practices and doctrines of Christianity were corrupted in an ever-increasing way by heathen philosophies with their abundant pagan superstitions and morality. This influence was profound. There was gross licentiousness on the one hand and extreme asceticism on the other: veneration and worship of saints, relics, images, and pictures, the development of a priest hood with priestly rituals and ceremonies ; magical and spiritual powers ascribed to water, sacred words and signs, water baptizm for the remission of sins and the baptism of infants. Heathen mythology was introduced and given a Christian form. ...." Further, many of the theologians were converts from heathenism., who wedded their pagan philosophical concepts to Christianity. These were literary men, educated in the philosophies, who gave the concept of their heathen beliefs to Christianity there by corrupting its purity. "To read the theological writings of some of these early church fathers is like reading a fantastic story! And it was these early church fathers, from the second and third centuries on, who made the first allusions to a doctrine of original sin."

Origen, for example, taught a doctrine of original sin, being a student of all the current philosophies. His theology bears un-mistakable marks of both Gnosticism and Neo-Platonism. He taught the pre-existence of souls and that all men sinned and fell in a former existence. He believed that men, before their existence in this world, were "spirits without bodies", and that the material world was created by God

for the disciplining and purifying of these fallen spirits. Fallen men had been banished into material bodies to be disciplined and purified. He taught that this estrangement of fallen spirits would some day come to an end and all men would be saved. Even the devil and demons would be restored to God. ... In the end, all spirits in this heaven and in earth including the demons, would be brought back to God, after having ascended from stage to stage through seven heavens. Origen believed that sin is a necessary consequence of man's material nature. He later assumed the existence of a sort of hereditary sin originating with Adam and added this idea to his belief in a pre-existing fall. And like Augustine, after him, supposed that there was an inherent pollution and sinfulness in sexual union. Augustine himself was deeply imbued with the heathen philosophies of his day. He next fell under the influence of Neo-Platonism, and his theological views were strongly influenced by this philosophy as well. According to A.H.Newman, Augustine, being connected for many years with the Manichaeans, got his modes of thought greatly affected by this experience. "Augustine's doctrine of sin, with his belief in the inherent sinfulness of the physical constitution, is wholly Manichaean. His idea that sin is propagated through the marriage union, that sexual desire is sin and that sexual lust in procreation tramnsmits sin is also Manichaean. Augustine built his doctrine of original sin upon the premise that sexual lust in procreation transmits sin.

Before closing the article, we deem it

desirable to draw attention to the new treatment of the question of Oiginal Sin by St. Thomas Aguinas (1225-1274) in as much as he commands, along with Augustine, wide respect amongst the Christians. Let it be clearly understood that Aquinas does not refute the doctrine, but gives it a new interpretation. An interesting question seems to have been broached in the course of the controversy: Whether the original sin was contracted by man because of the fact of Adam having committed the sin of transgressing God's command and it would not have been contracted by man if Eve had committed the trespass. To us, the question is really of immense interest since it seeks to formulate a distinction between man and woman. One school of opinion apparently holds woman to be the prime source from which men will inherit the sin and seeks to exonerate man from the blame. They take recouse to the logic that it is the woman who provides the matter for the bearing of children and therefore she, or for that matter. Eve should be held responsible for the commission and transmission of the original sin. St. Aquinas evidently holds Adam or man responsible in this regard in as much as Adam, "the first parent", is "the mover in the begetting of his children: "the active principle of generation is from the father, while the mother provides the matter. Therefore, original sin is contracted, not from the mother, but from the father, so that, accordingly, if Eve, and not Adam, had sinned, their children would not have contracted original sin, whereas if Adam, not Eve, had sinned, they would contract it." ('Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aguinas: First Part of the Second Part — Ouestion 81—Article

A pertinent question has been also broached respecting Mary, the Blessed Virgin. Damascene points out evidently a Biblical text. "The Holy Ghost came upon the Virgin (of whon Christ was to be born without original sin) purifying her", and argues that "But this purification would not have been necessary, if the infection of original sin were not contracted from the mother. Therefore, the infection of original sin is contracted from the mother, so that if Eve had sinned, her children would have contratced original sin, even if Adam had not sinned." To this reasoning, Aquinas replies by arguing: "This prevenient (antecedent or preventive) purification was not needed to hinder the transmission of original sin, but because it behoved the Mother of God "to shine with the greatest purity."

Let us close with the comment that the controversy, surrounding the Original Sin, refuses to be wished away with one sweep of the broom since even among the Hindus, it is generally believed that the consequences of the parent's commissions have to be borne by his offspring although we have no conception of Original Sin. As to Adam and Eve eating of the forbidden fruit, the Bible clearly states that both of them ate it - first Eve and then Adam under her persuasion - she having been beguiled by the cunning Serpent. Accordingly, if accountability has to be located, both Adam and Eve should be held responsible together as some of the Christian theologians also entertain this view.

### THE EYES

#### Dr. V. Subhadra Devi

Everyone called him my father, my only surviving relative and guardian. But to me, he is just a pair of piercing eyes. I never saw him in front of me. It was always a feeling - a feeling of peircing and burning intensity passing through me from behind - a feeling of someone, some ghost-like being trying to clutch me within its tentacles and me always trying to run away from it. This was from the day I started recognising the world around me. My attempt, my aim, my ambition was to run, run and run if necessary into absolute void itself. Every cell in my body, my consciouness cried out - "ESCAPE from those hunting and haunting eyes".

I never could imagine that a look from behind could destroy a person so completly. There was a time when I longed that I too had had a father like the other kids. Shouting if I had done anything wrong, even beating me black and blue if that wrong was grave enough. I would have jumped with joy if only I were beaten thouroughly for such a misdeed instead of getting this nerve-shattering silent look. But it was not to be. It was always these eyes from behind, frightening in the beginning, puzzling later and devastatingly irritating in the end.

It was not that I had not tried to resist it. I tried all sorts of tricks to stop it and a good solid punishment like any other healthy kid.

I tried breaking my slate too often or loosing my books. I tried solving my clothes, pinching my neighbour's little ones, beating my classmates, having a good fight with them for the least provacation and finally playing traunt to school. The look became more intense. That was all. No punishment. No advice. No cajoling. No extraction of a promise for good behaviour with a dangling of a tempting present. Nothing. It was a void. It was not even a void. It was HELL. It was always HIM. Not like a father but like an extracting SATAN just waiting to engulf you at the earliest unguarded movement of yours.

I do wish that other fathers would take a lesson from the tragedy of my life and be just fathers to their kids, sharing their joys, little agonies and small trium, as.

I became bad and then worse like any other unsocial character. First I stole pencils and erasers. Then hens and cocks from neighbours. I graduated to a pick-pocket and finally to a burglar. I attained the status of 'local goonda'. Then promoted myself to district level. Layers of decency and social fineness were gradually peeled away from me in my attempt to coax him to be a father to me. I mean not a father who provides for me, but a father who would share my troubles and tribulations in an affectionate and exhibitive way and not in a suppressed fashion. Rich ones took my help, politicians gave me protection, got involved in murders of their planning along with their henchmen. Finally on a day of reckoning, I was thrown as a red herring by a land-lord for Raji's murder, done obviously by his men.

I loved Raji. I met her when I was lying bleeding and unconscious in the bushes by The Eyes

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the side of her hut, stabbed by the brother of a girl I had wronged. From that moment till her last, she took complete care of my body and soul.

She was an angel. Looking at her face itself, I could forget all my past and future. Only a blissful present was present when I was with her. The ugly world just melted in her presence. For the first time in my life, I knew what it was to be loved and why people called 'LOVE' divine.

That bliss did not last long. One fine morning, she went for work in the field nearby and did not return. That night I moved heaven and earth to find her, but to no avail. Next morning, she appeared as corpse in the pond nearby.

Now I am convicted for my Raji's murder! Anyhow, the world has no meaning to me now. Not even the devilish phenomena which made me what I am. The court ordered my execution. I am going to be hanged till I die in three days. I am happy that I am going to escape that tearing agony of those

eyes and join Raji there above. Anyhow, the other world cannot be worse than this one.

People came to the cell and told me that my father has been one who believed that a child, when left to itself, would grow naturally and it is not good that one should interfere with the child's natural behaviour. But as a child, I did not know that theory. Even if I did, I would not have understood it. Ofcourse, I do not understand any of it even now.

I heard that he has been repenting for all that has happened to me, blaming himself for the devastating ruin of my life. They told me that he surrendered to the police claiming that he was the culprit and not I for what had happened. The police shoed him away as a raving mad man. I believe he has been on his death bed wishing only to be there in the other world before me. My soul is intorment. This is real hell in its insuled form. Now that she wants to go over with me to that unknown another world also, I do not want to die. I want to LIVE, LIVE atleast as a final escape from him.

# VOYAGE IN WONDERS

Pronab Kumar Majumdar

Who cradles darks of the night
To bringforth dawn
By opening earth's eyelids?
In enchanting melody
In light and shade?
Who saddles the cosmic carraige
Running in terrific speed

On its eternal voyage?
Dismayed about the cycles of the universe
I spend my limited life as a ripple
In the limitlessness of the ocean
knocking at doors of wonders
In utter awe and splendour -

### THE EARTH CHARTER

Prepared by the Non-Governmental Organizations Gathered Together in RIO DE JENEIRO

### Preamble

We are Earth, the people, plants and animals, rains and oceans breath of the forest and flow of the sea.

We honour Earth as the home of all living things.

We cherish Earth's beauty and diversity of life.

We welcome Earth's ability of renewal as being the basis of all life.

We recognize the special place of Earth's Indigenous Peoples, their territories, their customs

and their unique relationship to Earth.

We are apalled at the human suffering, poverty and damage to Earth caused by inequality of power.

We accept a shared responsibility to protect and restore

Earth and to allow wise and equitable use of
resources so as to achieve an ecological balance
and new social, economic and spiritual values.
In all our diversity we are one.

Our common home is increasingly threatened.

We thus commit ourselves to the following principles, noting at all times the particular needs of women, indigent people, the disabled and all those who are disadvantaged.

# Principles

- 1. We agree to respect, encourage, protect and restore Earth's ecosystems to ensure biological and cultural diversity.
- We recognize our diversity and our common partnership. We respect all cultures and affirm the rights of all people to basic environmental needs.
- Poverty affects us all. We agree to alter unsustainable patterns of production and consumption to ensure the eradication of

poverty and to end the abuse of Earth. This must include a recognition of the role of debt and financial flows from the South to the North and opulence and corruption as primary causes. We shall emphasize and improve the endogenous capacity for technology creation and development. Attempts to eradicate poverty should not be a mandate to abuse the environment and attempts to protect or restore the environment should not ignore basic human needs.

- 4. We recognize that the national barriers do not generally conform to Earth's ecological realities. National sovereignty does not mean sanctuary from our collective responsibility to protect and restore Earth's ecosystems. Trade practices and transnational corporations must not cause environmental degradation and should be controlled in order to achieve social justice, equitable trade and solidarity with ecological principles.
- 5. We reject the build up and use of military force and the economic pressure as means of resolving conflict. We commit ourselves to pursue genuine peace, which is not merely the absence of war but includes the eradication of poverty, the promotion of social justice and economic, spiritual, cultural and ecological well-being.
- 6. We agree to ensure that decision-making processes and their criteria are clearly defined, transparent, explicit, accessible and equitable. Those whose decisions or activities may affect the environment must first prove the absence of harm, Those likely to be affected, particularly populations in the south and those in

- subjugation within existing States, should have free access to information and effectively participate in the decisionmaking processes.
- 7. States, institutions, corporations and peoples are unequal in their contribution to environmental harm, experience of ecological degradation and ability to respond to environmental destruction. While all are responsible for improving environment quality, those who have expropriated or consumed the majority of Earth's resources or who continue to do so must cease such expropriation or reduce such consumption and must bear the costs of ecological restoration and protection by providing the majority of financial and technological resources.

And I brought you into a plentiful country to eat the fruit there of and enjoy the goodness there of. But when ye entered, ye defiled my land and made mine heritage an abomination.

- From Geremiah - Old Testament.

[If these principles are meticulously observed by all the nations, the world will be a better place to live in.]- Editor

## HYMN TO GODDESS EARTH (BHU)

This vedic hymn is in accord with the Rio Dejaneiro Declaration on Environment and Development of the United Nations Conference and the Earth Charter - Editor

The Earth Goddess is sustained by the light of knowledge,

Bhrama Gnanis, the Vedas, chastity (Pativrathya) of women, Satyam of Satyavadins, the dan of danis,

the dharmic actions of Dharmasheelas.

Oh, Thou Goddess! Thou beareth the mighty seas and rivers,

Thou art the giver of food for all living creatures; Thou art our mother.

Thy rivers flow eternally without rest for all creatures, day and night,

Oh! Mother Earth! Make us pure! Thou art Our Mother, We are your Children; The rain God is our Father, Bless us with Thy grace. Thou art the birth place of Agni, God of Fire which is found in your bowels, in water, in rocks, in nature, in men and other living creatures.

Mother! Let not cruel men dig deep trenches, into you and dot you with scars, bruise and crucify you.

Oh! Mother! Thou art the repository of Shantham, Sugandha and Sukham.

Thy ample breasts are blessed with Lifegiving milk for babes.

Thou emit sweet fragrance in all directions, Thou art the spirit of Shanthi, we pray for your benediction.

(Free rendering of a few hymns of Bhu Sukhti from the Atharvana Veda)

## THE VIVEKANANDA ROCK

(Kanyakumari)

## Prof.K.B. Sitaramayya

At the Land's end is the Soul's End,
The rock that stands every human shock
Stands beckoning him that understands,
Calls him from all that is false.
It calls them too, they are not a few,
Whom divine beauty from human duty draws,
Whose joys spring from no little toys:

They see the sun and moon rise and set
And rise again in all their glory there
They that seek escape also visit the Cape,
To ferry to the rock makes them merry.
Among them all you sometimes find a soul
Finding a balm for all ills in the Calm
May suddenly discover its destined goal.

## THE LAST LEAP YEAR

## Dr.R.Rabindranath Menon

Is 2000 A.D just another year that cowers with yesterday's fear?
The same old framework in the aftermath of an election that buries many a sad truth. Life that perished with poison now flourishes on it. To succeed somehow is the closing year's renewed vow. Progress is a craving to consume marching towards the inevitable doom.

Echoes call from the black asphalt:
"The roads are winding, long and steep,
my promises are all too big to keep
before I falter and fall asleep.
Let me rule before I sleep.
The mire is rising, it's neck-deep,
let me rule before I sleep.......".

Hope survives in the clash of fears, each evil afraid of other's shears and the last head-count. Fifty years gambol at the poll-games to degrade devils, but all emerge strong in this decade. The hangman awaits the last word, but masters change, so it wasn't heard. Anarcists yearn to rule from a tent pitched long before. Discontent and desire checkmate each other.

Democracy sprouts a few shoots with power to turn this country green. The question is whether the old bandicoots will eat them up. the unsettled scene has hope in its head, but mud in its boots.

## ORISSA SUPER CYCLONE

## Pronab Kumar Majumdar

The dead man's face
A demonstration of helplessness
The corpse has really no name Nature is never apologetic
A dead man never seeks mercy
Nor does he retaliate
A wild petal lying on the eyelid
Don't remove it
It will give the corpse a vision
of its transmigration.

Breathing is life
A life lives on air
When an elephant turns rogue
It only destroys everything
Coming its way
Super Cyclone is million of herds of rogues
Crashing eyelessly ruthlessly
Humanity is yet so easy prey Air, the elixir of life
Is enraged wild killer sometines.

## SHIRDI KE SAI BABA

## A. Satyavathi

A Fakir,
Omniscient, Omnipresent,
Wearing only a torn garb,
but proclaimed a King
by generations of devotees

King of Kings sitting on that everlasting throne, Just a stone.

Just a stone but what beauty of unparalled Divinity

Surrounds it.
The stone and the everlasting Neem, the tree under which you sat

The holy fire kept burning to burn for ever. The healing ash and above all thine holy form in all minds, a majestic saga of Beauty Divine.

## THE RISE OF A ROSE!

#### B. V.R. Kiran

Betwixt the swinging winds and the swaying trees,
In the morning light of a sunny breeze,
Beneath the covers of moist dew,
A great dream "To Blossom" grew,
In the heart of a little rose, red and bright
Into the world of life, by the waking light.
Sprang, the songs of joy in its sweetest heart
at time to become a part of the nature's art
And in the light of Morn and Scent of dew,
Arose, the rose, in flaming spirits with life anew,
As a jewel of the morn and the fruit of a thorn

Like the delight of eyes in the light of dawn. In the procession of zooming bees drinking its heart

Arose, the rose, in a friendly guise, in the spirit of art.

T's the very splendid yet a simple rose
In whose heart, a million dreams does repose
In the fancy of love, of kind,
In the fancy of mankind.
In wish that the mighty wars might cease

Arose, a rose, to bring the talk of peace

# MY LAND

#### Dr.B. Parvathi

Travelling down the time's stream
On a raft of adventure
I look up to the brightness of a marrow
Future's fulfillment of yesteryear's dreams
Visions of my land for a brighter dawn
The tri-colour fluttering in the wind
As flowers from it shower
Thrills my whole being and moistens my eyes

A feeling unparalleled, akin to love Love on a liberating scale
an ennobling, delivering, elevating thrill
Will I pass the stream a quarter hence
Will I feel the thrill on the tri-colour's flutter
If not, I tell my children, think of your mother
On this very day a quarter century later
who had just a drop of the patriot's blood in her

#### A RENEWED LEASE OF LIFE

#### Tulsi Naidu

Dying are the dreams that once were yours.

Their coffins beckon them with open doors.

Has time grived to bid them all farewell?

Do you, alas. so hear their knell?

Can none of us hold on to their heels
to pull them back? We still might try, one feels.

Castes and creeds should end was your call.
They keep on changing seats, but that is all.
Today one is boss, tomorrow another.
Envies a 'foreward' man his 'backward' brother!
The norm of robbing Paul to pay Peter —
is this a 'caste and creed eradicator'?

Merit no use, no use a medal of gold!

If rise you would, some bundles you must hold or in the 'Schedule' figure — your best citation and catapult for fastest elevation!

A scramble for inclusion in the Schedule by hook or crook has now become the rule!

You paved afresh the path of Ahimsa.

That Smoothened path we've left and strayed so far!

Now, badly caught in Conflict's thick quagmire, new skill in slinging mud could we acquire!

Our expertise in the handicraft of butchery sub-standard not; it deserves a Ph.D!

Hadn't you said that freedom's freedom true when midnight streets are safe for women too? It now would be indeed a valorous feat if even men, at midnight, walked the street! The only guesswork: which would claim one's life—

bomb, bayonet, bullet, sword or knife?

If likes of you, dear Bapu, here and there upon this earth, hidden be somewhere, may they intern selfishness and strife to give your dreams a renewed lease of life.

## **BOOK REVIEWS**

PROCEEDINGS OF THE FIRST TELUGU SYMPOSIUM OF AMERICA: published by the Vanguri Foundation of America, Houston, Texas, USA; Price not known.

This proceedings of the Symposium of Telugu language by the Andhras in North America is interesting reading for more reasons than one. First, this appears to be a genuine attempt at bringing those interested in preserving and promoting Telugu culture and literature together and attempting to find out means for this. In the process, educating their children in Telugu, even as a foreign language (in other countries like the US, Telugu is a foreign language) on the lines of French, German, Russian, Iddish etc., More importantly, the resolve to found a Telugu Chair in that country for this purpose. One has no hesitation in saying that the attempts are praiseworthy and hopes that they will also be fruitful, as the Telugus in America do not lack in resources or zeal. Now they have the resolution. God be with them!

The proceedings incidentally contain besides the usual articles by some of their writers in recent times, some creditable pieces by the eminent authors invited from Andhra. Such as for example, Dr.Ramapathi Rao who defines the Novel and gives a rightful place to Tirumala Ramachandra's "HAMPI TO HARAPPA' in his list of outstanding novels. And Dr.Kovela Sampatkumaracharya's brilliant analysis of

some of the memorable pieces of Telugu poetry of Tikkana, Viswanadha in his article on Telugu poetry.

"The report on Telugu Literature-Data Base" is a typical article that indicates how the American Telugus are interested in promoting data base of Telugu literature and books published by innovating the system and use of fonts, in the field of computers which is very much theirs.

One only hopes that the numerous typographical and grammatical errors could easily have been avoided, with a little more of proof - reading, as such works are a record for posterity.

- Vemaraju Narasimha Rao

RIVER OF COLLECTION by K.Lakshmi Narayana. Published by Inner Voice Publications; Church Road, Principal's Colony; Parlakhemundi - 761 200, Gajapathi District, Orissa. Price: Rs.35.

This is a collection of interesting poems - rare thoughts and rare style -

As the title indicates, it seems to be a collection of recollections of various situations in the poet's life, various moods and various people he remembers - the river of recollection, "carrying countless images...."

Cricket lovers can read with interest "A Game

of Fantasy". "Jawan" is a soldier's letter to his father. In some places the reader will find the play of words very interesting. To quote an example:

"Clenched fists of wrenched hands, Bedevilled rain and drenched lives; Withering buds on wistful stems, Clouds winnowed in wrinkles of the sky"

Very touching is the sad lengthly poem "My friend in Paradise" which the poet had written in memory of his best friend.

"Oh, honoured guest of the sky
We gaze the stars restlessly for you,
You emptied the ship of intimacy
And loaded it with loneliness"
In "A Tale of True Heart"

"I don't hear the roaring clouds,
But the test fires of Agni and Ghauri,
I don't hear the songs of global peace
But the tunes of starvation and despair."
"Glory of my Nation" "Visit to Tiruvali"
"render a patriotic and spiritual touch to the book.

-A.Satyavathi

Sri Siva Sahasranama Nirukti: Editor. Tippabhatla Ramakrishna Murthy(Authand Publisher), Behind Siva Templer Polakampada, Tadepalli PO, Gunta District, 425093 A.P. Price: Rs. 60

The adage, "Nearest to temple, farthest from God" does not apply to Dr.T.R.K.Murthy.

Living behind the Sivalayam he is able to take us very near the Supreme Lord through the meaning and explanation of his thousand names, He shows us that Siva is not different from Vishnu and lists for us the names that appear both in Siva Sahasranamam and Vishnu Sahasranamam. He shows how each is the Bhakta of the other and each is the initiator into the Thousand names of the other.

The book begins with the situation in which Siva Sahasranama appears, gives us the slokas in which the names are embedded and we get a detailed explanation of each name. Some names tend to repeat and we are told which names repeat in the course of the text.

Siva Astottara Sata namavali is included with explainations of the one hundred and eight names. The author supplies all the information that is needed. A perfect book in its own way.

The book is modestly priced.

-Prof.K.B.Sitaramayya

AMARAVANI, Part I, SRI NILAKANTHA SATAKAMU by Sri Vadapalli Suryanarayana ,Copies available from Sri. Adapa Ramakrishna, No.4, B-21-21, Dondaparti, Visakhapatnam - 530 016. A.P. Price: Rs.5/-

Both the booklets are excellent examples of traditional verse written at the end of the century which has seen various forms of modernist, post-modernist, post-post modernist 58 Triveni

verse. Two hundred odd verses in Amaravani I are moral axioms in the Atavladi verse form. Each verse ends with an address to the author himself, Servant of the Wise, Suryaraya. Here is an example:

He that is ever-contented
Truly gains peace and pleasure;
There is no pleasure without contentment
Servant of the Wise, Suryaraya.

We eagerly look forward to the Second Part of the Immortal Word (Amaravani). The second booklet is a Century of Verse in the majestic verse forms Mattebha Vikriditam and Sardula Vikriditam. They are addressed to the Blue-Throated Lord(Siva) and are devotional in character.

Here is an example:

Here alone, all alone, there innumerable, You shine stainless, O Siva! spiritual, Divine,

Being the All, the supreme Soul, the Transcendent Truth,

Where is it you are not seen, Boon-giver, Blue-throated Lord?

Well-versed in religious lore and with a fine command of word and rhythm, with a mind and heart filled with sublime thoughts and emotions the poet brings before us stanzas that are at once delightful and illuminating.

-Prof.K.B.Sitaramayya.

## INDIANS IN AMERICA- I

It is heartening to note that there are 3.22 million Indians in America. They are serving and contributing to the prosperity of America in many ways:

- 38% of Doctors in America are Indians
- 12% of Scientists are Indians
- 34% of NASA employees are Indians
- 34% of Microsoft are Indians
- 28% of IBM functionaries are Indians
- 17% of INTEL employees are Indians
- 13% XEROX employees are Indians
- 23% of the Indians have Green Card

( These facts are published in a German magazine which deals with world history -

Facts about India) Many men and women from India are working in the areas of education, business, industry, law etc.

#### LITERARY CURIOSITY- II

It was Graham Greene who was instrumental in having R.K. Narayan published in the U.K.It was E.M. Forster who found a publisher for Mulk Raj Anand in U.K.

Sir John Squire was responsible for getting Nirad Chaudhuri's 'An Auto-biography of An Unknown Indian' published by Macmillan's.

#### READERS MAIL

"Thank you for your letter dated December 25, your greetings, card and above all, the very welcome information that you are keeping "Triveni" going. I remember "Triveni" because in my formative years, it had a decisive effect on my thinking and instilled in me the spirit of patriotism more than any other paper or periodical. Some years back I was told that its place of publication had been shifted from Masulipatnam to Hyderabad. I felt happy about it, but meanwhile I myself shifted to Delhi and could not follow up on the matter. It so happened that I did not see any contemporary issue and naturally thought that the publication had probably stopped. Now I am happy to be proved wrong."

-Dr.P.V.Narasimha Rao, (Former Prime Minister) New Delhi

- 'In the June September issue of 'Triveni' every feature is thought - provoking. I am joining as a subscriber for your journal for the calender year 2000. How much I have been missing all these years!'
- Srinivasa Rangaswami, Chennai
- 'Your inspiring editorial of the latest issue was read by me. Infact it should instill sense of confidence into young writers. Your editorials have always some precious pabulum calculated to nourish the writers' minds. Congratulations!
- R.S.Tiwari, Faizsabad (U.P.)

"Prof.K.Subba Rao has done exceedingly well in presenting his article" Are old people a global burden?" suggesting remedial measures for the ills confronting the elderly in the present modern age. The data procured by him from reliable sources lend authenticity and lustre to his thread-bare discussion of the burning topic. Such authentic articles on burning topics of the day concerning the human life bring lustre to your esteemed quarterly"

- R.Narayanaswami, Tirupathi
- "I feel honoured in being included in the journal of high stature and rich in valuable reading material"
  - Pronab Kumar Majumdar, Calcutta

- "We got the TRIVENI issue of Oct-December 1999 quite in time. It has quite a few interesting articles besides your editorial which has struck a new path this time, and of course, quite spicy with the splendour of rainbow colours"
- Prof.R.S.Murthy, Hyderabad
- "This journal is unique for its editorial, "TRIPLE STREAM" which explores the contemporary American poetry deeply impressing the readers' hearts. In "Globalisation" the author stresses the importace of English in India and the need for a new approach the teaching of English in India, which has been eminently brought out. May this journal cater some more intellectual ideas and literary criticism."
- K. Lakshminarayana, Pathapatnam
- " The writings are of high standard. Especially the editorials. Each editorial is a masterpiece by itself. The latest editorial "Aspiring Writers" is surely thought -provoking, and will boost the morale of talented new writers. The sufferings of Homer, Oliver Goldsmith and the disappointments met by Kinglake and Bernard Shaw in the hands of publishers ultimately made them great writers. I wish that Triveni continues to publish such editorials for the benefit of the readers."
- A.N. Sarma, Hyderabad

Your editorial "Aspiring Writers "full of little - known facts about well known writers is an excellent tonic that revives hope and restores confidence. Budding authors cold-shouldered by callous publishers will derive inspiration to carry on their work and not allow their talent to be nipped in the bud!"

- M.G. Narasimha Murthy, Hyderabad
- "Your editorial in Oct-Dec issue, as always, is most readable. Our younger poet-editor-teacher colleagues should take note of what you write in the first three paragraphs."

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- Prof. R.K. Singh, Dhanbad

## WHO'S WHO AMONG OUR CONTRIBUTORS

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P.N.SAMPATH: A Poet

Dr.I.A.Rao: Retired Director of DRDL, A scientist

K.B.Sitaramayya: Retired Professor and wellknown writer and poet, Bangalore

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Srinivasa Rangaswami : A Poet, Chennai

Pronab Kumar Majumdar: Bureaucrat and Poet, Editor 'A Bridge in Making', Calcutta

Dr. V. V.B. Rama Rao: Writer and Poet, New Delhi

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Dr. Tulsi: Poet, Editor, Metverse Music, Visakhapatnam

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A.Satyavathi : Retd. Lecturer, Poet, Hyderabad

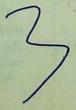
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